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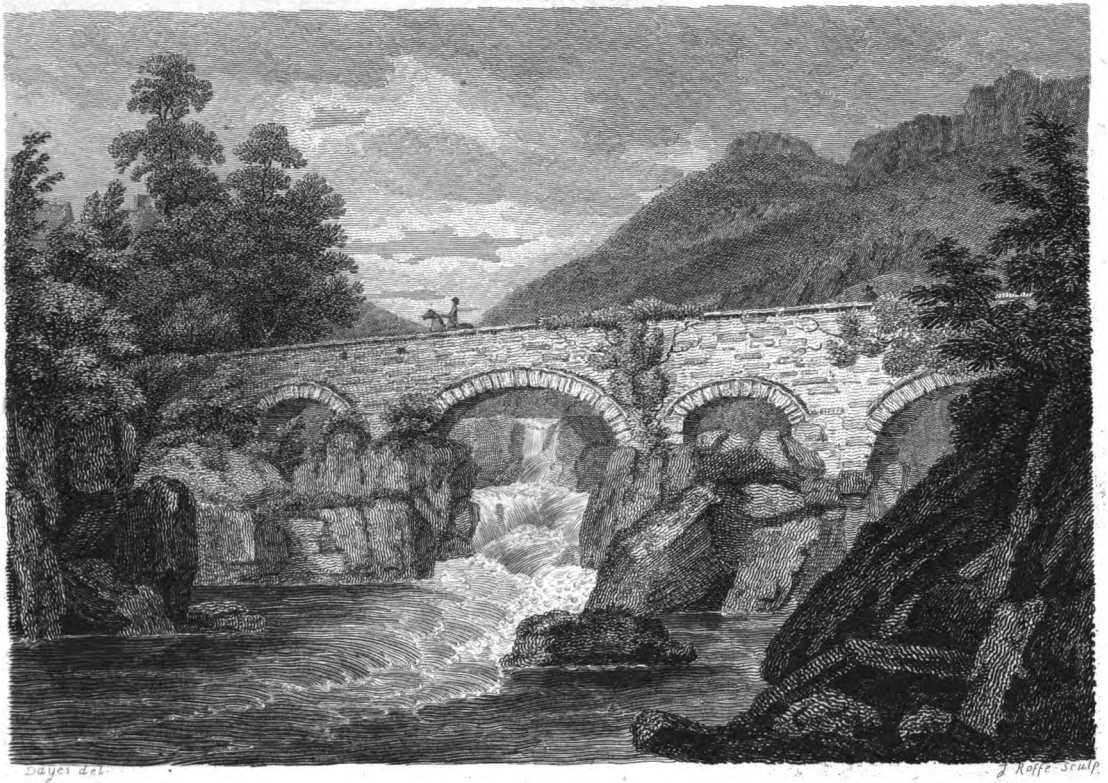

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NORTH WALES;

INCLUDING ITS

SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES, CUSTOMS,

AND SOME SKETCHES OF ITS

NATURAL HISTORY;

DELINEATED FROM

TWO EXCURSIONS THROUGH ALL THE INTERESTING PARTS OF THAT COUNTRY,

During the Summers of 1798 *and* 1801.

By THE REV. W. BINGLEY, A.M.
FELLOW OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY,
AND LATE OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

Illustrated with a Map, Frontispieces, and Music.

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TO

JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. F.R.S.

PRESIDENT OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY,

THESE VOLUMES,

DESCRIPTIVE OF

A HIGHLY ROMANTIC AND INTERESTING

PART OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE,

ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF THE SINCERE ESTEEM,

OF HIS VERY AFFECTIONATE,

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

WILLIAM BINGLEY.

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PREFACE.

IN the ſummer of the year 1798, I was induced, from the various accounts that had reached me reſpecting the grandeur of the mountain ſcenery of North Wales, to appropriate three months to a ramble through all its moſt intereſting parts. I accordingly ſet out from Cambridge, (where I was then reſident,) ſoon after the commencement of the long vacation, and proceeded, in the croſs-country coaches, immediately to Cheſter. From Cheſter I leiſurely ſkirted the north coaſt of Wales, along the great Iriſh road *, through St. Aſaph and Conwy, to Bangor. At Caernarvon I remained for a conſiderable time, making excurſions in all directions among the mountains, and through the principal parts of the iſland of Angleſea. When I had examined all the places that I could learn were worth notice, I continued my route, entirely *round* the country, viſiting, in my courſe, Harlech, Barmouth, Dolgelle, Machynlleth, Llanydloes, Newtown, Montgomery, Welſh Pool, Oſweſtry, Wrexham, and Mold. From Mold I croſſed over (towards the interior) to Ruthin, and proceeded through Llangollen, Corwen, and Bala, to Shrewſbury, whence, in the month of September, I returned to Cambridge.

* Except only in going from the village of Northop to Flint, and thence to Holywell, in the whole not more than eight miles.

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Not ſatisfied with this ſingle journey, I returned into North Wales in the year 1801, and reſided there four months more; during June, July, Auguſt, and September. In this latter excurſion my time was chiefly occupied in examining the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, and the iſland of Angleſea, viſiting again, in theſe counties, all the places that I had before ſeen, aſcending moſt of the principal mountains, and ſearching about for other, new and intereſting, objects.

Previouſly to my firſt journey, I had made ſeveral tours through nearly all the romantic parts of the North of England. I can, however, with truth declare, that, taken in the whole, I have not found theſe by any means ſo intereſting as four of the ſix counties of North Wales, namely, Denbighſhire, Caernarvonſhire, Merionethſhire, and Angleſea. The traveller of taſte (in ſearch of grand and ſtupendous ſcenery), the naturaliſt, and the antiquary, have all, in this romantic country, full ſcope for their reſpective purſuits.

My mode of travelling was principally as a pedeſtrian, but ſometimes I took horſes, and at other times proceeded in carriages, as I found it convenient. A traveller on foot, if he has health and ſpirits, has, in my opinion, many advantages over all others: of theſe, the moſt eſſential is that complete independance on every thing but his own exertions, which will enable him, without difficulty, to viſit and examine various places that are altogether inacceſſible to perſons either in carriages or on horſeback.

From my firſt entrance into the country I had formed a determination, if I found my obſervations ſufficiently intereſting, to lay the reſult of them before the public. This I did in my *Tour round North Wales*, publiſhed about four years ago. Till that journey was nearly completed, no

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tour of any importance, later than that of Mr. Pennant, (originally publiſhed in 1778,) had come to my knowledge. I had not then heard of thoſe either of Mr. Aikin, Mr. Warner, or Mr. Skrine, and therefore, not without reaſon, conſidered myſelf as filling an unoccupied place in Britiſh topography. The work, notwithſtanding there were no fewer than half a dozen others, of a nearly ſimilar nature, publiſhed about the ſame time, was ſo well received by the public, as to afford reaſonable hopes of ſucceſs to freſh exertions. The preſent volumes are the offspring of theſe exertions. How they will be received, remains yet to be decided.

To this work is attached a *Map of North Wales*, compiled from the moſt authentic ſources, to which I could have acceſs, and corrected by my own obſervations. I fear that, in many inſtances, it may be found inaccurate, but as Mr. Evans's "Map of North Wales," which contains by far the feweſt errors of any that has been yet publiſhed, now ſells at the enormous price of a guinea, I was, from this circumſtance, induced to attempt the compilation of a new one to illuſtrate my own journey. If it only tends to reduce the price of Evans's map, I ſhall conſider the labour and expence that have been beſtowed upon it as ſufficiently repaid.

The *Itinerary*, inſerted in the ſecond volume, will be found of conſiderable uſe to the traveller, as it contains a notice of almoſt every object worth viſiting throughout the whole of North Wales. It contains alſo an account of the diſtances, and a character (as I found them) of moſt of the inns.

Since, in a periodical work of deſervedly high celebrity, it was remarked of my "Tour round North Wales," that I had quoted many books as authority for my hiſtorical

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data, the references to which appeared rather to be taken through the medium of other books, than from the writers themſelves; I think it neceſſary here to declare, that, of all the following authors, I have peruſed the originals, and every reference to them is made on my own examination. Various other writers are quoted from my own peruſal, but of the titles of their works I have preſerved no memorandum.

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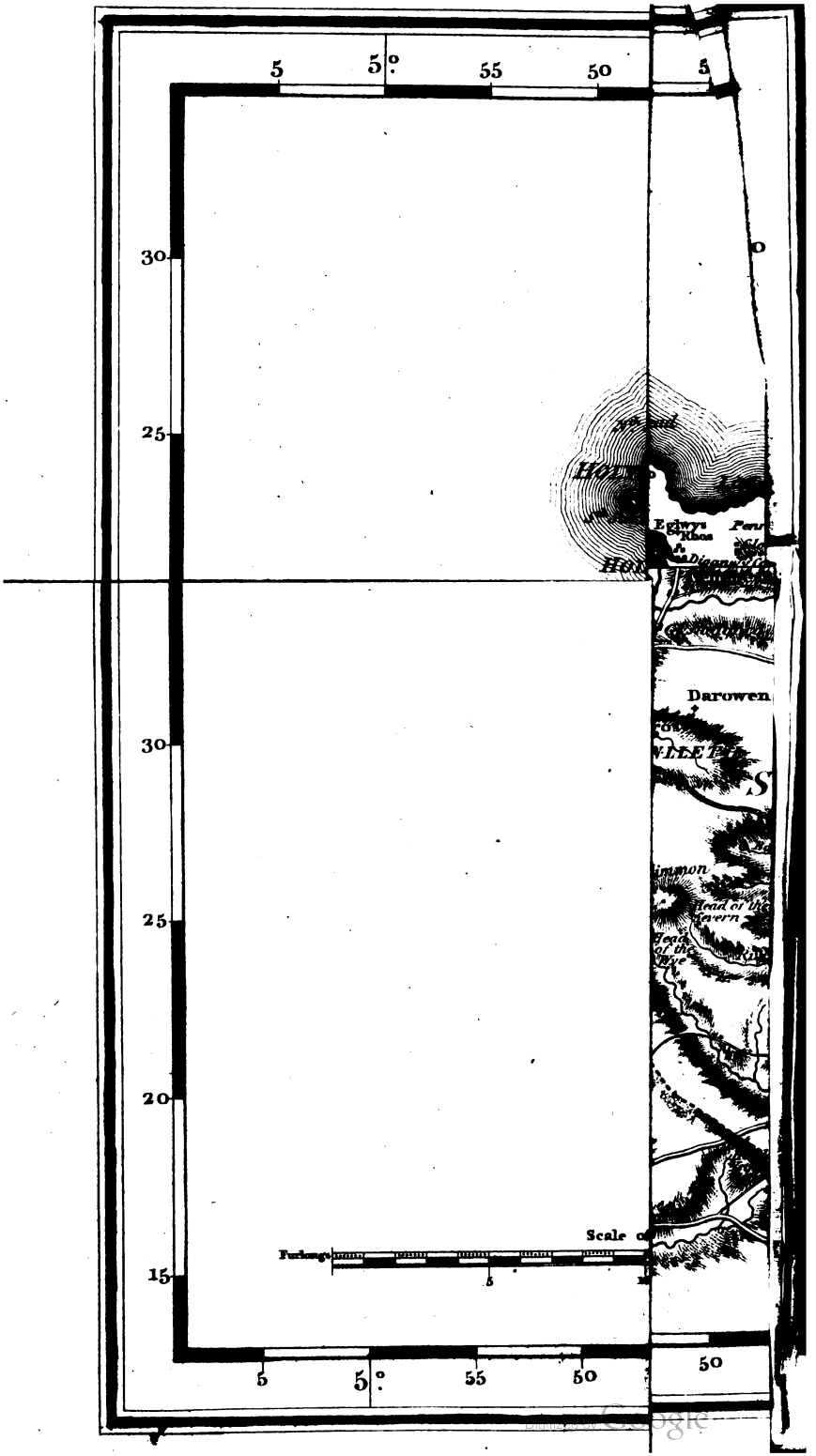
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NORTH WALES:

INCLUDING ITS

SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES,

&c. &c. &c.

CHAP. I.

CHESTER.

Rows. — Walls. — Roodee. — Singular Tradition. — Cathedral. — Biſhopric. — Churches. — Caſtle. — Glover's Stone. — Bull-Baiting. — Public Buildings. — Sketch of the Hiſtory of Cheſter. — Fuller's Character of the Cheſhire Gentry. — Anecdote of Dr. Cole. — Singular Events. — Anecdote of King James I. — Manufactures, Trade, and Police.

In antiquity and ſingularity, Cheſter may be ſaid to vie with any town in Great Britain; and within the walls there appeared ſuch an air of gloom and melancholy, as to give me no very favourable opinion of it as a place of reſidence. The houſes are, for the moſt part, a motley group of buildings modern and antique, which, contraſting together, afford a character in many inſtances not a little

 groteſque.

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groteſque. The ſtreets, which are tolerably broad, are excavated to a conſiderable depth out of the earth: on a level with theſe are warehouſes and kitchens; whilſt above, and on a level with the ſhops and court-yards, are galleries, or, as they are called,

Rows,

which run, on each ſide, along the fronts of the houſes, and afford a ſheltered walk for foot-paſſengers. Theſe are tolerably wide, but low and cloſe, and often very dirty. As they are eight or ten feet, at leaſt, above the ſtreet, perſons are under the unpleaſant neceſſity of deſcending and aſcending the ſteps wherever a lane croſſes them. Their width, in many places admitting of ſtalls betwixt the paſſage and the ſtreet, give to a ſtranger the idea of a public road through the midſt of ſhops. Over them, and ſupported in front by wooden poſts, are the higher ſtories of the houſes. It is the Rows which tend principally to give its air of ſingularity to this town: and to ſee the chief buſineſs of the place tranſacting in theſe covered ways, which one might almoſt fancy had once been a middle ſtory cut out of all the houſes, does appear to a ſtranger truly ſingular *.

* "Theſe Rows," ſays Mr. Pennant, "appear to have been the ſame with the ancient *veſtibules*, and to have been a form of building preſerved from the time that the city was poſſeſſed by the Romans. They were built before the doors, midway between

THE WALLS

round this city, which are, except thoſe of Carliſle, the only entire ſpecimen of ancient fortification now exiſting in Britain, are built of a ſoft red ſtone, found on the ſpot, that gives them at a diſtance the appearance of brick. Their circuit is nearly two miles, and they are ſufficiently broad at the top to admit conveniently of two perſons walking abreaſt. Their elevation is ſuch, that all the gardens of the adjoining houſes are completely overlooked by thoſe who ſtroll along them. The inhabitants keep them at preſent in repair merely for the purpoſes of pleaſure and recreation. This is done principally by the murage duty of two-pence on every hundred yards of Iriſh linen that enters the port of Cheſter. In different parts they command extenſive and varied proſpects. On the eaſt, the Broxton hills and the caſtle-crowned rock of Beeſton are ſeen at a diſtance; whilſt fine cultivated grounds fill the intervening ſpace. Towards the weſt, the mountains of Flintſhire, that bound the beautiful vale of Clwyd, are very viſible: and almoſt immediately beneath are the river and canal which preſent to the obſerver, in contraſt, a ſcene of buſtle and commerce.

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tween the ſtreets and the houſes; and were the places where dependents waited for the coming out of their patrons." Tour in North Wales, vol. i. p. 113.

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Betwixt the river and the walls is a piece of paſture-ground about a mile in circumference, called

The Roodee.

This is uſed as a race-ground; and few places in the kingdom, of its ſize (for it is only about a mile round), are better calculated for the purpoſe, as it is nearly ſurrounded by eminences that command a view directly upon it.

Tradition ſays that in the year 946, an image of the Virgin mother and a large croſs were interred here. The ſtory is curious:—This image belonged to the church of Hawarden, and, during the invocations of the inhabitants for relief from a ſeaſon of drought, by which they were ſuffering very greatly, being either not ſecurely fixed in its place, or not poſſeſſing that ſhare of infallibility which has frequently been aſcribed to the image of the Virgin, it, ſomewhat unexpectedly, fell upon the head of Lady Trawſt, the governor's wife; the effect of which was immediately fatal. In conſequence of this lamentable cataſtrophe, the inhabitants of the place held a conſultation as to the moſt proper mode of diſpoſing of the image; and after due deliberation, its ſentence was;—"To be baniſhed from that place by being laid on the ſands of the river, from whence the tide might convey it to whatever other quarter the virgin whom it repreſented ſhould think proper." As it was low water when the image

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image was taken to the ſands, the tide of flood, of courſe, carried it up the river; and on the day following it was found near the Roodee, where it was immediately interred by the inhabitants of Cheſter with all due pomp and ſolemnity, and a large ſtone was placed over the grave with this inſcription:

The Jewes theire God dide crucifie,
The Hardeners theires dide drowne,
'Cauſe with theire wantes ſhe'd not complye;
And lyes under thys colde ſtone.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Near the walls, at the north-eaſt ſide of the city, ſtands this, one of the moſt heavy, irregular, and ragged piles of building I ever beheld. It is conſtructed of the ſame red ſtone as the walls; from the ſoftneſs of which, it ſeems faſt mouldering into decay. In its exterior it has neither grandeur nor elegance to recommend it to notice.

There is much neatneſs and beauty in the choir, and the Gothic work around its ſides has a very pleaſing effect. About the walls in the chancel are diſperſed the monuments of ſeveral biſhops and clergymen, but none of them of any magnificence.

The biſhop's throne ſtands on what is generally, though improperly denominated the ſhrine of St. Werburgh; a large ſtone richly ornamented with Gothic carving. Round the top of this there is a range of thirty ſmall images, at preſent neatly

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gilded, ſuppoſed to have been intended for the kings and ſaints of the Mercian kingdom. The ſhrine, in which the ſacred relics were depoſited, muſt have been ſomewhat more portable than this maſs of ſtone, (a veſſel no doubt either of ſilver or gold,) for in the year 1180, Mr. Pennant tells us, "it was brought out to ſtop the raging of a fire in the city, which, for a long time, had been invincible by every other means: but the approach of the holy remains *inſtantly proved their ſanctity by putting an end to its furious deſolation.*" *

The altar-piece, which is of very fine tapeſtry, is executed after one of the cartoons of Raphael, and repreſents the hiſtory of Elymas the ſorcerer. Wright, in his travels through France and Italy, expreſſes his opinion, that it is much ſuperior to any of the tapeſtry that he ſaw in the Vatican.

Behind the altar is the chapel of St. Mary, where prayers are read every morning at ſix o'clock.—The ſouth tranſept forms the pariſh church of St. Oſwald.

On the ſouth ſide of the altar there is an ancient tomb, which is carefully ſhewn to ſtrangers as that of Henry IV. emperor of Germany. Camden ſays, that, in order to eſcape from the troubles which his own unguarded conduct had brought upon his empire, this prince fled in diſguiſe to England, and reſided at Cheſter, unknown as to

* Pennant's Tour in North Wales, vol. i.

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his real character for near ten years: but, death approaching, he discovered himself, and was afterwards interred in the Abbey church *. The story seems altogether doubtful, and the latter part of it is certainly untrue, for he is well known both to have died and been buried at Liege.

The chapter-house stands on the east side of the cloister court: but neither in this place, nor in the vestibule, did I observe any thing in the least interesting.—In the year 1724, the remains of the celebrated Hugh Lupus, the first earl of Chester, after lying undisturbed upwards of six hundred years, were, in repairing the building, discovered here, wrapped in leather, and deposited in a stone coffin. Part of his shroud is still in preservation.

Near the cathedral is the Abbey-court, a neat square, with an obelisk in the middle. On the south side of this is situated the bishop's palace, a handsome modern stone building. The other houses of the court are occupied principally by the prebendaries, minor canons, and vicars choral.

The cathedral was built on the site of a nunnery founded about the year 660, by Wulpherus king of Mercia, for his daughter Werburgh, afterwards sainted, to whom it is dedicated *. The chief part of the present fabric was erected during the reigns of the three last Henries.

* Camden's Britannia, Gibson's Edit. p. 558.

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Bishopric.

Cheſter was anciently part of the dioceſe of Litchfield; but in 1705 one of the biſhops, chooſing to reſide here, was the occaſion of his ſucceſſors being frequently, but improperly, ſtyled Biſhops of *Cheſter*. Henry VIII. made it a diſtinct biſhopric, and added it to the province of Canterbury: from this, however, it was ſoon afterwards disjoined, and annexed to that of York †, in which it ſtill remains. This dioceſe contains the entire counties of Cheſter and Lancaſter; part of Weſtmorland, Cumberland, and Yorkſhire; two chapelries in Derbyſhire; and five pariſhes in Flintſhire; amounting in the whole to two hundred and fifty-ſix pariſhes, of which a hundred and one are impropriations. The biſhopric is valued in the King's books at four hundred and twenty pounds a year, and is computed to be worth about two thouſand five hundred.—There are belonging to the cathedral, a dean, two archdeacons, a chancellor, treaſurer, ſix prebendaries, and other inferior officers.

* The abbey (for in the time of Hugh Lupus this church was converted into an abbey), muſt have been a very conſiderable one: for, at the diſſolution in the reign of Henry VIII., its revenues were valued at above a thouſand pounds.

† Gibſon's Camden, p. 558.

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CHURCHES.

There are eight parish churches within the walls:

St. Oswald's,	St. Michael's,
St. Peter's,	St. Mary's,
Trinity,	St. Olave's, and
St. Bridget's,	St. Martin's*.

St. John's church stands just beyond the walls, and not far from the river, in the south-east part of the town. This church, which was once collegiate, has been a large and magnificent pile of Saxon architecture; and even yet exhibits some very curious specimens of the massy strength of the Saxon columns and arches. It was founded, by Ethelred king of Mercia, about the year 689; in consequence, says tradition, of a visionary admonition to found a place of religious worship on the first piece of ground where he should afterwards see a white hind. This legend is supposed to be represented by a sculpture, now almost defaced, on the west side of the tower.

On the south side of the church-yard there is a small anchorite's cell, to which the wounded Harold retired after his defeat at the battle of Hastings;

* In the parish of St. Martin there were formerly two religious houses; one appropriated to the Carmelites, or Grey Friars; and the other a convent of Benedictine nuns, dedicated to St. Mary. Of these, the present remains are very few.

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and where, in meditation and ſolitude, he is ſaid to have cloſed his life.

The Castle.

In the ſouth angle of the town walls is ſituated the caſtle, founded by Hugh Lupus in the reign of William the Conqueror; but of the ancient building there is not, at preſent, much left: what remains, however, is of the ſame red ſtone as the cathedral and walls. About twelve years ago a deſign was entered into, to take down ſo much of the ancient parts as was neceſſary to the purpoſe, and erect, in their ſtead, a new gaol, ſhire-hall, &c. upon an improved and very extenſive plan.

The preſent ſhire-hall is a truly elegant fabric, of light-coloured ſtone, with a portico in front. The court-room is ſemicircular, and lighted from above. Few rooms in the kingdom exceed this either in purity of deſign, or in the taſte exhibited in its execution. Its ſtyle appeared to me to be truly Grecian: but this, as well as moſt buildings with domes, is ſaid to be a very difficult place to ſpeak in.

The new county-gaol is a very conſiderable ſtructure; it contains five different yards for the uſe of the priſoners, upwards of forty cells for criminals, and fourteen ſolitary cells for the condemned.

The apartments for the judges are in the upper wards of the caſtle.—To the caſtle belong a gover-

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nor, lieutenant-governor, and conſtable; and it is garriſoned by two companies of invalids.

Among other remarkable things that were pointed out to me in Cheſter, was

Glover's Stone.

This ſtone ſtands at the head of Caſtle-ſtreet, and is the boundary, in this direction, of the juriſdiction of the city. Here the criminals are delivered to the city ſheriffs for execution. Opinions are divided as to the origin of this ſingular cuſtom. There is a tradition, that when Cheſter was made a ſeparate county by Henry VII., the citizens, tenacious of *privilege*, took upon themſelves this unpleaſant taſk, rather than ſuffer the county officers to exerciſe any authority within their juriſdiction.—Others ſay that this duty was impoſed upon the citizens as a puniſhment for having once reſcued a felon from the hands of the officers, as he was on the way to execution.

Bull-Baiting.

In few places has the barbarous and unmanly ſport of bull-baiting been more aſſiduouſly attended to, or ſanctioned by the preſence of perſons in ſuch reſpectable ſtations of life, than in this. It is not many years ſince the mayor and corporation, habited in their robes, regularly attended, in their *official capacity*, as participators in this rational amuſement! On the accuſtomed day, as ſoon as their preſence announced

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announced that the entertainment might commence, the town crier opened the buſineſs by proclaiming aloud to the gaping audience:—" Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! if any man ſtands within twenty yards of the bull-ring, let him take—*what comes:*" and after ſome other cuſtomary ceremonies, the ſcene of ſlaughter began. During this time the whole town was one continued ſcene of riot, intemperance, and confuſion: honeſt employments of every deſcription were at an end; and this, the darling amuſement of the citizens, occupied alone their thoughts and attention. The noble animals they tormented might have been eſteemed mere machines, created but for their pleaſure: and it is only under this impreſſion that I can poſſibly reconcile to myſelf the truth of one anecdote that has been related.—In the year 1787, one of the bulls, after exerting the utmoſt vigour in his defence, covered with lacerations, and groaning in agony, ſunk to the ground. Unwilling either to loſe any part of the ſpectacle, or to exert a ſingle effort of pity for the dying animal, one of the by-ſtanders, more fertile in expedients than the reſt, propoſed ſetting fire to the ſtraw that was upon the ground, as a ſure method of rouſing him. A ſhout of exultation immediately announced that the plan was approved; and in a very few minutes it was adopted!—It is needleſs to ſubjoin any reflections on this relic of barbariſm inherited from our anceſtors. Its evident tendency is to corrupt the heart, and ſteel it againſt every tender feeling of

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of humanity. If, however, thoſe who have the deareſt intereſts of ſociety at heart will only continue to diſcountenance it, we cannot doubt but the cuſtom will become, in a very ſhort time, altogether unknown.

Public Buildings.

The principal public buildings of Cheſter, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, are the following:

The Exchange; an elegant fabric, ſupported on columns, containing a large and commodious common-hall, in which the quarter-ſeſſions are held, and all the city-officers are elected. Here are alſo held the city-courts of crown-mote, and port-mote.—The exchange likewiſe contains a manſion houſe, where the corporation entertainments are given, and the citizens have their aſſemblies during the winter; and the ſubſcription library.

The Pentice is an ancient building near the centre of the city, where the magiſtrates ſit to tranſact the buſineſs of the peace, and where the town-office is kept. This is about to be taken down in order to widen the ſtreet, the paſſage through which it very much obſtructs at preſent.

The Houſe of Induſtry ſtands near the river on the weſt ſide of the town. In this the poor, not only of the pariſhes of Cheſter, but even of diſtant pariſhes, on agreement with the governor, are ſupported and employed. The number of perſons it generally

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generally contains is betwixt two and three hundred.

The Infirmary is alſo on the weſt ſide of the town, but within the walls. It was opened in the year 1761, and is very amply ſupported by voluntary contributions.

The Blue-Coat School, near the north gate, was founded by Biſhop Stratford in the year 1706. By this inſtitution thirty-five boys are maintained and educated for four years, at the end of which term they are put out apprentices to buſineſs. Here is alſo a ſimilar inſtitution for ten girls, who, at the end of four years, receive each forty ſhillings, and are placed out to ſervice.

The North-Gate Gaol is the city-priſon for felons and debtors.

The Bridewell, or Houſe of Correction, where the ſmall crimes are puniſhed by hard labour and confinement, is near the north gate, on the oppoſite ſide of the canal.

Sketch of the History of Chester.

From the very form of the place, we are led to conjecture, that Cheſter was indebted to the Romans for its foundation: for the four principal ſtreets, Bridge-ſtreet, Northgate-ſtreet, Watergate-ſtreet, and Eaſtgate-ſtreet, croſſing each other at right angles, ſtill retain the original appearance of a Roman camp. Of this, however, we have no direct hiſtorical evidence, though it is well known to

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to have been one of the principal military ſtations that the Romans had in this iſland *.

At different times there have been various remains of Roman antiquity diſcovered here, ſuch as altars, ſtatues, coins, and two hypocauſts; one in a field near the Watergate, and another near the Feathers Inn in Watergate-ſtreet. The latter is yet left unfilled up, and may be inſpected by the curious. It is entered through a blackſmith's ſhop and pantry, and, from the lowneſs and darkneſs of the place, few but antiquarians will be induced to viſit it. Its form is rectangular, and it had formerly thirty-two low pillars that ſupported ſquare tiles perforated for the paſſage of the warm vapour into the ſudatorium, or ſweating-room above, which is now deſtroyed.

After the Romans departed from Britain in the fifth century, this place fell under the government of the Britiſh princes. In their hands it remained till the year 603, when it was wreſted from them by Ethelfrid king of Northumbria. Brochwel Yſcythroc, prince of Powys, made a feeble attempt

* Its Britiſh names of Caer Legion, "The Camp of the Legion," and Caer Lleon Vawr ar ddyfr Dwy, "The Camp of the Great Legion on the Dee," were derived from the twentieth legion having been chiefly quartered here. By the Romans it was called Caſtrum Legionis, "The Camp of the Legion;" Deva and Deunana, from the river; and afterwards Ceſtria, from the Latin word *caſtrum*, a camp. The Saxons gave it the names of Leganceſter and Legaceaſter. Gibſ. Camd. p. 557.

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to oppoſe him. Relying on the interference of Heaven in his behalf, he brought forward his army, compoſed only of monks and other religious from the monaſtery of Bangor (which was but few miles diſtant), and placed them upon an eminence, naked and defenceleſs. Ethelfrid obſerved them in the attitude of prayer, and, conſidering them as much his enemies, in imploring the power of Heaven againſt him, as they would have been had they oppoſed him in arms, commanded the ſoldiers immediately to the attack; in conſequence of which, upwards of twelve hundred of them were ſlain*.

Cheſter, after this period, ſeems to have been alternately poſſeſſed by the Britons, the Saxons, and the Danes: by the latter, however, it was held but a very ſhort time, being reſtored to the Saxons by the valiant daughter of Alfred the Great, Elfleda, the wife of Ethelred duke of Mercia †.

Elfleda, terror of mankind!
Nature, forever unconfin'd,
Stamp'd thee in woman's tender frame,
Though worthy of a hero's name.
E'en Cæſar's conqueſts were out-done,
By thee, illuſtrious Amazon!

* Chronicon Saxonicum, p. 25. Matt. Weſtm. p. 206. Hiſt. Eccl Bedæ, ii. c. 2. p. 111. Brit. Eccl. Antiq. Jacobo Uſſerio, p. 132. Fuller's Church Hiſtory, p. 63.—The Saxon Annals, Bede, and Mr. Pennant, place this battle in 607; Uſher in 613: but from various other writers it appears that 603 is the true date of the event.

† Matt. Weſtm. p. 354.

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After the Norman conqueſt, William created his nephew Hugh Lupus earl of Cheſter, and delegated the ſame ſovereign juriſdiction to him in this county, that he himſelf poſſeſſed in the reſt of the iſland. By virtue of this grant, the earls held parliaments at Cheſter, conſiſting of the barons and tenants which were not bound by the acts of the Engliſh parliament *. The earls were petty princes, and all the landholders in the county were mediately or immediately their vaſſals, and under the ſame allegiance to them as to the kings of England.

Hugh Lupus, immediately after receiving the earldom, in order to ſecure himſelf from any incroachments either of Welſh or Engliſh, repaired the town walls, and erected the caſtle †.

In ſeveral of the reigns ſubſequent to the Norman conqueſt, Cheſter was made a place of rendezvous for the Engliſh troops in all expeditions againſt the Welſh. In conſequence of this it frequently ſuffered very conſiderably. Camden informs us that the "ſkirmiſhes here betwixt the Welſh and Engliſh in the beginning of the Norman times were ſo numerous, the inroads and incurſions, and the firing of the ſuburbs of Hanbrid beyond the bridge ſo frequent, that the Welſhmen called it *Treboeth*,

* Gibſ. Camd p. 567. The words of the grant are "tenere totum hunc comitatum ſibi, et hæredibus ſuis, ita libere ad gladium, ſicut ipſe rex tenebat Angliæ coronam."

† Gibſ. Camd. p. 558.

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that is, Burnt Town. They tell us alſo that there was a long wall made there of *Welſhmen's Skulls* *."

So early as the time of Hugh Lupus, the trade of Cheſter appears to have arrived at ſome degree of conſequence. The exports conſiſted in horſes, cheeſe, and ſlaves, for this inhuman traffic was carried on to a very conſiderable extent even by our Saxon anceſtors. The imports were principally ſpices and other luxuries of the Eaſt; cloth from Flanders; linen from Germany; bulls, indulgences, pardons, and relics, from the great warehouſe for thoſe articles in Italy; furs, whalebone, feathers, &c. from Ruſſia, and other northern countries; and wine from France and Spain. Lucian, a jolly monk of the eleventh century, ſpeaks of ſhips "coming from Gaſcoign, Spain, Ireland, and Germany, which, by Chriſt's aſſiſtance, and by the labour and conduct of mariners, repair hither and ſupply them with all ſorts of commodities; ſo that being comforted by the grace of God in all things, *we drink wine plentifully*, for thoſe countries have abundance of vineyards †."

From the time of Hugh Lupus, for near two centuries, Cheſter continued entirely under the juriſdiction of its earls; but on the death of John Scott, without iſſue male, in 1237, Henry III. took the earldom, and all the powers annexed to it, into his own hands; and in return granted to the city its firſt royal charter.

* Gibſ. Camd. p. 559. † Ibid.

Henry

Henry beſtowed it on his ſon Edward, afterwards king Edward I., from whom it ſucceſſively devolved upon Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leiceſter, Edward of Caernarvon, Edward of Windſor, Edward the Black Prince, Richard of Bourdeaux, Henry V., Henry VI., Edward V., Edward the ſon of Richard III., Arthur the ſon of Henry VII., and afterwards to Henry VIII. A long period was now ſuffered to elapſe, and the next perſon to whom the earldom was conferred was Henry Frederick Stuart, ſon of James I. He was ſucceeded by his brother, afterwards Charles I., and from him it went to Charles II. After a period of more than eighty years, George the ſon of George I. ſucceeded, afterwards Frederic his elder brother, then his preſent Majeſty, and in 1762 it was transferred to the Prince of Wales, in whom it ſtill continues.

In the city of Cheſter it was that the Welſh made their final acknowledgment to the ſovereignty of England in the year 1300, by Edward of Caernarvon, Prince of Wales, when the freeholders of the county did homage and fealty for their reſpective lands.—Henry, duke of Lancaſter, afterwards Henry IV., in 1399 ſeized this city and its caſtle in his way to Flint againſt the ill-fated Richard II., and on his return to London, ſecured him one night in the caſtle *.

* Stow, p. 322. Carte's Hiſt. of England, vol. ii. p. 635.

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From this period no very memorable incident occurred till the civil wars of Charles I. Cheſter adhered with great fidelity to the royal cauſe, and was conſequently beſieged by the parliament's army: but it was not till every hope had been cut off by the important victory which the latter had gained at Rowton Heath, of which, from the leads of the Phœnix Tower, the king himſelf was an anxious ſpectator, that it was ſurrendered on the 3d of February 1645-6, on the moſt honourable terms, after a gallant reſiſtance for near five months, during part of which time the garriſon were ſo much diſtreſſed for proviſions, as to eat even their horſes, dogs, and cats.

The reader will, no doubt, be glad of ſome relief from this tedious detail of local hiſtory, which, however, was neceſſary towards rendering a tolerably perfect account of this once celebrated place. I cannot, however, conclude it without noticing a few of the deſcriptions that have been given to us of the hoſpitality and generoſity of the ancient inhabitants of Cheſter, and its county.

Speed calls Cheſhire "the ſeed-plot of gentility;" and Dr. Fuller, in his Engliſh worthies, ſays, "the Cheſhire gentry are remarkable for four things; their numbers, not to be paralleled in England in the like extent of ground; their antiquity, their loyalty, and their hoſpitality; no county keeping better

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better houſes, which, becauſe all grows on their own, may be the better afforded.—This truth has given riſe to a pleaſant obſervation: that it appeared to all people that the Cheſhire gentry were good houſe-keepers, becauſe they have ſo many wheat-ſheaves in their coats of arms; bread being the ſtaff of hoſpitality, and wheaten the beſt of all bread. Indeed, upwards of forty wheat-ſheaves, (called garbs in heraldry), may be reckoned, which are borne in the ſeveral coat-armours of the gentry of this county." Drayton, in his Polyolbion, deſcribes them as having,

——" Livelihood of their own, their ages to ſuſtain;
Nor did the tenants pay the landlord's charge maintain;
But as abroad in war, he ſpent of his eſtate,
Returning to his home, his hoſpitable gate,
The richer, and the poor ſtood open to receive,—
They, of all England, moſt to ancient cuſtoms cleave."

To an odd ſtratagem of a female of this place of the name of Elizabeth Edmunds, was owing the entire ſafety of the proteſtants of Ireland, in the reign of queen Mary. Dr. Cole, a commiſſioner from the queen, on his way to that country, ſtopped one night at Cheſter. The mayor, in his official capacity, waited on him, and he unguardedly ſpoke of the murderous buſineſs in which he was engaged, and took out his commiſſion in the preſence of the hoſteſs, who had a brother, a proteſtant, in Dublin. When the mayor left him, he politely attended him

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down ſtairs, and Mrs. Edmunds in the mean time took the commiſſion from the box, and ſubſtituted for it a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs placed uppermoſt. The doctor, on his return, put up the box, and on his arrival at Dublin, preſented it in form at the caſtle to the lord deputy and privy council. His lordſhip opened it, and the whole aſſembly, as well as the commiſſioner himſelf, were in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment at its contents. He aſſured them that it *had* contained a commiſſion, but why it was not there then, and how the cards came into its place, he was as ignorant as they. Diſappointed and chagrined, he returned to the Engliſh court for a freſh commiſſion, which he obtained, but before he could again arrive in Ireland, the queen died. Her ſucceſſor, queen Elizabeth, rewarded the woman for this meritorious act with a penſion of forty pounds a year for her life.

In a chronological liſt of remarkable events at Cheſter, I find the following ſingular occurrences:

1489. This year St. Peter's ſteeple was pointed, when a gooſe was eaten by the parſon and others on the top thereof, and part caſt into the four ſtreets.

1517. The plague raged ſo ſhockingly, that the ſtreets were deſerted, and graſs grew a foot high at the croſs.

1552. The magiſtrates of Cheſter were reſtrained by act of parliament from licenſing more than four perſons to ſell wine within the town.

1569. This year the two ſheriffs, Peter Licherband, and William Maſſey, Gent. fought a battle, for which they were fined ten pounds towards the repair of the walls.

1617.

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1617. King James viſited Cheſter, and was preſented by the body corporate with a *gilt* cup, and a hundred Jacobins of gold, as a rich token of the attachment of the city to his crown and perſon.

A whimſical ſtory is told by Mr. Yorke reſpecting this expedition of king James. When he was on the road near Cheſter, he was met by ſuch numbers of the Welſh who came out of curioſity to ſee him, the weather was ſo dry, and the roads ſo duſty, that he was nearly ſuffocated. He was completely at a loſs in what manner to rid himſelf of them civilly: at laſt one of his attendants putting his head out of the coach, ſaid: "It is his Majeſty's pleaſure that thoſe who are the beſt gentlemen ſhall ride forwards." Away ſcampered the Welſh; and but one ſolitary man was left behind. "And ſo, Sir," ſays the king to him, "you are not a gentleman then?" "Oh yes, and pleaſe hur majeſty, hur is as good a ſhentleman as the reſt; but hur ceffyl, God help her, is not ſo good *."

Manufactures, Trade, and Police.

The only manufacture of any conſequence in Cheſter is that of gloves, which is carried on to ſome extent. There are alſo ſnuff mills; a ſmall manufactory for tobacco pipes; an iron foundry; patent ſhot manufactory; ſhip builders' yards, and

* Royal tribes of North Wales. *Ceffyl* is the Welſh word for horſe.

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other concerns, which afford ſome but not much employment for the poor.

The maritime buſineſs is of no great extent. It conſiſts chiefly of the coaſting and Iriſh trades; and a ſmall portion of commerce with foreign countries. Great quantities of cheeſe, coals, and lead are exported. The imports are principally linen cloth from Ireland; and hides, tallow, feathers, &c. from other quarters. The number of ſhips belonging to the port is but ſmall. The buſineſs of ſhip-building is, however, carried on to a conſiderable extent, many veſſels of from one hundred to five hundred tons burthen being annually built here.

Till the new channel was made for the river Dee, which was finiſhed about the middle of the preſent century, veſſels of twenty tons could ſcarcely reach the town, and ſhips of burthen were obliged to lie ten miles lower down, by Park-Gate. But now, at the ſpring tides, veſſels of near four hundred tons burthen are able to come up almoſt to the bridge.

The Elleſmere canal, which forms a communication between the rivers Severn and Merſey, croſſes the Dee very near the town of Cheſter. This grand and expenſive undertaking, when completed, will very greatly facilitate the commercial intercourſe betwixt England and Wales, by affording a much more cheap and commodious mode of conveyance for goods of every deſcription than could otherwiſe have been had.

Juſt

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Juſt above the bridge is a ſtone cauſeway with a fall of thirteen feet, which cuts off conſtant communication by veſſels between the upper and lower parts of the river. Six or eight tides in the year flow over it, and theſe allow a navigation for ſmall veſſels as far as Bangor. The ſnuff mills, and the town corn mills, are directly upon this dam.

The government of Cheſter is veſted in the corporation, which conſiſts of a mayor, (who has the power of life and death within his own juriſdiction,) two ſheriffs, twenty-four aldermen, and forty common-council men. Two of the latter are *leave-lookers*, whoſe office it is to lay informations againſt all perſons exerciſing trades within the city who are not freemen. The two ſenior aldermen are *murengers*, or receive the murage duties for maintaining the walls. Two are treaſurers, who are next in ſucceſſion to the mayor. There are likewiſe a ſword and mace-bearer, and other inferior officers.

The city returns two members to parliament choſen by the freemen at large, and the ſheriff is the returning officer.

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CHAP. II.

CHESTER TO FLINT.

Hawarden and Caſtle.—Euloe Caſtle.—Coed Euloe.—Defeat of the Army of Henry II. by the Welſh.—Northop.—Flint.—Flint Gaol and Caſtle.—Richard II. betrayed to Bolingbroke.—Borough.

IT was early in the morning of the ſixth of July that I commenced my route from Cheſter into Wales, in a direction towards St. Aſaph and Conwy. The day had not dawned more than two hours, the dew then ſparkled upon the leaves and graſs, and the ſun ſhot his red beams through the undiſperſed fog. The birds on every ſide were pouring forth their melodious notes, and the cheering coolneſs of the air correſponding with my own diſpoſition at the time, to enjoy in the full all theſe beauties of nature, rendered the outſet of this journey infinitely more pleaſing than that of any of my rambles through the romantic parts of England. The fog ſoon cleared away, and the now unclouded ſky ſeemed to indicate a continuance of the moſt delightful weather. I wandered ſo ſlowly along, that it was near ſeven o'clock before I arrived at

HAWAR-

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HAWARDEN*.

This is a ſmall clean-looking town in Flintſhire, celebrated only for its *caſtle*, which has been an extenſive building, and was formerly of conſiderable importance to the intereſts both of the Welſh and Engliſh people. This building, of which at preſent little more than the fragments of the walls and keep are left, ſtood on a conſiderable eminence, near the road, at the eaſt end of the town, within the grounds of Sir Richard Stephen Glynne, Bart. It commands an extenſive proſpect towards the river Dee and the county of Cheſter.

The late Sir John Glynne was at the expence of having much of the rubbiſh removed from the ruins: and in one place there was diſcovered a long flight of ſteps, at the bottom of which was a door, and formerly a draw-bridge. This croſſed a deep long chaſm, to another door leading to two or three ſmall rooms, probably places of confinement, where priſoners, after pulling up the bridge over the chaſm, might be lodged in the utmoſt ſecurity†.

The circular keep, which is more elevated and perfect than the other parts of the building, has,

* The Britiſh name of this place was Pennard Halawg, or Pennard y Lag, corrupted probably from Pen y Llwch, "the head-land above the lake;" the ſubjacent marſhes having been once covered by the ſea.—*Pennant.*

† Pennant's Tour, i. 104.

within

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within theſe few years, had a room fitted up in it in the modern ſtile. This addition, however, and the painted ſtatues interſperſed in the grounds, but ill accord with the wild and ſhattered ruins around them.

History of Hawarden Castle.

The time of the foundation of this fortreſs is not known. It appears to have been in exiſtence ſoon after the Norman conqueſt; for it was then poſſeſſed by Roger Fitzvalerine, ſon of one of the noble adventurers who followed the fortunes of William the Conqueror*. It was held by the ſeneſchalſhip to the earls of Cheſter, and was afterwards the ſeat of the barons of Mont Alt, who were ſtewards of the palatinate of Cheſter †.

On the extinction of the ancient earls in 1237, Hawarden caſtle and ſome other fortreſſes belonging to them were reſumed by the crown ‡. But, about thirty years afterwards, when Henry III. and his ſon Edward were taken priſoners by Simon de Montfort at the battle of Lewes, their liberation was purchaſed by the reſignation to him of the earldom of Cheſter from Edward, who then held it, and by the abſolute ceſſion to the prince Llewelyn, not only

* Collin's Peerage, i. 48.
† Gough's Camd. ii. 558.
‡ Pennant's Tour, i. 94.

of

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of this place, but of the ſovereignty of the whole of Wales*.

Shortly after this time it muſt have been deſtroyed; for Llewelyn, in 1267, when he reſtored to Robert de Mont Alt the whole of the lands of Hawarden that he had formerly poſſeſſed, ſtrictly enjoined him not to build any caſtle there for thirty years†. A fortreſs ſeems, however, to have been raiſed long before the expiration of that period; for in the night of Palm Sunday, 1281, David, the brother of Llewelyn, ungrateful for the favours which had been ſo laviſhly conferred upon him by Edward I. ſurprized and took Hawarden caſtle, cruelly maſſacring all who reſiſted‡.

This and other acts of theſe two princes were the cauſe of a war which not long afterwards ended in the total ſubjection of North Wales to the crown of England.

The ungrateful David, after the death of his brother, being taken by the king, ſuffered ſeverely for his offences. He was dragged by horſes through the ſtreets of Shrewſbury to the place of execution: here he was hanged: he was then beheaded, and his body was divided into four parts. His heart and

* Rymer's Fœdera, i. 814. Carte's Eng. ii. 156.

† Rymer's Fœdera, i. 845.

‡ Matt. Weſtm. 370. Hen. de Knyghton, apud Hiſtoriæ Anglicanæ Scriptores decem, 2464. Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 337.—M. Weſtm. and Hen. Knyghton place this inſurrection in the enſuing year.

bowels

bowels were burnt; his head was placed on the Tower of London; and the other parts of his body were expoſed to the eyes of the public, one at Briſtol, another at Northampton, the third at York, and the fourth at Wincheſter*.

Hawarden ſeems to have continued in the barons of Mont Alt for near fifty years from the death of David; when Robert, the laſt baron, having no male iſſue, conveyed it to Iſabella, queen of Edward II. but on her diſgrace it came once more to the crown†.

In 1336 Edward III. granted it, along with the ſtewardſhip of Cheſter, to William de Montacute, earl of Saliſbury‡; in whoſe family it continued till the year 1400, when John, his great nephew, was beheaded by the townſmen of Cirenceſter, after attempting an inſurrection in favour of his depoſed maſter, Richard II. The earl had, prior to this event, made over his eſtates in fee to four of his friends; but after his attainder by an act of parliament they became forfeited to the crown.

Thomas, duke of Clarence, the ſon of Henry IV. who was afterwards ſlain at the battle of Baugy in 1420, received a grant of Hawarden from his father; and about twenty years after his death it was given to Sir Thomas Stanley§, who held it till the

* Matt. Weſtm. 371.
† Dugdale's Baronage, i. 527. Gibſ. Camd. 688.
‡ Dugdale, i. 646.
§ Gibſ. Camd. 688.

year

year 1450, when it was resumed, and granted to Edward Prince of Wales.

The surviving feoffee of the Earl of Salisbury now laid claim to his estates, on the plea that the Earl was not possessed of them at the time of his forfeiture. An inquisition was taken, his plea found good, and complete restitution was made to him *.

In 1454 Hawarden was again conveyed to Sir Thomas, afterwards Lord Stanley; and after the death of his son Thomas, earl of Derby, it descended to his second wife Margaret, the mother of Henry VII. After her decease it continued in the family till the execution of the gallant James, Earl of Derby, in 1651: soon after whose death it was purchased from the agents of sequestration by serjeant Glynne†.

On the restoration an order was made by the lords that the estates of the Earl of Derby and several other noblemen should be restored. This induced Glynne to make an offer of the surrender of Hawarden for a lease of three lives. The proposal, however, was not accepted. The lords then sent to the House of Commons a private bill for restoring to the earl all his father's property; but this being strongly opposed, was set aside, without coming to a second reading. The earl, after this, was glad to compound for the property of this

* The four feoffees had claimed them soon after the execution of the Earl; but their petition was rejected.

† Pennant, i. 98.

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place; and for ſome ſmall conſideration granted it to ſerjeant Glynne and his heirs* ; in one of whom, Sir Richard Glynne, it yet remains.

In the civil wars Hawarden was betrayed by its governor to the parliament†, and kept for them till 1643, when part of the Engliſh forces, who had been ſerving againſt the rebels in Ireland, upon the ceſſation there, came over to aſſiſt the king, and landed at Moſtyn, a place about ſixteen miles diſtant. Soon after their arrival they made an attack on this caſtle, and after a fortnight's ſiege, "and much ink but little blood ſpilt," it was ſurrendered to them‡.

In the hands of the Royaliſts it continued till after the ſurrender of Cheſter in 1645, when it was vigorouſly beſieged by the parliament's forces under general Mytton, and in about a month was taken§.

On the twenty-ſecond of December, in the ſame year, the parliament, alarmed at ſome diſturbances which had taken place amongſt their ſoldiers, or-

* Pennant, i. 99. who quotes Drake's parliamentary hiſtory, and a manuſcript account, communicated to him by Sir John Glynne.

† Carte's life of the Duke of Ormond, ii. 471. and iii. 204.

‡ See the ridiculous letters that paſſed on this occaſion between the commanders of the beſieging army and the garriſon, in Ruſhworth's Collections, part iv. vol. ii. p. 301. and Pennant, i. 101, 102.

§ Ruſhworth's Hiſtorical Collections, part iv. vol. i. p. 21. Whitelock's Memorials, 192—197.

dered

dered this and four other caſtles to be diſmantled*. Theſe orders extended only to the rendering of it untenable; its further deſtruction was effected by the owner, Sir William Glynne, between the years 1665 and 1678†.

Having finiſhed my examination of Hawarden and its caſtle, I continued my route towards Northop. A little beyond the ninth mile-ſtone from Cheſter, I turned, on the right, over ſome meadows, in ſearch of a ſmall fortreſs called

Euloe Castle‡.

It ſtands about a quarter of a mile from the road, and from its ſituation on the edge of a glen, and and being ſurrounded with wood, I had no little difficulty in finding it. It formerly conſiſted of two parts; the larger of which was an oblong tower, rounded at one end, and about fourteen yards long, and ten or twelve in width, guarded on the acceſſible ſide by a ſtrong wall. The other part conſiſts of an oblong court, at the extremity of

* Whitelock, 231. † Pennant, i. 103.

‡ Leland ſays, "This word Yollo is the ſame in Welſh that Llewelyn ys, and Ludovicus in Latin."—It appears more probable that Euloe Caſtle is only a corruption from Caſtell Iolo, Edward's Caſtle: but on this head we have neither tradition nor a ſingle ſyllable of hiſtory, except the paſſage above quoted, to guide us.

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which are the remains of a circular tower. This fortreſs has been well defended, on one ſide by a trench, and on the other by the deep valley that runs beneath it. Leland ſays that Euloe Caſtle was the property of a gentleman of Flintſhire, of the name of Howell, who, by ancient cuſtom, a privilege he inherited from his anceſtors, uſed to give the badge of a ſilver harp to the beſt harper in North Wales. In his own time it was, he informs us, "a ruinous caſtelet or pile *."

It was in the wood adjoining to this place, called

COED EULOE,

that king Henry II. in an expedition againſt Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, received a ſevere and moſt memorable repulſe from David and Conan, the two ſons of that hero. The army of Owen was encamped, and ſeemed ready for engagement, and ſome ſlight ſkirmiſhes were commenced. Theſe, however, were but artifices to draw the Engliſh into a narrow and dangerous paſs between the hills, where a numerous ambuſcade was ſecretly placed under the command of his ſons. Henry, too confident in the ſtrength of his men, and not relying ſufficiently on the opinion of thoſe who had a more perfect knowledge of the country than himſelf, fell into the ſnare, and paid dearly for his raſhneſs; for when he and his vanguard, following the Welſh into

* Leland's Itinerary, v. 53.

the

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the valley, were engaged in fight, another party, with horrible outcries, arose on a sudden from under the cover of the woods, which hung over the steep, and assaulted them with stones, arrows, and other missile weapons. The disadvantageous situation of the English army, and the confusion into which they were thrown, totally disabled them from resisting this unexpected attack; and they were routed with dreadful slaughter *.

NORTHOP.

When I arrived at Northop, a small village, containing a handsome and somewhat ancient church, I turned out of the usual road to Holywell, and went towards Flint †. About two miles from this place, and from the slope of a hill, at the bottom of which stands the town, the scenery opened in a most pleasing manner. It was high water; and the estuary of the Dee, which runs up towards Chester, enlivened by the vessels "lightly floating on its surface," the towns of Park-Gate, and some others on the opposite shore, appeared to peculiar advantage. At the ebb of the tide this wide arm of the sea dwindles into a narrow stream, inclosed on each side by long and dreary banks of sand.

* Lyttleton's History of Henry II. vol. ii. p. 72, 73.

† It is not worth the while of any tourist to follow my route to Flint, as he will find there scarcely any thing worth his notice.

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FLINT

is a market town, ſmall, irregularly built, and by no means pleaſant. It has once been ſurrounded by a ditch and ramparts, but theſe are now nearly deſtroyed. Being ſituated near the ſea, it is reſorted to by a few from the neighbouring country, as a bathing-place; but the marſhy coaſt which extends from the edge of the water almoſt to the town, muſt render it, in this reſpect, extremely diſagreeable. The *church*, or rather chapel, for it is but a chapel of eaſe to Northop, is a dirty ill-looking building, with a boarded turret.—From this place there are packets which ſail every tide, when the wind permits, for Cheſter and Park-Gate. This is from hence a charming, and, as far as relates to Park-Gate, certainly an expeditious mode of travelling.

Though the great ſeſſions for the county are held at Mold, the *county gaol* is at Flint, ſituated in the caſtle-yard, in a fine healthy ſituation. It is a good building, and conſtructed on a plan ſimilar to the gaol of Ruthin. Over the front door of this priſon, on a black and white marble ſlab, is an elegant inſcription, the compoſition of Mr. Pennant, which informs us of the benevolent purpoſes for which it was erected.

In

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In the
twenty-fifth year of his Majeſty Geo. III.
in the Sheriffalty of Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. this
priſon was erected
inſtead of the ancient loathſome place of confinement,
in pity
to the miſery even of the moſt guilty;
to alleviate the ſufferings of leſſer offenders, or of
the innocent themſelves,
whom the chances
of human life may bring within theſe walls.
Done at the expence of the county,
aided by the ſubſcription of ſeveral of the gentry;
who,
in the midſt of moſt diſtreſsful days,
voluntarily took upon themſelves part of the burthen,
in compaſſion to ſuch of their countrymen
on whom
Fortune has been leſs bounteous of her favours.

The *caſtle* ſtands upon a rock in the marſh, and ſo near the river, that ſometimes at high-water the walls are waſhed by the tide*. It has been a ſquare building, with a tower at each angle, ſome remains of every one of which are yet left. The tower at the ſouth-eaſt corner, which is called the Double Tower, is much larger than the others. In its outward diameter it meaſures forty feet: it is formed by two concentric walls, each ſix feet thick,

* The channel of the Dee is at preſent at ſome diſtance, but the river formerly flowed cloſe under the walls. There are ſtill in ſome parts rings left to which ſhips were moored.—*Pennant.*

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having a gallery eight feet wide included between them, and leaving a circular area of about twenty feet in diameter, into which there was an entry from the gallery by four doors*. This appears to have been the keep. The interior of the caſtle is a ſquare court, containing about an acre of ground. In the curtain on the weſt ſide there are yet left ſeveral windows with pointed arches.

History of Flint Castle.

The founder of this caſtle has not yet been decidedly aſcertained. Camden and Lord Lyttleton attribute it to Henry II. after his defeat at Coed Euloe, and concur in the opinion that it was finiſhed by Edward I.†: whilſt Fabian, Stowe, and many others, ſay that it was built by Edward only, about the year 1275, not mentioning a word of its being begun by Henry, though in the ſame ſentence they each tell us that Edward ſtrengthened Rhyddlan Caſtle; which plainly evinces that they diſtinguiſhed betwixt building and repairing ‡.

* Groſe's Antiquities.

† Gough's Camd. ii. 588. Lyttleton's Henry II.

‡ Hen. de Knyghton, 2462. Hollingſhed, ii. 279. Stowe, 200. Leland ſays, "Quia Lewelinus princeps Walliæ ad parliamentum Edwardi regis venire noluerat, rex Walliam adiens, caſtellum de Flint *de novo fundavit*, caſtrum de Rudelan *firmavit*, ubi Lewelinus ſubdidit ſe regi, dando pro tranſgreſſione, L. M. librarum." Collect. de Reb. Brit. i. 246.

on

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On Palm Sunday, 1281, the Welſh, wearied of their ſubjection to the Engliſh, as a ſignal of general inſurrection ſeized this and other caſtles, plundering at the ſame time all who refuſed to join their party*. In the year following, therefore, Edward, repairing to Wales, took Caergwrle caſtle, and marched on immediately afterwards to this place, from whence Llewelyn and his brother David fled in precipitation, leaving it undefended †.

In the year 1332 Edward III. granted this and other caſtles, with all his lands here, to the Black Prince, to hold to him and his heirs, kings of England: and in 1385 it was beſtowed by Richard II. with the chief-juſticeſhip of Cheſter, upon Robert Vere, Earl of Oxford ‡."

It was ſurrendered fourteen years after to Percy Earl of Northumberland, who betrayed into it the unfortunate Richard II. under the inſidious pretence that Bolingbroke, who was waiting for him here, deſired only to have his property reſtored, and that the kingdom ſhould have a parliament. Northumberland met the king at Conwy, where he had gone after his return from Ireland; and they were proceeding together towards this place, when, among the receſſes of the mountains near Penmaen Rhôs, the latter obſerved a band of ſoldiers. Alarmed

* Matt. Weſtm. 370. Hen. de Knyghton, 2464. Powel, 361. Stowe, 201.

† Carte's England, ii. 193. Pennant, i. 47.

‡ Groſe's Antiquities.

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for his ſafety, and now fearful of the ſnare that was laid for him, he attempted to return; but Percy ſpringing forward, caught his horſe's bridle, and forcibly directed his courſe. They dined at Rhydd-lan, and arrived in the ſame evening at Flint. The next day, "after dinner, (ſays Stowe,) the Duke of Lancaſter entered the caſtle all armed, his baſenet excepted. King Richard came down to meet him; and the duke, as ſoon as he ſaw the king, fell down on his knees, and coming near unto him, he kneeled a ſecond time with his hat in his hand: and the king then put off his hoode and ſpoke firſt: 'Fair couſin of Lancaſter, you are right wellcome.' The duke, bowing low to the ground, anſwered, 'My lord, I am come before you ſent for me; the reaſon why I will ſhewe you. The common fame among your people is ſuch, that ye have for the ſpace of twenty or two and twenty years, ruled them very rigorouſly: but, if it pleaſe our lord, I will helpe you to govern better!' The king anſwered, 'Faire couſin of Lancaſter, ſith it pleaſeth you, it pleaſeth me well!' The duke then with a high ſharpe voyce, bad bring forth the king's horſes, and two little nagges, not worth fourtie franks, were brought forthe: the king was ſet on the one, and the earl of Saliſbury on the other: and thus the duke brought them from Flint to Cheſter;" from whence, after a night's reſt, they were taken to London *.

* Stowe's Annals, 321. Pennant, i. 50.

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From this period I have been able to meet with no documents relative to the caſtle of Flint, till the civil wars of the reign of Charles I. when it appears to have been garriſoned for the king, after having been repaired at the expence of Sir Roger Moſtyn, who was appointed governor*. In 1643 it was beſieged by ſir William Brereton and ſir Thomas Middleton, and was defended till all the proviſions, even to horſes, failing, the governor ſurrendered it upon honourable terms. It muſt afterwards have been retaken by the royaliſts; for in Auguſt 1646 it appears to have been ſurrendered to major-general Mytton†. In December of the ſame year it was, with Hawarden, and three other caſtles, ordered by the parliament to be ſo far deſtroyed as to render it untenable‡.

In the year 1283 Flint was made a free borough, and received its charter, which was afterwards confirmed in the reign of Philip and Mary, and again in the twelfth of William III.§.

This place, in conjunction with Caerwys, Rhyddlan, Caergwrle and Overton, ſends a member to parliament. The election is made by ſuch of the inhabitants as pay parochial taxes; and the returning officers are the two bailiffs appointed by the mayor.

* Carte's England. Pennant, i. 47.
† Whitelock, 221.
‡ Ruſhworth's Collections, part iv. vol. i. 297. Whitelock, 231.
§ Pennant, i. 46.

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CHAP III.

FLINT TO HOLYWELL.

Ridiculous Scene near Bagillt.—Holywell.—Mode of aſſembling to Church.—Wenefred's Well.—Legend of St. Wenefred.—Miracles.—Moſſes.—Inventors of the Well.—Devotees.—Mills and Manufactories on the Stream.—Deſtruction of Water Wheels.—Well for weak Eyes.—Baſingwerk Abbey.—Baſingwerk Caſtle.—Tradition reſpecting it.—Watt's Dyke.

NOTHING very intereſting occurred in the road betwixt Flint and Holywell; and had it not been for the ſhortneſs of the journey, ſcarcely ſix miles, it would have ſeemed ſomewhat tedious.—I ſoon became in a great meaſure ſeparated as it were from the country, by a range of hills on the left of the road, which did not allow me one pleaſing proſpect; and on the oppoſite ſide a long and dreary marſh, with an extent of ſand in the bed of the river not leſs than two miles in any direction beyond it, preſented ſuch a dull uniformity of objects, that I was glad to be indebted even to a few ſtraggling gulls, which at intervals came whirling over my head, uttering their harſh ſcreams, for ſources of reflection and amuſement.—About mid-way I paſſed a little hamlet, where the dingy countenances of the inhabitants plainly

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plainly indicated their employment to be in ſome of the many lead works with which this neighbourhood abounds. My appearance ſeemed to afford them conſiderable diverſion; and the broad grin and vacant ſtare met my eyes whichever way I turned them. The ideas of a pair of ſpectacles and a wallet, were what they had never been accuſtomed to aſſociate in the ſame perſon: and though either of them, ſeparately, would have ſtrongly excited their curioſity, yet, when connected, the phenomenon appeared entirely unaccountable by any of the data their experience had afforded them. About three hundred yards beyond the place, I turned round, and beheld a group conſiſting of about twenty men, women, and children, collected in the middle of the road, (in earneſt conſultation), which did not diſperſe ſo long as I continued in ſight.

HOLYWELL.

I know no town in North Wales that in a commercial view is of more importance than Holywell. The numerous manufactures in its vicinity, and its eaſy acceſs to the ſea, have rendered it the great mart of this part of the kingdom. The town is ſpacious, but irregular; pleaſantly ſituated on the ſlope of a mountain which extends nearly to the water. Many of the houſes are good, and give to it an air of conſiderable opulence.

The pariſh church is a building of no beauty whatever, ſituated near St. Wenefred's Well. It is ſo much

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much below the reſt of the town, that the bell is ſcarcely audible at a little diſtance. When the inhabitants are to be called to prayers, they are therefore under the neceſſity of adopting the following ſingular remedy for this defect:—a perſon hired for the purpoſe, faſtens a leathern ſtrap round his neck, to the end of which a bell of tolerable weight is ſuſpended, and over one of his knees he buckles a cuſhion; thus accoutred he ſets out a certain time before the ſervice commences, and walks through the principal parts of the town, jingling the bell every time his cuſhioned knee comes forward.

WENEFRED'S WELL,

From which the name of Holywell was given to this place, ſprings with vaſt impetuoſity from a rock at the foot of a ſteep hill near the bottom of the town. It is covered by a ſmall Gothic building, ſaid to have been erected by Margaret the mother of Henry the VII., but Mr. Groſe was of opinion, that the frieze of the outſide cornice, which is ornamented with monkies, and other groteſque figures, indicates it to be of more ancient date*. Nothing, obſerves this accurate writer, can exceed the delicacy and elegance of the Gothic work on the inſide of this building, which forms a canopy over the well, having in the centre, and ſerving as origin to the gothic arches, a circular ſhield on which was once carved a coat of arms. Above this was the chapel; at preſent convert-

* Antiquities.

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ed into a charity ſchool. The water paſſes from the ſmall well, under an arch, into a larger one, which was intended for the bath.

The Legend.

The legendary origin of this well is ſingular. Wenefred *, who is ſuppoſed to have lived in the early part of the ſeventh century, is reported to have been a beautiful and devout virgin, of noble deſcent. She was placed under the protection of her relation Beuno, a deſcendant from the kings of Powys, who had founded a church here. A young prince of the name of Cradoc, ſtruck with the elegance of her perſon, reſolved to attempt her virtue; and, ſeizing an opportunity when all except herſelf were at prayers, he declared to her his paſſion. She made ſome excuſe to eſcape from the room, and then fled from the houſe to the church, which appears to have been ſituated at the foot of the hill. Before ſhe could reach this ſanctuary he overtook her, and with his ſword, in an extacy of rage and diſappointment, ſtruck off her head. This, like an elaſtic ball, bounded down the ſide of the hill, through the door of the church, and up one of the aiſles directly to the

* The following particulars are principally extracted from biſhop Fleetwood's life of St. Wenefred, publiſhed in 1713.—The Welſh name of this female was Gwenvrewi; Tudur Aled, a Welſh bard who flouriſhed about A. D. 1450, has celebrated her ſanctity and the reputed miracles of her well, in a poem ſtill extant.

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altar where her friends were aſſembled at prayer: reſting here, a clear and copious fountain immediately guſhed out. St. Beuno ſnatched up the head, and again joining it to the body, it was, to the ſurprize and admiration of all preſent, immediately re-united, the place of ſeparation being only marked by a white line encircling the neck. Cradoc dropped down on the ſpot where he had committed the atrocious act; and the legend informs us that it was not known whether the earth opened to receive his impious corpſe, or whether his maſter, the devil, carried it off, but that it was certainly never ſeen afterwards. The ſides of the well were covered with a ſweet-ſcented moſs, and the ſtones at the bottom became tinctured with her blood!

The liveleſs tears ſhee ſhed into a fountaine turne,
And, that for her alone, the water ſhould not mourne,
The pure vermillion blood that iſſued from her veines
Unto this very day the pearly gravel ſtaines;
As erſt the white and red were mixed in her cheeke,
And that one part of her might be the other like,
Her haire was turned to moſſe, whoſe ſweetneſs doth declare
In livelineſs of youth the natural ſweets ſhe bare *.

Wenefred ſurvived her decapitation about fifteen years, and having, towards the latter end of that time, received the veil from St. Elerius at Gwytherin, in Denbighſhire, died abbeſs of that monaſtery. There her body reſted in quiet for near *five hundred years*,

* Drayton's Polyolbion, p. 160.

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till the reign of king Stephen, when a miracle having been wrought, by her interceſſion, on a monk at Shrewſbury, the abbot of the convent there determined on a tranſlation of her remains to their monaſtery, which, after much difficulty and many pretended viſions from heaven, was at laſt effected, about the year 1138.

The well, after her death, was endowed with many miraculous properties: it healed the diſeaſes of all who plunged into its water, and Drayton ſays that no animal whatever could be drowned in it.

The following is one of the numerous wonders that have been recorded of its powerful influence: a party of depredators ſtole a cow from a paſture not far diſtant, and that their footſteps might not be traced, dragged her along ſome neighbouring rocks. But how were the impious wretches deceived: not one ſtep was ſet without leaving an impreſſion on the ſtones, as if they had been paſſing over ſoft clay; nay, the learned editor of the life of St. Wenefred ſays that the original deſcribes them as at every ſtep *ſinking up to the very knees!* The owner was, by this means enabled to recover his beaſt; and the terrified wretches, coming in penitence to the altar, confeſſed their crime, and were, no doubt by the interceſſion of the ſaint, forgiven.

The ſweet-ſcented moſs, growing plentifully on the ſides of this well, is nothing more than *jungermannia aſplenoides* of Linnæus; it is found in many other ſprings in the kingdom, and is alſo occaſionally to

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to be met with in moiſt places, by road ſides, and in woods. The ſuppoſed tincture of the blood is likewiſe a vegetable production, *byſſus jolithus*. I have ſome doubt whether the moſs, as it is called, does not entirely derive its ſmell from that of the byſſus, which is very powerful, and which I have known it to retain on a ſtone in a cabinet for a great length of time, even though itſelf was almoſt dried away and become inviſible.

The day of the commemoration of St. Wenefred is the 3d of November, and it is yet obſerved by the Roman Catholics of this part of the country.

Dr. Powel has aſcribed the invention of this well to the monks of Baſingwerk, an abbey about a mile diſtant, from the circumſtance of its not being mentioned by any perſon who wrote previous to the foundation of that monaſtery *. Giraldus Cambrenſis, a man ever ready to relate any wonderful ſtory, though he lodged there a night, in his journey through Wales, in the year 1187, does not once ſpeak of it.—Dr. Fuller, in his peculiar manner of writing, remarks of the legend of St. Wenefred, "that if the tip of his tongue who firſt told, and the top of his fingers who firſt wrote this damnable lie, had been cut off, and they had both been ſent to attend their cure at the ſhrine of St. Beuno, they would certainly have been more wary afterwards how they reported or recorded ſuch improbable untruths †."

* Notes on the Itin. Cambriæ of Gir. Cambrenſis, p. 38.

† Worthies of Wales, 38.

The

The devotees of the ſaint were formerly very numerous, and in the laſt age the well was ſo noted, that, according to Mr. Pennant, a crowned head dignified the place with a viſit. "The prince who loſt three kingdoms for a maſs, payed his reſpects on the 29th of Auguſt, 1686, to our ſaint, and received as a reward a preſent of the very ſhift in which his great grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, loſt her head*." Of late years the viſitors have much fallen off: however, if I may judge from ſeven crutches and two hand-barrows ſtuck among the gothic ornaments of the roof, I ſhould ſuppoſe that the well was not yet entirely forſaken. Indeed the ſanative properties of this water, in common with thoſe of cold baths in general, are not to be diſputed; but to attribute to the interceſſion of a ſaint thoſe things which from the common courſe of nature are to be accounted for, ſeems only worthy the ages of ſuperſtition and ignorance.

The quantity of water thrown up here has been found, on an accurate calculation, not leſs than *eighty-four hogſheads* in a minute. The well has never been known to be frozen, and it ſcarcely ever varies in quantity, either in droughts, or after the greateſt rains. Theſe circumſtances render it of ineſtimable value: for, although the water has only a mile and a hundred and twenty-four yards to run, before it arrives at the ſea, it turned, a few years ago, the machinery to eleven different extenſive

* Hiſtory of Whitford and Holywell.

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MILLS AND MANUFACTORIES.

1. *A Corn Mill*, a large building that ſtands near the head of the ſtream.

2. *The Upper Cotton Mill*, erected in the autumn of the year 1783, and finiſhed in the ſhort ſpace of ſix weeks from the laying of the foundation. It is ſix ſtories high, and forty yards long.—This and all the other cotton works on the ſtream belong to a partnerſhip concern, under the firm of the "Cotton and Twiſt Company."

3. *The Old Cotton Mill*, erected in the ſpring of 1777. This is only three ſtories high: it is thirty-three yards long, and eight wide.

4. *The Creſcent Cotton Mill*, erected in the ſpring of 1790. It is ſix ſtories high; twenty-ſix yards long, and ten wide.

5. *The Braſs Battery Mills*, built in the year 1765. Theſe works are at preſent in the hands of Thomas Williams, Eſq. and Co. under the firm of "The Greenfield Copper and Braſs Company *." Goods are here prepared for Africa, America, and other parts of the globe. For Africa, large braſs pans, called *Neptunes*, in which the negroes make ſalt: pans for getting the gold out of the beds of the rivers, that has been waſhed from the mountains by the violence of the torrents: bright and black *manillas*; the latter are the current coin of ſome parts of the African coaſt, and the firſt are rings to orna-

* Since this work was ſent to the preſs, Mr. Williams is dead, and the property has been advertiſed for ſale.

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ment the arms and the legs of the negroes. Braſs veſſels are alſo made here for various other purpoſes; and braſs and copper rods.

6. *A Copper Rolling Mill*, erected in 1787. This is the largeſt and moſt commodious building of the kind in the kingdom, being eighty-ſix feet long, ſixty-nine wide, and near thirty high in the centre. It is the property of the Greenfield Copper and Braſs Company.

7. *The Lower Cotton Mill*, was built in the ſummer of 1785. It is ſix ſtories high; thirty-ſix yards long, and ten wide.

8. *A Copper Wire Mill*, belonging to the Parys Mine Company, ſituated on the eaſt ſide of the ſtream. This is a manufactory for braſs wire of every denomination. Square materials are alſo drawn at this place for making copper nails, in the common way of beating and heading.

9. *A Copper Rolling Mill* of the Parys Mine Company.

10. *Braſs Melting Houſes* belonging to the Greenfield Copper and Braſs Company. At theſe works the proprietors make plate-braſs for the purpoſe of being manufactured at their Battery Mills; plate-braſs for wire for the pin manufacturers, and ingot braſs for the founders, &c. They have a mill, conveniences to calcine, buddle, and grind calamine, &c. and a copper forge. The latter is now out of uſe.

11. *A Copper Forge*. This is the property of the Parys Mine Company, and ſtands on the lower part

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of the ſtream, next the ſea. Theſe buildings were finiſhed in the year 1780. Here is a great forge for heating the cakes of copper previouſly to their being beat into pans, or rolled into ſheathings, &c. From hence our navy is in part ſupplied with ſheathing, bolts, and nails. Some of the bolts are twenty feet long, and ſo hardened by rolling and battering as, when facilitated, by boring with an auger two-thirds of their length, to be capable of being driven almoſt to their heads, into places where the beds of timber are extremely thick. Rudder bands and braces are manufactured here; and nails, from a foot long to the ſize of a ſadler's tack. Braziers are furniſhed from hence with all kinds of copper veſſels.—Theſe, and all the other works on the ſtream of this deſcription, are furniſhed with copper from the Angleſea mines.

The Mine Companies employ near forty veſſels of from thirty to fifty tons burthen each, to convey the ſeveral manufactures, or the materials, to and from Liverpool, and other places where they have connections.

In this ſtream it is remarked that the waterwheels are very ſoon deſtroyed: ſo much ſo that an oak wheel, which in moſt other waters ought to have laſted at leaſt thirty years, has been known to become unfit for uſe in twelve. A ſpecies of moſs, the *hypnum riparium*, vegetates on the wood, and harbours the larvæ of ſome ſpecies of inſect in ſuch immenſe quantities, that they ſoon eat even into the heart of

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the wood. On this account, the Greenfield Company's Copper and Braſs Rolling Mill, has its water wheels formed of caſt-iron in the place of timber.

By the road ſide, near the larger well is a *ſmall ſpring* that was once famous for the cure of weak eyes. An offering was made to the tutelar ſaint (for moſt of the ſprings in this country are dedicated to ſome imaginary ſaint) of a crooked pin, and at the time of laving the eyes, an ejaculation, by way of addition to the charm, was uttered by the patient. In the preſent age the waters have loſt nearly all their efficacy.

BASINGWERK ABBEY *.

In ſearch of Baſingwerk Abbey, I proceeded along the road by the ſide of the ſtream, for about a mile, till I came to the marſh, and then croſſing it to the right, I found myſelf within ſight of the ruin, which ſtands on an eminence juſt above. Theſe ſhattered time-worn remains, with the ſurrounding ſycamores, are from ſome points of view highly picturesque and beautiful.

The ivy now in rude luxuriance bends
Its tangled foliage through the cloiſtered ſpace,
O'er the green window's mould'ring height aſcends,
And fondly claſps it in a laſt embrace.

* Maes glâs, or Greenfield monaſtery.

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The little at preſent left is ſcarcely ſufficient to indicate to us what this Abbey was when in its flouriſhing ſtate. The church, which lay on the eaſt ſide, is totally deſtroyed. The refectory is the moſt entire part of the building, and has on one ſide a large receſs with a couple of circular arches. The pillars that ſupport theſe are ſomewhat ſingular, being formed of ſtones that at preſent, according to the remark of a friend who attended this part of my ramble, bear an appearance not unlike that of cheeſes piled on each other. Above the refectory was the dormitory where the monks had their cells. The chapel of the Knights Templars, founded here by Henry II., is ſpacious and elegant. The brick building ſtriped with timber, that joins the Abbey, and certainly adds nothing to its beauty, is conjectured by Mr. Groſe to have been the granary. The ſituation is delightful, commanding an extenſive proſpect of the river Dee, Cheſter, Park-Gate, and the Lancaſtrian hills. The architecture is mixed, the round arches and ſhort maſſy columns exhibiting the Saxon, and the narrow pointed windows the Gothic ſtyle.

Tanner and Dugdale ſay that Baſingwerk Abbey was founded by Ranulph Earl of Cheſter, about the year 1131, and that this foundation was afterwards confirmed by Henry II. and Llewelyn prince of North Wales. Many of the old writers aſcribe the original foundation to Henry, but Mr. Pennant is of opinion

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opinion that it ought to be referred to a period conſiderably anterior to either of theſe *.

At the diſſolution of abbeys in the reign of Henry VIII. its revenues appear to have amounted to ſomewhat more than a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*.

Basingwerk Castle.

Veſtiges of this fortreſs are yet viſible in the foundation of a wall on the edge of Watt's Dyke, and by the road ſide near the turnpike gate, at a little diſtance from the Abbey: but theſe are very trifling. It is ſuppoſed to have been indebted for its erection to Richard the ſon of Hugh Lupus earl of Cheſter. In the year 1119, after his return from Normandy, where he had been educated, he attempted a pilgrimage to Wenefred's well; but either in his journey thither, or on his return, he was attacked by a party of Welſh, and obliged to ſeek for ſhelter in Baſingwerk Abbey. Thus ſituated, he implored protection from Wenefred, who, tradition ſays, raiſed certain ſands betwixt Flintſhire and the oppoſite coaſt, to permit his conſtable and men to paſs over to his relief, which, from that circumſtance, were called *Conſtable's*

* Notitia Monaſtica. Monaſticon Anglicanum, i. 720. Pennant's Tour, i. 24. Stow's Annals, 158. Léland's Collectanea, i. 101.—Powel, in his notes on Giraldus Cambrenſis, and biſhop Gibſon, in his additions to Camden, agree in its being founded ſo late as 1312. Knyghton and Bromton ſay it was founded ſubſequent to the year 1150.—See alſo the following account of Baſingwerk caſtle.

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Sands! If any reliance whatever is to be had as to the origin of this tradition, it tends to prove that the foundation of the Abbey was prior to the date generally aſſigned to it, and that the well was accounted miraculous before the journey of Giraldus Cambrenſis, notwithſtanding his being entirely ſilent reſpecting it. I muſt confeſs myſelf inclined to the former opinion, but I have inſerted the ſtory, that the matter may be decided by heads wiſer than my own.

The caſtle is well known to have been rebuilt in the year 1157, by Henry II. after his eſcape in the battle near Euloe; he, however, firſt cleared all the paſſes and cut down the woods around it, which at that time were impenetrable foreſts, affording ſhelter, as he had keenly experienced, to powerful enemies *. The Welſh ever looked upon this fortreſs as a diſagreeable check upon their proceedings and liberty, and therefore about eight years afterwards, Owen Gwynedd, after many unſucceſsful attempts, at laſt took it by ſtorm, and immediately levelled it with the ground †. From this time it does not appear to have been the cauſe of any further contentions.

WATT'S DYKE.

This barrier begins at Maeſbury near Oſweſtry, paſſes by that town, through the grounds at Wynn-

* Matt. Paris, 81.—MS. Chronicle, from Brutus to the end of the reign of Edward the Fourth, in the library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

† Powel's Hiſtory of Wales, 223.

ſtay,

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ſtay, near Wrexham, Hope, and Northop, and terminates in the Dee at this place. Churchyard is almoſt the only writer that has not confounded this with Offa's Dyke. He aſſigns as the object of its formation that the ſpace betwixt the two, for they run to a conſiderable diſtance nearly parallel with each other, was to be free ground, where the Britons and Danes might meet for all commercial purpoſes.

There is a famous thing,
Call'd Offa's Dyke, that reacheth farre in length.
All kind of ware the Danes might thither bring,
It was free ground and call'd the Briton's ſtrength.
Wat's Dyke, likewiſe, about the ſame was ſet,
Between which two the Danes and Britons met,
And traffic ſtill, but paſſing bounds by ſleight,
The one did take the other priſ'ner ſtreight.

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CHAP. IV.

HOLYWELL TO ST. ASAPH.

Lead Mines.—Calamine.—Roman Pharos.—Memoranda of Mr. Pennant.—Vale of Clwyd.—St. Aſaph.—Hiſtory of the Cathedral.—Miracle performed by St. Aſaph.—Vale of Clwyd.

THE road from Holywell to St. Aſaph is rugged but pleaſant. This country abounds in *lead mines*, and I paſſed ſome very conſiderable ones about a mile beyond Holywell. The veins of ore, as I was informed, run in directions either north and ſouth, or eaſt and weſt, but of theſe the latter are by much the richeſt. They are found in a matrix either of chert or limeſtone, and often extend to unknown depths. The common, or lamellated ore, yields above fifteen hundred of lead to twenty of the ore; and, in general, about fourteen ounces of ſilver to the ton.

Calamine is alſo found in great quantities in this neighbourhood, and in veins like the lead, ſometimes mixed with ore, but frequently alone. Nearly the whole of Flintſhire abounds with it, and ſo entirely ignorant were the inhabitants of its uſe as, within the laſt ſixty years, even to mend their roads with it. Theſe roads have, however, been ſince turned

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turned up in many places, and their materials converted to more valuable purpoſes.

I had not paſſed the lead mines far before I came within ſight of an ancient circular building, in form not much unlike a windmill, on the ſummit of a lofty hill, called Carreg, in the pariſh of Whitford, and about two miles to the right of the road. This, Mr. Pennant, entreating his friends not to conſider him an *antiquarian Quixote* for doing it, conjectures to have been a Roman pharos, conſtructed to direct the navigators to and from Deva, along the difficult channel of Seteia Portus.

Memoranda of the late Mr. Pennant.

A large manſion called Downing, which ſtands about half way betwixt the road and the ſea-ſhore, was, not long ago, the reſidence of Mr. Pennant.

This indefatigable and uſeful writer was born at Bychton, in the pariſh of Whitford, on the 14th of June 1726. He was a lineal deſcendant from Tudor Trevor, who married Angharad the daughter of Howel Dda, prince of North Wales *.

He became poſſeſſed of the eſtate at Downing by the death of his father David Pennant; and having diſcovered a rich mine of lead ore on it, he was enabled, by means of the emoluments ariſing from

* The name is truly Welſh, derived from *pen* the head or end, and *nant*, a narrow valley; the houſe of Bychton, the ancient family manſion, being ſeated at the head of a very conſiderable dingle.

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this, to make conſiderable improvements. Here he principally reſided.

"The houſe itſelf," he informs us, "has little to boaſt of. I fortunately found it incapable of being improved into a magnitude exceeding the revenue of the family. It has a hall, which I prefer to the rural impropriety of a paltry veſtibule; a library; a parlour capable of containing more gueſts than I ever wiſh to ſee in it at a time, *ſeptem convivium; novem convicium!* and a ſmoaking-room, moſt antiquely furniſhed with ancient carvings, and the horns of all the European beaſts of chace. This room is now quite out of uſe as to its original purpoſe. Above ſtairs is a good drawing-room, in times of old called the dining-room, and a tea-room, the ſum of all that are really wanted. I have Cowley's wiſh realized,—a ſmall houſe and a large garden!"

The library contains, he ſays, a numerous collection of books, principally of hiſtory, natural hiſtory, and claſſics. "My own labours" (he adds) "might fill an ordinary book-room."

In his hiſtory of Whitford and Holywell, he mentions another houſe called Downing, on the oppoſite ſide of the dingle, about three hundred yards from this manſion, the property of Thomas Thomas, Eſq. Fierce feuds, as uſual in days of yore, raged, according to his relation, between the two families. "Theſe Montagues uſed to take a cruel revenge on their neighbour Capulet, by the advantage

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advantage of a ſtream, which ran through their grounds in its way to our kitchen, where it was applied to the turning of a ſpit. How often," ſays he, " has that important engine been ſtopped, before it had performed half its evolutions! our poor Capulet ſwearing, lady crying, cook fuming, and nurſe ſcreaming! But

> To hear the children mutter,
> When they loſt their bread and butter,
> It would move a heart of ſtone."

Till the advancement of Richard Pennant, Eſq. in the year 1783, to the title of Penrhyn, the family, according to his own account, was never diſtinguiſhed by any honours beyond the moſt uſeful one, that of a juſtice of the peace: and " I ſhould bluſh," he ſays, " if a Pennant could be found, who, through lack of public ſpirit, ſloth, or ſelfiſhneſs, would decline that great conſtitutional office!"

The firſt ſheriff of this houſe was Pyers Pennant, who diſcharged that truſt in 1612. He had the fortune to marry the daughter of a family not famed for placidity, or the milder virtues. *Vald', vald', irritabile genus!* " And from them, Tom," an aunt uſed often to tell him, " we got our paſſion;" and frequently added the wiſe Welſh caution, *Beware of a breed!*

The fruits of this marriage ſoon appeared, for Thomas, the eldeſt ſon, in a *furor brevis* killed his miller.

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miller. He was indicted for manſlaughter, tried, and convicted, but afterwards pardoned.

When Mr. Pennant was about twelve years old, the father of Mrs. Piozzi preſented him with a copy of Willughby's Ornithology. This firſt gave a taſte for the ſtudy of natural hiſtory, which he afterwards purſued with ſo much avidity, and from which the world has obtained ſo much inſtruction and benefit.

The high gratification that he derived from this delightful ſcience, and a deſire of examining the iſland that gave him birth, induced him, about his twentieth year, to make, from Oxford, the tour of Cornwall. In this expedition he obtained a conſiderable knowledge of the mineralogy of the Weſt of England. Not long afterwards he went over the principal parts of Ireland; but ſuch, he informs us, "was the conviviality of the country, that his journal proved as *maigre*, as his entertainment was *gras:* ſo it never was a diſh fit to be offered to the public."

In the year 1755 he began a correſpondence with Linnæus, which ended only when the age and infirmities of that juſtly celebrated man obliged him to deſiſt. To the talents of Mr. Pennant, Linnæus ſubſcribed in the higheſt terms; and two years after the commencement of their acquaintance, Mr. Pennant was, at his inſtance, elected a member of the Royal Society at Upſal.

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In 1761, he publiſhed his firſt work, the folio edition of his Britiſh Zoology.

Four years after this he made a ſhort tour to the continent, during which he became perſonally acquainted with Le Comte de Buffon. While in Paris, he paſſed much of his time with this naturaliſt, and afterwards ſpent ſome days with him at his ſeat at Monbard.

At Ferney he viſited Voltaire. "He happened," ſays Mr. P., which is nearly the whole account he gives of him, "to be in good humour, and was very entertaining; and in his attempt to ſpeak Engliſh, convinced us that he was a perfect maſter of our oaths and our curſes."

At Bern he commenced acquaintance with Baron Haller, and at the Hague with Dr. Pallas. His meeting with the latter gave riſe to his Synopſis of Quadrupeds; and afterwards, in a ſecond edition, to his Hiſtory of Quadrupeds. A work of this nature was commenced by Pallas, at the deſire of Mr. Pennant, on a plan ſomewhat ſimilar to that of Ray's Synopſis; but this gentleman being invited to Peterſburgh by the empreſs of Ruſſia, his employments there did not allow him ſufficient leiſure to carry it on: it was therefore transferred from his to Mr. Pennant's hands; but from Pallas he continued to receive conſiderable improvements and corrections.

In 1769, he made his firſt tour into Scotland, a country at that time almoſt as little known to its

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ſouthern brethren as Kamtſchatka. He publiſhed an account of this journey, which proved that the northern parts of Great Britain might be viſited with ſafety, and even with pleaſure; and from this time Scotland has formed one of the faſhionable Britiſh tours. A candid account of this country was ſo great a novelty, that the impreſſion was inſtantly bought up, and the following year another was printed, and as ſoon ſold. By this work he endeavoured to conciliate the affections of two nations which had been ſet at variance by evil-deſigning people, and he received ample teſtimony from ſeveral of the Scots of their approbation and ſatisfaction.

In 1772, he performed his longeſt journey; his ſecond tour in Scotland, and voyage to the Hebrides; and he returned rich in civic honours, receiving the uſual compliments of every corporated town. The publication of this tour obtained the applauſe that it juſtly merited.

It was in this journey that Mr. Pennant became acquainted with Mr. Hutchinſon, of Barnard Caſtle, the author of the hiſtories of Durham and Cumberland. The firſt interview was ſufficiently whimſical: Mr. P. relates it:—"I was mounted on the famous ſtones in the churchyard of Penrith, to take a nearer view of them, and ſee whether the drawing I had procured, done by the Rev. Dr. Todd, had the leaſt foundation in truth. Thus engaged, a perſon of good appearance, looking up at me, obſerved,

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observed, 'what fine work Mr. Pennant has made with these stones!' I saw he had got into a horrible scrape; so, unwilling to make bad worse, descended, laid hold of his button, and told him, 'I was the man!' After his confusion was over, I made a short defence, shook him by the hand, and we became from that moment fast friends."

He made, previous to the year 1778, several journies over the six counties of North Wales, in which he collected ample materials even for their history. His work on this country appeared, at different periods, in two volumes in quarto. Of its merits I am able to speak in terms somewhat positive, having myself examined nearly every place, in this division of the principality, that Mr. Pennant had visited. I can pronounce of it, that, for accuracy, it is throughout (when the necessary allowance is made for alterations that have taken place in the lapse of four and twenty years) almost unexceptionable. What it wants in elegance of style is sufficiently compensated by quantity of matter, and the antiquarian, the artist, and the philosopher, may alike derive from it information and instruction.

His Arctic Zoology appears to have been commenced about this period. At first this was designed only to comprehend the zoology of North America, and it was intended to bear that title, as a colony of Great Britain. But the moment that country became separated from us, he determined upon an

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alteration in his plan: taking in all the animals of the northern parts of the old continent, he reſolved to render it a more general work, and therefore gave it the above title. This was ſo well received by the public, as to be tranſlated into German by Profeſſor Zimmerman; that part of it which relates to the north of Europe was tranſlated into Swediſh, and the introduction into French.

In the year 1779, when the diſcontents began to grow ſo high, that even the little county of Flint took a ſhare in the attempt to produce a redreſs of grievances, he was deſirous of rendering every aſſiſtance in his power to allay the popular fury. He exerted himſelf among his neighbours, and reaſoned ſome of them again into their ſenſes. He alſo framed a ſpeech to deliver at a general meeting, but when the time arrived, ſuch was his diffidence, that he had not courage enough to riſe up; and therefore, as the only method he had to reſort to for the circulation of this opinion, he printed the lenitive intention.

The following is an enumeration of his different publications, with their dates:

Britiſh Zoology, folio edition,	1761.
——— ſecond edition, two vols. 8vo.	1768.
——— vol. iii. 8vo.	1769.
——— 103 additional plates, &c. 8vo.	1770.
——— fourth edition, three vols. 8vo.	1776.
——— vol. iv. containing worms, &c.	1777.
Synopſis of Quadrupeds, 8vo.	1771.

Hiſtory

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History of Quadrupeds, being the second edition of the Synopsis, two vols. 4to. - -	1781.
——— third edition, two vols. 4to. -	1792.
Genera of Birds, 8vo. - - - - -	1773.
Indian Zoology, folio, - - - - -	1779.
——— second edition, 4to. - - -	1792.
Arctic Zoology, two vols. 4to. - - -	1784.
——— Supplement to, 4to. - -	1787.
——— second edition, two vols. 4to. -	1792.
Tour in Scotland in 1769, 8vo. - - - -	1771.
——— second edition, 8vo. -	1772.
——— third edition. 4to. -	1774.
Tour in Scotland in 1772, forming vol. ii. 4to. -	1774.
——— vol. iii. 4to. - -	1775.
——— fifth edition, three vols, 4to.	1790.
Tour in Wales, vol. i. 4to. - - - -	1778.
——— vol ii. 4to. - - - -	1781.
——— second edition, two vols. 4to. -	1784.
Journey from Chester to London, 4to. - -	1782.
Account of London, 4to. - - - - -	1790.
——— second and third editions, -	1791.
Literary Life, 4to. - - - - - -	1793.
History of Whitford and Holywell, 4to. - -	1796.
Outlines of the Globe, vols. i. and ii. 4to. - -	1798.
Miscellanies, only 30 copies, from a private press.	
History of the Patagonians, from the same press.	

Posthumous Publications.

Outlines of the Globe, vol. iii. and iv. 4to. - -	1801
Journey from London to Dover, 4to. - - -	1801.
Journey from Dover to the Isle of Wight, 4to. -	1801.

The two last of these form also two of the volumes of the work denominated by Mr. Pennant, "Outlines of the Globe." This, in manuscript,

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occupies two-and-twenty folio volumes, and uncommon expence was beſtowed on them in ornaments and illuminations. No more than ſix have been yet publiſhed.

The writing of his numerous works, their correction, and the additions to the ſubſequent editions, with his various other duties, kept both his mind and body in active and continual employment.

To his regular and temperate mode of life, and his riding exerciſe, for he performed all his different tours on horſeback, with the perfect eaſe of mind that he enjoyed on theſe pleaſing excurſions, he attributes the almoſt uninterrupted good health that he enjoyed for near ſeventy years. His general time of retiring to reſt was ten o'clock; and he roſe both in ſummer and winter at ſeven. He carefully avoided that meal of exceſs, a *ſupper;* "and my ſoul," ſays he, "riſes with vigour to its employs, and does not, I truſt, diſappoint the end of its Creator:

Behold how pale the ſeated gueſts ariſe,
From ſuppers, puzzled with varieties!
The body too with yeſterday's exceſs,
Burthen'd, and tir'd, ſhall the poor ſoul depreſs;
Weigh down this portion of celeſtial birth,
This breath of God, and fix it on the earth."

His favourite exerciſe ſeems to have been on horſeback, and this he continued, as far as he was able,

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able, to the lateſt part of his life, "conſidering the abſolute reſignation of the perſon to the luxury of a carriage, to forbode a very ſhort interval betwixt that and the vehicle which is to carry us to our laſt ſtage."

In the year 1792, the ſixty-ſeventh of his age, he ſays of himſelf, "though my body may have ſomewhat abated its wonted vigour, yet my mind ſtill retains its powers, its longing after improvement, its wiſh to ſee new lights through the chinks which time has made." And ſpeaking of his great attempt, the Outlines of the Globe: "Happy is the life that could beguile its fleeting hours without injury to any one, and, with addition of years, continue to riſe in its purſuits.—But more intereſting, and ſtill more exalted ſubjects, muſt employ my future ſpan."

Some of theſe latter obſervations appear in his "Literary Life," which contains his biography, ſo far as relates, principally, to his literary concerns, to the commencement of the year 1793. This, although publiſhed by himſelf, he whimſically denominates a poſthumous work, the name in dotted characters

THOMAS PENNANT.

ſubſcribed to the advertiſement, indicating it to be ſent into the world by his departed *literary* ſpirit. From this time he declares himſelf determined to

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appear in no new works before the public, yet the activity of his mind would not ſuffer him, even in this advanced age, entirely to reſign himſelf to private labours and domeſtic concerns; accordingly he wrote, and in 1796 printed, the "Hiſtory of Whitford and Holywell," the word

RESURGAM

appropriately occupying the leaf preceding the title. He afterwards publiſhed alſo the two firſt volumes of the "Outlines of the Globe."

The loſs of an amiable daughter, in the year 1794, had ſo great an effect upon his mind, that he was never able perfectly to recover it. In April enſuing he had the misfortune to ſnap the patella of his knee in deſcending a flight of ſteps. This accident confined him long to his room, but he recovered from it in a wonderful manner.

Towards the latter end of the year 1796 he began to be affected by the pulmonary complaint, which at length terminated his life. His mental faculties, however, ſtill continued in a great meaſure unimpaired till the month of October 1798, when his diſorder began to wear a ſerious aſpect. He was from this time confined to his bed, and on the ſixteenth of December cloſed his exiſtence without a groan. Conſcious of approaching diſſolution, he met the ſtroke with the utmoſt compoſure and reſignation.

Thus

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Thus was ſociety deprived of one of its moſt active, and one of its moſt valuable members.—Of the induſtry and talents of Mr. Pennant, his election as member of various literary inſtitutions, both at home and abroad, bear ſatisfactory evidence:

Antiquarian Society,	Nov. 1754.
Royal Society at Upſal,	Feb. 1757.
Royal Society of London,	Feb. 1767.
Royal Academy at Drontheim,	Mar. 1769.
L.L.D. at Oxford,	May 1771.
Societas Phyſiographica, Lund.	June 1783.
American Philoſophical Society at Philadelphia,	April 1791.
Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm,	May 1784.
Royal Society at Edinburgh, Hon. Mem.	Jan. 1785.
Society of Antiquaries at Perth, Hon. Mem.	Dec. 1785.
Linnean Society of London, Hon. Mem.	

In the writings of Mr. Pennant, we are not to look for any of thoſe brilliant effuſions of genius that mark the pen of ſome of the modern naturaliſts and travellers. But if he did not poſſeſs their fire, he had the more valuable requiſites of untarniſhed principle, and a ſcrupulous adherence to truth. Perſeverance, induſtry, and correctneſs, are their leading characteriſtics. His reading was extenſive, particularly in the zoological branches of natural hiſtory. He poſſeſſed a retentive memory, and a conſiderable rapidity of compoſition, his works being generally printed, with little or no correction, as they flowed from the pen.

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As to his private character; he was religious without bigotry, and, from principles the most pure and disinterested, firmly attached to the established church. He was a steady friend to our excellent constitution, and when the spirit of democracy with which the mania of a neighbouring country appeared desirous of overwhelming our kingdom, was spreading abroad, he resisted its efforts with all his might. In times of scarcity he materially alleviated the distresses of the neighbouring poor by the importation of grain. If he had foibles, let them be buried in his grave, and let the first who is without, draw them thence to his dispraise. To sum up the general character of Mr. Pennant in few words, he was a man of upright conduct and the most unshaken integrity, uniting to a good head that valuable counterpart so often wanting, an excellent heart.

Vale of Clwyd.

About two miles from St. Asaph, I entered the celebrated vale of Clwyd *, and, favoured by a charmingly serene morning, the whole scene, from the side of the hill, appeared to the greatest advantage. Towards the south stood Denbigh, with the shattered remains of its castle crowning the summit of a rocky steep in the middle of the vale; and on

* Called by the Welsh Dyffryn Clwyd, *The Vale of the Flat.*

the

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the north, clad in its ſober hue, I obſerved the caſtle of Rhyddlan. The intervening ſpace was enlivened with meadows, woods, cottages, herds, and flocks ſcattered in every pleaſing direction, whilſt the whole was bounded by the ſea and the dark retiring mountains. This, from the extent of picture, is not a ſcene fitted for the pencil, though its numerous beauties muſt attract the attention of every lover of nature. When we enter a rugged mountainous ſcene, where the ſhelving ſides ſcarcely afford ſoil for vegetation, and where the whole character is that of ſavage grandeur, we are ſtruck with aſtoniſhment and awe; but, when nature preſents us with a ſcene like this, which ſeems to abound in health, fertility, and happineſs, every nerve vibrates to the heart the pleaſure we receive. Here the pencil fails:

I admire—
None more admires—the painter's magic ſkill,
Who ſhews me that which I ſhall never ſee,
Conveys a diſtant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on Engliſh walls:
But imitative ſtrokes can do no more
Than pleaſe the eye—ſweet Nature ev'ry ſenſe.
The air ſalubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And muſic of her woods,—no works of man
May rival theſe; they all beſpeak a pow'r
Peculiar, and excluſively her own.

ST.

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St. Asaph.

After enjoying this lovely ſcene for ſome time, I deſcended into the vale, croſſed the bridge over the little river Clwyd, and ſoon after arrived at St. Aſaph, or, as it is called by the Welſh, Llan Elwy, *the Church of Elwy*, a name obtained from its ſituation on the bank of the river Elwy, which runs along the weſt ſide of the place. It conſiſts of little more than a ſingle ſtreet, the houſes pretty uniformly built, up the ſide of a hill. It has a cathedral and pariſh church; and, as a city, is, except one or two, the moſt inſignificant in the kingdom. The cathedral, though ſmall, is plain and neat. The epiſcopal palace is a large and convenient building, under the grounds of which the Elwy runs. The deanery is on the oppoſite ſide of the river, and ſtands due weſt of the cathedral.

History of the Cathedral.

Cyndeyrn Garthwys, or Kentigern, the ſon of Owain ap Urien Reged, was biſhop of Glaſgow and primate of Scotland, but was driven thence by the perſecutions of one of the Scottiſh princes. He fled into Wales, where he was taken into the protection of Cadwallon, uncle to Maelgwn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, who aſſigned to him Llan Elwy as a place of reſidence. Here, about

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about the year 560, he founded an epiſcopal ſeat and monaſtery, and became himſelf the firſt biſhop. On the death of his perſecutor he was recalled into Scotland, but firſt nominated his diſciple Aſa or Aſaph, his ſucceſſor, from whom both the church and place received their names. In the time of Aſa, the number of monks were nine hundred and ſixty-five; of theſe three hundred were labourers in the fields, three hundred ſervants about the monaſtery, and the reſt were religious. Aſa died about the year 596, and was interred in the cathedral.

In the diſturbances during the time of the Normans, ſuch devaſtations appear to have been been committed in theſe parts, that the ſee remained long unoccupied. Towards the middle of the twelfth century, however, we find that a biſhop Gilbert was conſecrated to it. Galfrid Arthur, or Geoffry of Monmouth, was his ſucceſſor *.

About the year 1247, in the wars betwixt Henry III. and the Welſh, the biſhops both of St. Aſaph and Bangor were driven from their ſees, and became indebted to voluntary contributions for ſubſiſtence †. In ſomewhat more than thirty years after this period, the cathedral was conſumed by fire, and two years were occupied in rebuilding

* Collectanea Curioſa, vol. i. p. 262. Matt. Weſtm. p. 41.

† Matt. Paris. 642.

it.

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it *. In the interval, Edward I., at the requeſt of biſhop Anian, petitioned the Pope to permit him to remove the ſee to Rhyddlan, as a place from whoſe fortifications it would be protected againſt the fury of the Welſh, whilſt in its late ſituation it had been expoſed to all their attacks. He, at the ſame time, made an offer both of ground for the church, and a thouſand marks towards the expences of building it †. The deſign, however, appears to have been fruſtated either by the death of the Pope, or the exhortation of the archbiſhop of Canterbury to rebuild the cathedral on its former ſite. The roof and upper parts, with the biſhop's palace and canons' houſes, were again deſtroyed by Owen Glyndwr in 1404; and they remained in ruins for upwards of ſeventy years, when they were rebuilt by biſhop Redman ‡.

During the protectorſhip of Oliver Cromwell, the poſt-maſter of St. Aſaph, who had attached himſelf to the puritanical party, occupied the palace, in which he kept his office. He uſed the font belonging to the cathedral as a trough for watering his horſes, and, by way of venting his ſpleen on the eſtabliſhed clergy, he tied up his calves in the biſhop's throne.

The dioceſe of St. Aſaph comprehends nearly all Flintſhire, Denbighſhire, and Montgomeryſhire,

* Willis's St. Aſaph, p. 45.

† Rymer's Fædera, vol ii. p. 45.

‡ Tanner.

beſides

beſides three hundreds in Merionethſhire, and a ſmall part of Shropſhire. The members of the chapter are the dean, archdeacon, (who is the biſhop,) ſix prebendaries, and ſeven canons: and, beſides theſe, there are belonging to the church four vicars choral, four lay-clerks or ſinging men, four choriſters, and an organiſt.

The following are mortuaries that were formerly due to the biſhop on the deceaſe of every beneficed clergyman within his dioceſe. They were on the interference of biſhop Fleetwood ſet aſide by act of parliament, and the living of Northop was annexed to the biſhopric in their ſtead.

His beſt gelding, horſe, or mare.
His beſt gown.
His beſt cloak,
His beſt coat, jerkin, doublet, and breeches.
His hoſe or nether ſtockings, ſhoes, and garters.
His waiſtcoat.
His hat and cap.
His falchion.
His beſt book.
His ſurplice.
His purſe and girdle.
His knife and gloves.
His ſignet, or ring of gold.

MIRACLE.

Not many years ago a mark on a black ſtone in the pavement of the ſtreet, about the middle of the hill between the two churches, uſed to be pointed out to ſtrangers as the print of St. Aſaph's horſe-ſhoe, when he leaped with him from Onan-haſſa, which is about two miles off. This, however, obſerves Mr. Groſe, who relates the ſtory, ſeems to

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to have been a miracle performed rather by the horſe than by the ſaint, to whom alone it is aſcribed, unleſs the keeping of his ſeat at ſo great a leap may be deemed ſuch. What was the occaſion of this extraordinary leap we are not told; whether only to ſhew the agility of his horſe, or to eſcape the aſſaults of the foul fiend, who, in thoſe days, took unaccountable liberties even with ſaints *.

Vale of Clwyd.

The tower of the cathedral commands a moſt extenſive proſpect of the vale of Clwyd, in every direction; and it is almoſt the only ſituation that I could find for ſeeing it to advantage. The river Clwyd, from which the vale takes its name, is a diminutive ſtream that meanders along its bottom, ſcarcely three yards over in the wideſt part. Its banks are low, and after ſudden rains it is ſubject to the moſt dreadful overflowings, the torrent at theſe times, frequently ſweeping along with it even the very ſoil of the land it paſſes over. From this circumſtance it is that much of the land near its banks is let at very low rents. This vale is perhaps the moſt extenſive of any in the kingdom, being near twenty-four miles in length, and about ſeven in width; containing the three conſiderable towns of St. Aſaph, Denbigh, and Ruthin; and though it is impoſſible to exhibit

* Groſe's Antiquities, vol. vii. p. 43.

a more

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a more beautiful ſcene of fertility, yet, from its great width and its want of water, I believe the painter will prefer to it many of the deep and picturesque glens of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire.

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CHAP. V.

Excursion from St. Asaph to Rhyddlan.

View of St. Asaph.—Rhyddlan.—Edward I.—Statute of Rhyddlan.—Morfa Rhyddlan.—Rhyddlan Castle.—Friary.—Port.—Diserth.—Diserth Castle.—Plants.—Siamber Wen.—Anecdote of Sir Robert Pounderling.

From St. Asaph I wandered along the vale three miles, towards the village of Rhyddlan, or the *Red Shore*, so called from the colour of its site. The country all the way was interesting. At the distance of about a mile I looked back upon the little city I had left. Its single street occupied the slope of the hill, at the top of which stood the cathedral; and the intermingled trees and houses, with the turbulent river Elwy flowing at the bottom, under a majestic bridge of five arches, grouped together into an extremely beautiful scene.

Rhyddlan

Lies in a flat, on the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, about two miles from its influx into the sea. This is here a little extended in width, so as, at high water, to admit of small flat vessels riding up, as far as the bridge. Although Rhyddlan is now a

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very inſignificant village, it was formerly a place of conſiderable magnitude and importance; but no traces whatever of theſe are left except in the ruins of its caſtle*. Edward I. annexed to it the privileges of a free borough, to facilitate an intercourſe betwixt the Welſh and Engliſh, for the purpoſe of allaying the rooted enmity and the unhappy jealouſies that had for centuries rent the two countries†. In all his proceedings our monarch exhibited ſtrong features of policy. He had been early taught that when ſtratagem would ſupply the place of men and treaſure, it was at leaſt wiſe, if not always juſt, to adopt it. Hence originated likewiſe the ſtatute of Rhyddlan, and hence was his infant ſon proclaimed prince of Wales. This ſtatute, which was paſſed in a parliament aſſembled here in the year 1283, contains a ſet of regulations for the government of Wales; it alſo recites many curious particulars relative to the Welſh cuſtoms previous to Edward's conqueſt, againſt which it was in a great meaſure directed. His impoſing upon them his ſon who had, not long before, been born at Caernarvon, for a prince, is an inſtance of craft which we are ſurpriſed to obſerve in ſo great a monarch as Edward. He aſſembled the Welſh barons and chief men, and informed them that in conſequence of their long-

* "Non procul a mari Rudlana in Tegenia, olim magnus urbs, nunc exiguus vicus ſituatur." Lhuyd Comment. Brit. 56.

† Carte, vol. ii p. 196.

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expreſſed deſire to have a prince, a native of their own country, he had at length determined to indulge them, in nominating one whoſe whole life had been hitherto irreproachable, and who could not even ſpeak a word of Engliſh*. Little did they think, when expreſſing their acclamations of joy and unbounded promiſes of obedience, that the prince he was about to inveſt, who was ſo immaculate, had ſcarcely been born twelve months, and was at leaſt able to ſpeak as much Engliſh as Welſh. The ſcheme in a great meaſure ſucceeded; and, aided by the ſtrength he at that time had obtained in the country, and the additional forces that he brought into it from England, he totally ſubdued this warlike people. "I confeſs, however," ſays Mr. Vaughan, of Hengwrt near Dolgelle, "we have reaſon to bleſs God for his mercy to us, in our happy eſtabliſhment under one monarch. We may well ſay we were conquered to our gain, and undone to our advantage."

Morfa Rhyddlan.

Betwixt the village and the ſea is a large marſh, called Morfa Rhyddlan, *the Marſh of Rhyddlan*, where, in the year 795, a dreadful battle was fought betwixt the Welſh people under their leader Caradoc, and the Saxon forces headed by Offa king of Mercia. The Welſh were routed, and their commander was ſlain. The Saxon prince, in the

* Stowe's Annals, 203.

heat

heat of his revenge, cruelly ordered all the men and children of the enemy that fell into his hands to be maſſacred, the women alone eſcaping their fury*. This tragical event is ſuppoſed to have been recorded by a poem, written ſhortly afterwards, copies of which are now extant. The plaintive air called Morfa Rhyddlan, as we are told by ſome, had its origin about the ſame period; but, from its conſtruction, infinitely too artificial for thoſe dark ages, it is eaſy to diſcern that it muſt be attributed to a much more recent date †.

Rhyddlan Castle.

The caſtle is of red ſtone, nearly ſquare, and has ſix towers, two at each of two oppoſite corners, and only one at each of the others. One of theſe was called the *King's Tower*, Twr y Brenin. It had a double ditch on the north, and a ſtrong wall and foſs all round. In this wall a tower called Twr y Silod is yet ſtanding. The principal entrance appears to have been at the north-weſt angle, betwixt two round towers: the two oppoſite to theſe are much ſhattered, but the remainder are tolerably entire.

* Powel, 20. Matt. Paris, 976.

† See this air amongſt the ſpecimens of Welſh muſic in the ſecond volume.

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History of Rhyddlan Castle.

There is some difference of opinion as to the period at which this castle was first erected. Two celebrated historians, Powel and Camden, attribute it, and apparently with justice, to Llewelyn ap Sitfylt, who reigned in Wales at the commencement of the eleventh century, and who, they inform us, made it the place of his residence *.

In 1063, three years before William the Conqueror came to the throne, Rhyddlan castle was in the possession of Griffith ap Llewelyn, prince of North Wales. It was in that year attacked and burnt by Harold, the son of Godwin earl of Kent (afterwards king of England), in retaliation for some depredations committed by the Welsh on the English borders. The prince was apprized of his danger but the moment before the English troops presented themselves at the gates. He had only one mode of escape, which, however, he immediately adopted: he fled, with a few of his attendants, to one of the vessels at that time in the harbour, and, favoured by a fair wind, fortunately for himself got off in safety †.

The Welsh soon rebuilt this their barrier fortress, which appears to have been of no small importance to them, in the excursions upon their neighbours,

* Ann. Poveli Gir. Cambr. Itin. lib. ii. ch. x. p. 873. Gough's Camd. v. ii. p. 588.

† Matt. Westm. 429.

afford-

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affording them a refuge, whenever they were driven back, or had the misfortune to be worſted in combat. But in 1098 it appears to have been wreſted from them by Robert, ſurnamed from the event de Rhyddlan, the nephew and lieutenant to Hugh, earl of Cheſter. Conſiderable additions were now made to it, and this hero was ſtationed in it with ſufficient force to overawe the Welſh, and repel any attacks they might make*. While ſituated here, Griffith ap Cynan, prince of Wales, earneſtly intreated for aid againſt ſome foes by whom he had been aſſailed, and Robert afforded him every aſſiſtance in his power; but, on ſome quarrel that afterwards took place, Griffith attacked him in the caſtle, burnt part of the buildings, and ſlew a great number of his men †.

It was repaired and fortified by Henry II. who gave it to Hugh Beauchamp; but in 1169, whilſt Henry was engaged in foreign affairs, it was attacked by Owen Gwynedd, and his brother Cadwaladr, aſſiſted by Ryſe ap Griffith, and, after two months' blockade, was ſurrendered to them ‡. The Engliſh recovered it, and about 1214, in the reign of King John, it was again attacked and taken by the Welſh, under their prince Llewelyn ap Ior-

* Gough's Camd vol. ii. p. 588.

† Hanes Gruffudd ab Cynan, in the Archæology of Wales, vol. ii.

‡ Matt. Paris, 81. Powel, 208. 224. Lyttleton's Henry II. vol. ii. 493.

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werth. It is mentioned as being the laſt fortreſs which John held in this country, the Welſh having now entirely driven him out*.

Towards the latter end of the reign of Richard I. Ranulph Blundeville earl of Cheſter, being ſurpriſed by the Welſh army whilſt in this caſtle, ſent expreſs to his conſtable of Cheſter, Roger Lacy, to haſten to his relief with the beſt forces he could collect. It was on Midſummer's day, and there happened to be a fair at Cheſter. Roger, therefore, immediately got together a mob of fidlers, players, and other idle fellows, and marched with them towards Rhyddlan. The Welſh, with Llewelyn at their head, obſerving at a diſtance an immenſe crowd, concluded it to be the Engliſh army; they therefore immediately raiſed the ſiege, and fled with precipitation. As a recompence for this ſignal piece of ſervice, the earl granted to Lacy and his heirs the government over all the people of the above motley deſcription in the county of Cheſter. This was afterwards, in part, aſſigned by the ſon of Lacy to Hugh Dutton, his ſteward, and his heirs, by the following deed:

"Sciant præſentes et futuri, quod ego, Johannes conſtabularius Ceſtriæ, dedi et conceſſi, et hâc preſenti meâ chartâ confirmavi Hugoni de Dutton et hæredibus ſuis, magiſtratum *omnium leccatorum** et meretricum totius Ceſterſhiriæ, ſicut liberius illum magiſtratum teneo de comite. Salvo jure meo, mihi et hæredibus meis."

* Powel, 270. Wynne, 237.

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This inſtrument is without a date, but it appears to have been given ſome time about the year 1220. By virtue of this, the heirs of Hugh Dutton claimed, in the reign of Henry VII. an annual payment of four-pence from every female of *a certain deſcription* who exerciſed her profeſſion within the precincts of the county of Cheſter. They alſo claimed that all the minſtrels of the county ſhould appear before them, or their ſtewards, yearly, at the feaſt of St. John the Baptiſt, and preſent to them four flaggons of wine and a lance; and that every minſtrel ſhould alſo pay four-pence halfpenny as a licence to exerciſe his calling *. This anniverſary and cuſtom was obſerved ſo lately as the year 1758, when it appears to have been firſt diſcontinued. On this feſtival the minſtrels always went in proceſſion to divine ſervice in St. John's Church in Cheſter, which many perſons now living recollect.

The Welſh, after the ſurrender to them of Rhyddlan caſtle, in the reign of king John, appear to have had poſſeſſion of it many years. The firſt notice that occurs of it afterwards is in the reign of Edward I., when, on the refuſal of Llewelyn ap Griffith to do homage to Edward, our monarch, at the head of a conſiderable army, marched into

* *Leccator* in the old law Latin ſignified a riotous and debauched perſon.

† Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 101. Blount's Tenures by Beckwith, 300. Burn's Juſtice, title *Vagrants*.

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Wales, and, amongſt others, took this caſtle, compelling the prince to come to terms. He then fortified it, and placed in it a ſtrong garriſon *. Llewelyn, knowing from experience of how much conſequence this place was, and how dangerous to his intereſt while in the hands of an enemy, made, in the year 1281, in conjunction with his brother David, a moſt vigorous attack upon it, which, however, proved unſucceſsful; for, on the approach of the Engliſh army, they were under the neceſſity of retiring to their faſtneſſes amongſt the mountains of Caernarvonſhire †.

Not long after this it was taken by Ryſe ap Maelgwn, and Griffith ap Meredith ap Owen ‡, but it ſhould ſeem, they were ſoon compelled to abandon it, for in 1283, Edward held a parliament at Rhyddlan, and appears to have himſelf reſided for a while in the caſtle.

After the death of Llewelyn, who was ſlain near Buellt in Radnorſhire, David was taken priſoner by the Engliſh army, and, with his wife and two ſons, confined in this caſtle, from whence he was conveyed to Shrewſbury, and executed for high treaſon §.

* Matt. Weſt. 370. Tho. Walſingham, 6. Holinſhed, vol. ii. p. 278—279. Powel, 334.

† Walſingham, 9. Holinſhed, vol. ii. 280.—Matt. Weſtm. p. 370, ſays, that they took, and afterwards demoliſhed it, which could not poſſibly have been the caſe.

‡ Groſe. § Walſingham, 12. Holinſhed, vol. ii. p. 282.

In

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In 1399 in was seized by the earl of Northumberland, previous to the deposition of Richard II., who dined here, in company with the earl, in his way to Flint, where he was treacherously delivered into the power of his rival Bolingbroke *.

In the civil wars Rhyddlan castle was garrisoned for the king, but was surrendered to general Mytton in July 1646, and in the December following was ordered by the parliament to be dismantled †. It is at present the property of the crown.

Black Friary.

Not far from the castle was a house of Black Friars, founded some time before 1268; for in that year Anian, who is related to have been prior of the house, was created bishop of St. Asaph. It suffered greatly in the wars betwixt Edward and Llewelyn, but recovered, and subsisted till the dissolution. It does not appear in the valuations either of Dugdale or Speed ‡. I did not remark when I was here, whether any part of the building was remaining.

From the *port*, (about two miles from the village,) where the river Clwyd discharges itself into the sea, considerable quantities of corn and

* Stowe, 321. † Whitelock, 217—231.

‡ Tanner.—Brown Willis says it was reported that there was an abbey here, the religious of which were of a military order.

timber,

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timber, the produce of the vale and neighbourhood, are annually exported.

DISERTH.

The village of Diſerth is about two miles and a half eaſt of Rhyddlan. The church ſtands in a romantic bottom, and is finely overſhaded with ſeveral large yew trees that grow around it. In the churchyard are many very ſingular tomb-ſtones; two in particular attracted my attention, they were not, as uſual, altar-ſhaped, but had each a ſemicircular ſtone on the top. They were of ancient date, and belonged to a family of the name of Hughes. Here was alſo a curious and much ornamented old pillar, of whoſe uſe I could form no conception.

DISERTH CASTLE *.

The caſtle ſtands on the ſummit of a high lime-ſtone rock, at the diſtance of about half a mile from the village. Its preſent remains are very trifling, conſiſting of nothing more than a few ſhattered fragments. From hence there is a fine proſpect of part of the vale of Clwyd.

Diſerth caſtle, which was formerly a Britiſh poſt, the laſt of the chain on the Clwydian hills,

* The word Diſerth ſeems to be derived from the Welſh *dy*, very, and *ſerth*, ſteep, from the elevated ſituation of its caſtle.

had,

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had, amongſt others, the name of Caſtell y Craig, *The Caſtle of the Rock*. The time of its foundation is not known. It was fortified by Henry III. about the year 1241 *; and appears to have been the property of the earls of Cheſter. In the thirty-firſt of Henry III. on the extinction of this family, it became annexed to the crown; and about twenty years afterwards was deſtroyed, along with the caſtle of Diganwy, near Conwy, by Llewelyn ap Griffith †.

On the caſtle-hill I collected ſome fine ſpecimens of *Veronica Spicata*, a plant that I had never before met with: its blue ſpikes appeared very beautiful, mixed with the delicate flowers of *Geranium ſanguineum*, or ſometimes with the brilliant yellow of the *Ciſtus helianthemum*, which abounds on this dry calcareous ſoil. *Ciſtus Marifolius* was nearly in equal plenty with its relative; and *Thalictrum minus*, *Conyza ſquarroſa*, and *Carduus marianus*, with ſome other plants not ſo rare, were the principal of my diſcoveries here.

Sir Robert Pounderling.

In a field ſomewhat ſouth of this place, I obſerved a ruinous building, which, on inquiry,

* Powel, 307.

† Dugdale's Baronage, vol. i. p. 48. Matt. Paris, 851. Matt. Weſtm. 316. Powel, 326.

I found

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I found was called Siamber Wen, *the White Hall.* This was the manſion of Sir Robert Pounderling, a valiant knight, who was many years conſtable of the caſtle. This illuſtrious hero, we are told, was ſo celebrated for his proweſs, that, amongſt other challenges, he received one at a tournament in this country from a Welſhman, who in the combat ſtruck out one of his eyes. Being afterwards at the Engliſh court, he was requeſted to challenge him in return, but he wiſely ſhewed that he had prudence as well as valour, by declining a ſecond combat, alleging as his excuſe, that he had no deſire to have the Welſhman knock out his other eye *.

From this place I retraced my road through Rhyddlan to St. Aſaph, from whence the next morning I made my excurſion to Denbigh.—I muſt remark, for the benefit of thoſe who follow me, that in the latter part of this day's ramble from Rhyddlan to Diſerth, I received little amuſement, except in my botanical purſuits. Neither the village nor the caſtle of Diſerth afford any thing very deſerving of attention.

* Leland's Itin. vol. vi. p. 21.

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CHAP. VI.

Excursion from St. Asaph to Denbigh.

Road and Views.—Town of Denbigh.—Denbigh Caſtle.—Mode of forming the Walls.—Fine View.—Hiſtory of Denbigh Caſtle.—Churchyard's Deſcription of its ancient State.—Old Town.—Privileges.—White Friary.—Whitchurch.—Memoranda of Humphrey Llwyd.—View of Denbigh from the Eaſt.

O Denbigh now appeare, thy turne is next,
I need no gloſs, nor ſhade to ſet thee out:
For if my pen doe follow playneſt text,
And paſſe right way, and goe nothing about,
Thou ſhalt be knowne, as worthie well thou art,
The nobleſt ſoyle that is in any part:
And for thy ſeate, and caſtle do compare,
With any one of Wales, what'ere they are.

So ſays honeſt Churchyard in a poetical account of "the Worthines of Wales," written about the middle of the ſixteenth eentury, when Denbigh was accounted a place of conſiderable importance, and when its walls and caſtle were entire.

I was much diſappointed in the walk from St. Aſaph to Denbigh. From remarking in the maps that it lay entirely along the vale of Clwyd, I had expected

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expected many elegant and varied proſpects. The road, however, lies ſo low, and the vale is ſo wide, and ſo much interſected with lofty hedge-rows, that it was only in two or three places that I had any intereſting proſpect whatever. A woody dell, watered by the river Elwy, and ornamented with a gentleman's ſeat or two, pleaſingly ſituated amongſt the trees on its riſing bank, afforded a pictureſque ſcene on the right of the road, about three miles from St. Aſaph.

DENBIGH *.

The town of Denbigh was hidden by low intervening mountains, till I had arrived within a mile of it. It is ſituated on a rock, whoſe ſummit is crowned by the fine ruins of its caſtle, nearly in the middle of the vale of Clwyd. All the ſtreets, except one, are very irregular, and the houſes are in general ill built. I wandered alone to the caſtle, but, from the great number of turnings in the narrow ſtreets, experienced ſome difficulty in reaching it, although I had it in view nearly the whole time.—A late touriſt (Mr. Skrine) has remarked, that Denbigh, from its ſituation, has been thought to reſemble Edinburgh. But though ſome

* Denbigh was formerly called *Caſtell Kled wryn yn Rhôs*, or, *the Craggy Hill in Rhos:* Rhôs being the ancient name of the tract in which it is ſituated. *Dinbech*, the preſent Welſh appellation, ſignifies a ſmall hill, which this is, when compared with the adjacent mountains. Pennant, ii. 37.

ſlight

ſlight traces of ſimilarity may be found, he is of opinion that the boldneſs of the poſition of Edinburgh, and the grandeur of its ſurrounding objects, far ſurpaſs every thing here.

Denbigh Castle.

The entrance into the caſtle is through a large Gothic arch, which was formerly flanked by two octagonal towers, both now in ruins. In an ornamental niche over the arch, is a figure of its founder Henry de Lacy; and over another gate, that formerly ſtood on the left of this, there was alſo a ſtatue of his wife, Margaret, the daughter of William Longſpec, earl of Saliſbury. This caſtle has once been a moſt extenſive building; and from the ſtrength and thickneſs of its walls, it appears to have been impregnable, except by artillery or famine.—The breaches in the walls (obſerves Mr. Groſe) plainly ſhew how they were conſtructed. Two walls, occupying the extremities, of the intended thickneſs, were firſt built in the ordinary manner, with a vacuity betwixt them, into which was poured a mixture of hot mortar and rough ſtones of all ſizes, which, on cooling, conſolidated into a maſs as hard as ſtone. This kind of building was called *grouting*.

The pariſh church of Denbigh is Whitchurch, about a mile diſtant; but there is a chapel of eaſe within the walls of the caſtle, a building which was formerly uſed as the chapel to the garriſon. At

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a little diſtance from this there is alſo part of the body of a church begun by Robert Dudley, earl of Leiceſter, in 1579. Elizabeth granted to this nobleman the caſtle and lordſhip of Denbigh. But having incurred the hatred of the inhabitants by his tyrannical and oppreſſive conduct, he choſe to leave it in its preſent unfiniſhed ſtate.

From the walls of the caſtle I had a fine view of all the country for many miles round. From hence the vale, in all its paſtoral beauty, is diſplayed before the eye. The banks of the little river are pleaſingly decorated; and the bounding mountains finely contraſt their naked barren ſides with the delightful ſcene of fertility between them.

History of Denbigh Castle.

After the death of Llewelyn, the laſt prince of Wales, Edward I. granted the lordſhip of Denbigh to Henry de Lacy, earl of Lincoln, who began the caſtle, and fortified the town with a ſtrong wall. But before the caſtle was completed, his ſon, by ſome accident, was thrown into the well, and killed. This misfortune had ſuch an effect on the earl, that he had not reſolution to finiſh what he had begun; and Leland ſays the interior never was finiſhed *.

Before the lordſhip was granted to Lacy, it had been the property of David, the brother of Llewelyn.

* Leland's Itiner. v. 56.—58. See alſo Stowe's Annals, p. 203; and Speed's Maps, ch. xii. fol. 119.

Theſe

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Theſe two princes had quarrelled; and their diſpute was of ſo violent a nature, that David was compelled to ſeek protection from the Engliſh court. Edward, influenced doubtleſs by political motives, received him with open arms, and, in recompence for property that he had loſt in Angleſea, gave him this lordſhip, with lands to the value of a thouſand marks a year. Afterwards, David and Llewelyn became again friends, and united all their power againſt the Engliſh yoke. The latter was killed in one of the battles with the Engliſh ſoldiers, on which David immediately ſummoned the Welſh to appear in parliament at Denbigh. Not long after this event he was taken priſoner, and executed for high treaſon *.

Lacy, who had received the lordſhip of Denbigh, on the death of David, granted to the inhabitants many privileges which they had not before enjoyed. One of theſe was the liberty of taking and killing all kinds of wild beaſts on the lordſhip, except within certain diſtricts and parks reſerved for his own amuſement †.

After the death of this earl, the caſtle and lordſhip devolved by marriage with his daughter, upon Thomas, earl of Lancaſter. On his attainder they were given by Edward II. to Hugh D'Eſpencer.

* Tho. Walſingham, p. 7. Holinſhed, ii. 279. Hen. de Knyghton, p. 2465.

† Pennant, ii. 37. from the authority of Sir John Sebright's MSS.

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This perſon proved a moſt oppreſſive ſuperior, and abridged the inhabitants of moſt of the privileges granted to them by the former owner *. When D'Eſpencer was executed, they again eſcheated to the crown, and were given by Edward III. to Roger Mortimer, earl of Mareh, in exchange for lands to the value of a thouſand pounds *per annum*. But his attainder and execution enabled the king, not long afterwards, to grant them to Sir William Montacute, whom he created earl of Saliſbury. This earl ſeems to have been the firſt owner of Denbigh ſince the founder of its caſtle, who had not been arraigned for high treaſon; he was, however, a moſt zealous and active adherent to the ſtate. He died in 1333; and on the ſubſequent reverſal of the attainder of the earl of March, the lordſhip and caſtle of Denbigh were reſtored to that family. By the marriage of Ann, the ſiſter to the laſt earl of March, with Richard Plantagenet, earl of Cambridge, they came into the houſe of York, and thence to the crown †.

King Edward IV., while duke of York, was beſieged in Denbigh caſtle by the army of Henry VI.; and the king declared it his intention, if Edward was taken, to give him his life, but, on condition only that he ſhould forever baniſh himſelf from the

* Pennant, ii. 37.

† Dugdale's Baronage, i. 145. 147, 148. 151. 645 647.; and Gibſon's Camden, p. 680.

realm.

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realm *. He however eſcaped.—For their ſervices, in taking this caſtle from the Yorkiſts, Henry granted to Jaſper, earl of Pembroke, and the duke of Bedford, a thouſand marks, to be paid out of the lordſhips of Denbigh and Radnor †.

In 1563 queen Elizabeth beſtowed the caſtle and lordſhip on her favourite Robert Dudley, earl of Leiceſter, who raiſed the rents from two to nine hundred pounds a year, and arbitrarily incloſed much of the common lands. An inſurrection was the conſequence, and two of the principal inſurgents were hanged at Shrewſbury. The diſputes aroſe to ſo alarming an height, that it at length became neceſſary to requeſt the interference of the queen, who, by granting them a charter, confirmed to the tenants the quiet poſſeſſion of their lands.—A new cauſe of diſturbance aroſe, in the reign of William III., from the vaſt grant that had been made to the earl of Portland: the people were, however, huſhed by the ſame means that had been adopted in the former reign.—The caſtle and lordſhip belong at preſent to the crown: they are ſuperintended by a ſteward appointed by the King ‡.

* Leland's Itin. v. 58. The words are: "King Edward IV. was beſieged in Denbigh caſtelle, and ther it was pactid betwene *king Henry's* men and *hym* (ſelf) that he ſhould with life departe the reaulme never to returne. If they had taken king Edward there, debellatum fuiſſet."

† Dugdale's Baronage, ii. 241. ‡ Pennant, ii. 38.

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After the retreat of Charles I. from Cheſter in September 1645, he came to Denbigh caſtle, and the tower in which he had apartments ſtill retains the name of the King's Tower. The caſtle continued till the following year in the hands of the royaliſts, colonel William Saliſbury being the governor; and, in the month of July it was beſieged by a party of the parliament's forces under the command of general Mytton. Three months, however, elapſed before the garriſon would ſurrender *. —After the reſtoration of Charles II., it is ſaid to have been blown up with gunpowder, and thus rendered altogether untenable by the forces of an enemy.

The beſt deſcription extant of the ancient ſtate of Denbigh and its caſtle is to be found in the unadorned lines of Churchyard. He viſited this place about the middle of the ſixteenth century; his account, therefore, with all its quaintneſs and inelegance, is both valuable and curious.

The caſtle ſtands on top of rocke moſt hye,
A mightie cragge, as hard as flint or ſteel:
A maſſie mount, whoſe ſtones ſo deepe doe lye,
That no device may well the bottom feele.
The rocke deſcends beneath the auncient towne,
About the which a ſtately wall goes downe,
With buyldings great, and poſterns to the ſame,
That goes through rocke, to give it greater fame.

* Whitelock, 216. 226.

A ſtrength

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A ſtrength of ſtate, ten tymes as ſtrong as fayre,
Yet fayre and fine, with double walles full thicke,
Like terras trim to take the open ayre,
Made of freeſtone, and not of burned bricke:
No building there, but ſuch as man might ſay,
The worke thereof would laſt till judgement day.

The ſeate ſo ſure, not ſubject to a hill,
Nor yet to myne, nor force of cannon blaſt:
Within that houſe may people walke at will,
And ſtand full ſafe, till daunger all be paſt.
If cannon roar'd, or barkt againſt the wall,
Friends may there ſay, a figge for enemies all.
Five men within may keepe out numbers greate,
(In furious ſort) that ſhall approach that ſeate.

Who ſtands on rocke, and looks right down alone,
Shall thinke belowe, a man is but a child:
I fought my ſelfe from top to fling a ſtone
With full mayne force, and yet I was beguyld.
If ſuch a height the mightie rocke be then,
Ne force, nor ſleight, nor ſtout attempt of man,
Can win the fort, if houſe be furniſht throw,
The truth whereof let world be witneſſe now.

It is great payne from foote of rocke to climbe
To caſtle wall, and it is greater toyle
On rock to go, yea any ſtep ſometyme
Uprightly yet, without a falle or foyle.
And as this ſeate and caſtle ſtrongly ſtands
Paſt winning ſure, with engine ſword or hands;
So lookes it o'er the country farre or neere,
And ſhines like torch, and lanterne of the ſheere.

Wherefore Denbigh thou bear'ſt away the praiſe,
Denbigh hath got the garland of our daies;

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Denbigh reapes fame and laud a thouſand waies,
Denbigh my pen into the clouds ſhall raiſe.
The caſtle there, could I in order drawe,
It ſhould ſurmount now, all that ere I ſawe.

With reſpect to the town of Denbigh, Leland informs us that there had been many ſtreets within the walls, but that in his time (before the middle of the ſixteenth century) theſe were nearly all demoliſhed, the number of houſeholders within the walls ſcarcely then exceeding eighty. This decay is ſuppoſed to have ariſen from the joint inconveniences of the want of water, and the ſteep ſituation of the old town. It became gradually abandoned till at length it was wholly deſerted, and a new town, much more convenient, was formed about the bottom of the rock.—The town walls, like thoſe of the caſtle, appear to have had great ſtrength. There were only two gates, the Exchequer and the Burgeſs's Gate. In the former (which was on the weſt ſide) the lord's courts were holden; and in the other (which was on the north) the burgeſſes held their courts. Beſides theſe the walls had only four towers *.

This place was endowed with the privileges of a free borough by King Richard II. Queen Elizabeth formed here a body corporate, conſiſting of two aldermen, two bailiffs, two coroners, and twenty-five capital burgeſſes, a recorder, and inferior officers. It returns one member to parliament †.

* Leland's Itin. v. 56. † Pennant, ii. 45.

WHITE

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White Friary.

At the eaſt end of the town there was formerly a houſe of Carmelite, or white friars, dedicated to St. Mary. This is ſaid by ſome hiſtorians to have been founded by John Saliſbury, who died in 1289; but, according to others, it was the work of John de Saniſmore, towards the cloſe of the fourteenth century *.

Whitchurch, the pariſh church to Denbigh, and about a mile diſtant, is a white-waſhed ſtructure of no very elegant appearance. It is chiefly celebrated from containing the remains of ſir Richard Middleton, governor of Denbigh caſtle, under Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, who in 1576; and of

Humphrey Llwyd,

The antiquary, to whoſe memory there is a mural monument, containing a figure of himſelf in the attitude of prayer. This perſon was a native of Denbigh, and a ſtudent of Braſon-noſe college, Oxford. He adopted the profeſſion of phyſic, and became family phyſician in the houſe of the laſt Fitzalan, earl of Arundel, the chancellor of the univerſity. He repreſented his native place in parliament, and died there in the forty-firſt year

* Tanner.

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of his age. He compiled a map of England for his friend Ortelius, to whom he dedicated his "*Commentariolum Britanniæ*," and his epiſtle "*De Monâ Druidum inſulâ, antiquitati ſuæ reſtitutâ.*" He left in manuſcript, among various other tracts, a Welſh Chronicle from king Cadwaladr, and a Hiſtory of Cambria. He collected many curious books for lord Lumley, (whoſe ſiſter he married), which form at this time a valuable part in the library of the Britiſh Muſeum. His great grandſon, the reverend Robert Lloyd, contended, but without effect, for the barony of Lumley. This latter perſon was rector of St. Paul's Covent Garden *.

The approach to Denbigh from Whitchurch is much more auguſt and grand than from any other ſide. The caſtle, from this road, is ſeen finely ſituated on the ſummit of its rock, which being nearly perpendicular, affords one a good idea of the ancient ſtrength of the place. From hence, alſo, the accompanying ſcenery appears more open and varied than from any other part of the immediate neighbourhood of the town.

* Yorke's Royal Tribes, p. 117.

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CHAP. VII.

ST. ASAPH TO CONWY.

Abergeley.—Llandulas.—Penmaen Rhôs.—River Conwy.—Ferry. Impoſitions practiſed there.—Pearl Fiſhery.—Town of Conwy.—Caſtle—Hiſtory of the Caſtle.—Church.—Abbey.—Plâs Mawr.—Ancient Privileges.

My next ſtage was Conwy. The road now became ſomewhat more hilly, but it was hard and good, and the ſurrounding country, for the moſt part very pleaſant. After paſſing Abergeley, *the conflux of the concealed water*, a ſmall village about ſeven miles from St. Aſaph, I had the ſea on the right, and a range of low rocks on the left of the road. From the bottoms of the rocks, for many miles, meadows and corn-fields extended, ſloping nearly to the water's edge.—Beyond Llandulas, *The Dark Village*, the road winds round a huge limeſtone rock, called Penmaen Rhôs.

It is ſuppoſed to have been in ſome of the deep bottoms of this neighbourhood, that king Richard II. was ſurprized by a band of armed ruffians, ſecreted there by the earl of Northumberland, for the purpoſe of foreing him into the hands of Bolingbroke, who was waiting the event at Flint.

I had

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I had wandered for ſome time leiſurely along this road, my eyes fixed upon the ground in ſearch of plants, when ſuddenly raiſing my head, I was aſtoniſhed with the magnificence of the landſcape before me. The fine old town of Conwy, with its gloomy walls and towers, and its majeſtic, turretted caſtle, appeared with the wide river in front, and backed by riſing, wooded, and meadowy grounds, and beyond theſe by the vaſt mountains of Caernarvonſhire.

River Conwy and Ferry.

The river Conwy * runs on this, the eaſt ſide of the town. It is here about half a mile acroſs, and at preſent paſſed by means of ferry-boats. Beſides the inconveniences naturally attending ſo wide a ſtream, in a place ſubject to all the variations produced by the flowing and ebbing of tides that run ſometimes very high, moſt of the travellers who have croſſed here (except the paſſengers in the mail-coach, who, by order of the poſt-office, have a boat always waiting for them), know what it is to experience the wilful delays, and the groſs and bare-faced impoſitions of the ferry-men. The charges ought to be *a penny* for every perſon on foot, except with reſpect to thoſe who come in the public coaches or in poſt chaiſes, who are required, though from what principle I cannot learn, to pay *a ſhilling* each; *two-pence* for a man and horſe, and

* The *Conovius* of Antoninus.

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half-a-crown a wheel for gentlemen's carriages. Inſtead of the latter fare, I have myſelf known them with the moſt impudent aſſurance poſſible, charge half-a-guinea for ferrying over a gig, and after receiving that, importune in addition for liquor. The ferry is the property of Thomas Williams, Eſq. of Llanidan in Angleſea, the member for Great Marlow *, and is regulated by Mr. Hughes of Marl, a place about three quarters of a mile from the ferry-houſe. The latter perſon I met with more than once during the time I was in Caernarvonſhire: he informed me the fares were as above, *with what the travellers pleaſed to give the men beſides*; and that they were paid ſeven ſhillings a week each from him, but *were entitled to what they could get in addition.* Thus definite are the terms on which theſe ferrymen are ſuppoſed to obtain ſubſiſtence. But they are not contented with merely riſking the generoſity of the traveller, they make him an extra charge, and take the riſk for what they can get beyond that, for they very ſeldom fail to beg ſomething, as they term it, "for themſelves." Theſe impoſitions, however, unpleaſant as they may be, are trifling inconveniences to thoſe ſuffered from their wilful and needleſs delays. In the fineſt weather, when they have had no excuſes to allege from boiſterous winds or rough water, perſons have frequently waited for them ſeveral hours, and indeed inſtances have occurred of ſuch being under

* Mr. Williams is dead ſince this work was ſent to the preſs.

the

the neceſſity of remaining at the ferry-houſe a whole night in conſequence merely of their neglect. I have more than once experienced both their impoſitions and delays myſelf, and am acquainted with ſeveral gentlemen who have ſuffered infinitely more from them than I ever did. It is however in contemplation to erect a bridge acroſs the ſtream, which, on account of the narrowneſs of the channel at low water, is ſuppoſed to be perfectly practicable, when all theſe inconveniences will at once be obviated *.

Pearl-Fishery.

This river was celebrated in former times as a pearl-fiſhery; and pearls have been found here at different intervals ever ſince the Roman conqueſt. It was to obtain theſe that Suetonius alleges as one of the principal motives for his invaſion of our iſland; but there is reaſon to ſuppoſe that he was in a great meaſure diſappointed in his hopes, both with reſpect to their ſize and quantity. The ſhell in which they are found is called the Pearl Muſcle, and is the *Mya margaritifera* of Linnæus †. It is

* From information that I have received ſince this part of the work was written, it is to be feared that the public will for ſome years longer be diſappointed in this advantage.

† Gen. Char. Shell bivalve, gaping at one end. Hinge with a broad thick tooth, not let into the oppoſite valve.

Spec. Char. Shape oval, bending in on one ſide. Shell thick, cpake, and heavy. Tooth of the hinge ſmooth and conical. Length 5 or 6 inches: breadth about 2½.

peculiar

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peculiar to ſtoney and rapid rivers, burying itſelf with its open end downwards in the ſand; but it is not often found here at preſent. The pearl is a calculus, or morbid concretion, ſuppoſed to be produced by ſome diſeaſe, and is at times found even in the common oyſter and muſcle. It is ſometimes within the body of the animal, and ſometimes on the inſide of the ſhell; and one muſcle frequently contains more than a ſingle pearl. The ſhells that bear the beſt pearls are not ſmooth and equal like the reſt, but are crooked and wrinkled; and the larger the pearls are, the greater is their deformity. Linnæus informed Mr. Pennant that he had diſcovered the art of cauſing the pearls to form: however refuſed to communicate it, and it is ſuppoſed to have died with him. When there are pearls in the ſhell, the animals, on being ſqueezed, will eject them, and they even ſometimes ſpontaneouſly caſt them on the ſand of the river. It is reported in the country that ſir Richard Wynne of Gwydir preſented the queen of Charles II, with a pearl from the river Conwy, which was afterwards placed in the regal crown. About twenty-five years ago the late Sir Robert Vaughan went to court with a button and loop in his hat ſet with pearls from the Conwy. An Iriſh pearl is mentioned by ſir Robert Redding in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, as weighing thirty-ſix carrats, and valued at forty pounds. The preſent lady Newborough has a good collection of the Conwy pearls, and ſhe purchaſes

all

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all the beſt that are now to be found.—The fiſh of the pearl muſcle is not eaten, being extremely bad and unpalatable.

CONWY *

Is, though ſomewhat gloomy from the antiquity of many of its buildings, a moſt beautiful and picturesque town. Its walls, which are founded for the moſt part on the ſolid rock, and in many places above twelve feet in thickneſs, are nearly entire. The houſes are irregular, but by no means bad.

THE CASTLE

Stands upon a rock, two ſides of which are waſhed by the river. Its architecture and ſituation are truly grand. The heap of rubbiſh at preſent remaining in the river nearly oppoſite to the end of the caſtle, is the relic of a tower, which terminated a curtain coming from that angle of the town-wall; and at the other end there was a ſimilar one, which has been long deſtroyed. The uſe of theſe was to prevent the approach of an enemy from the water ſo near the caſtle as to become dangerous. Beſides theſe, the caſtle was alſo defended by eight

* It has been conjectured by ſome writers that the preſent Conwy was the *Conovium* of the Romans. This, however, ſeems to be without ſufficient foundation, for it appears clearly proved that the preſent Caer Hun, on the ſame ſide of the river, about five miles higher up, was the ſite of Conovium. See an account of this place in the enſuing chapter.

large

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large circular towers, from each of which formerly iſſued a ſlender turret of uſe as a watch-tower: of the latter only four are remaining. The exterior walls are of the ſame thickneſs as thoſe round the town. Theſe, as well as the towers, except one on the ſouth ſide of the caſtle, are in appearance tolerably entire. The lower part of that, however, from the ſtones having been taken away from the foundation, has fallen down the rock. The upper part remains ſtill ſuſpended at a vaſt height above, and exhibits in the breach, obſerves Mr. Pennant, "ſuch vaſt ſtrength of walling, as might have given to the architect the moſt reaſonable hope that his work would have endured to the end of time."

The chief entrance into the caſtle is at the north-weſt end, formerly over a deep trench and draw-bridge.

The hall is the moſt remarkable part of the building now left, and has once been a magnificent apartment. It is a hundred and thirty feet long, about thirty broad, and upwards of twenty in height. The ceiling was ſupported by eight flat gothic arches. It was lighted by ſix narrow windows towards the river, and three much larger and more ornamented toward the court. It appears to have had cellars under the ſouth ſide and at the eaſt end, the roof of which has long been deſtroyed. Only four of the arches above the hall are left, and from theſe and the walls the ivy hangs in the greateſt

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greateſt luxuriance. Vegetation ſeems to be going on in all parts; and the feathered tribe are the only preſent tenants, whoſe ſcreams, when diſturbed by the abrupt entrance of the traveller, add greatly to the deſolation of the ſcene.

The two towers at the end of the caſtle oppoſite to the great gate, are called, one the *King's*, and the other the *Queen's Tower*, from Edward I. and his conſort Eleanor, who had apartments in them appropriated to themſelves. Thoſe of the former are altogether plain; but in the room on the ſecond ſtory of the latter, there is an elegant gothic niche of conſiderable ſize in the wall. This is formed by ſix arches croſſing each other, and in the receſſes betwixt the pillars which ſupport theſe have once been ſeats. In the three middle receſſes, which command a proſpect of the river, are the remains of three ſmall gothic windows. This is ſuppoſed to have been what was anciently called the *Oriel*, and to have contained the queen's toilet. In the front of the towers is a court, from whence probably the royal pair, when at this caſtle, uſed to admire together the numerous beauties of the ſurrounding country.

Edward I., after his conqueſt of the Welſh, with his queen and great part of the Engliſh nobility, ſpent a Chriſtmas at Conwy caſtle in all the joyous feſtivity that a luxurious court could boaſt. The hall, crowded with warrior knights and damſels, echoed the rude merriment of feudal days. The

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cup paſſed quickly round, and tales of feats of arms, of ſlaughtered foes, and ſtrange adventures, ſerved to beguile the time. Here were they protected in the very heart of an enemy's country, fallen indeed, but ſtill powerful. From hence were iſſued the edicts of the ſovereign againſt this ſtubborn people.—But how deſolate now the ſcene of ſhattered walls and graſs-grown towers, of the broken arch and tangling ivy!—

What now avails that o'er the vaſſal plain,
His rights and rich demeſnes extended wide,
That honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And chivalry ſtood marſhall'd by his ſide.

Though to the clouds his caſtle ſeem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the deſperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror Time
Levell'd the fabric as the founder low.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to ſpare,
Relented when he ſtruck its finiſh'd pride,
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tottering towers with twiſted ivy tied.

History of Conwy Castle.

Edward I. erected this caſtle in the year 1283, and at the ſame time built the walls of the town, and repaired ſeveral of his other caſtles in Wales. Theſe were principally to guard againſt the inſurrections of the Welſh under Llewelyn, which for ſome years before had been very frequent. The ſituation fully evinced the judgment of its

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founder, having a complete command of the river, and by its vicinity to the ſtrong paſs of Penmaen Mawr, enabling the king's troops to occupy it on the leaſt commotion, and thus cut off all communication from the interior of the mountains *.

I am ſomewhat at a loſs in attempting to diſcover, whether it was this caſtle, or that of Diganwy, three miles to the north of it, on the oppoſite ſide of the river, which had formerly the name *Snowdon caſtle*. Leland ſays †, "*The caſtel of Snowdon* is oftentymes put by a commen word for *Conwey*;" but ſeveral circumſtances have occurred which induce me rather to ſuppoſe that this was not the caſe. Notwithſtanding this aſſertion, I am inclined to conjecture that it was Diganwy caſtle that had this name ‡.

In one inſtance Edward found himſelf very unpleaſantly ſituated here. He, with a few of his men, had preceded the body of his army, and croſſed the river, ſoon after which the tide flowed in, and prevented his men from following. The Welſh in the mountains receiving intelligence of

* Matt. Weſtm. 371. Holinſhed, vol. ii. p. 282.

† Collect. de Reb. Brit., vol. i. p. 472.

‡ Dolbadarn caſtle, near Llanberis, being ſeated in a narrow paſs in the very heart of the mountains, might, with greater propriety than either of theſe, have had the denomination of *Snowdon caſtle*: but the old Engliſh writers, from its obſcurity, had probably never heard of it; their deſcriptions, at leaſt, do not point it out.

this,

this, deſcended upon the caſtle in a body, and made a furious attack upon him and his handful of men within. Deſtitute of every kind of proviſion, except a little honey and water, they were reduced to great diſtreſs: but, by the ſtrength of the walls, and their own activity and bravery, they were enabled to hold out till the water again retired, and the reſt of the army came over to their relief *.

In the year 1399, Richard II., on his return from Ireland, having landed in Wales, heard that the duke of Lancaſter had prepared againſt him immenſe forces: fearing the weakneſs of his own army, he therefore, in company with a few friends, ſtole in the night to Conwy caſtle. Here he hoped to remain ſecure till ſomething effectual could be reſolved upon; but his hope was vain, for the inſinuating treachery of Northumberland drew him immediately into the very ſnare that he had ſo much dreaded, and which in the end coſt him his crown and life †.

During the reign of Richard III. this place appears to have been garriſoned with only twenty-four ſoldiers ‡.

In the civil wars it was repaired and fortified for Charles I. by Dr. John Williams, archbiſhop of

* Hen. de Knyghton, de Event. Angl. p. 2471.

† Stow, 322.

‡ Cotton. MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum; *Vitellius*, C. i.

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York, at the king's expreſs requeſt. He faithfully promiſed, that when this was done, it ſhould remain in the immediate poſſeſſion of the archbiſhop, or of any one whom he choſe to appoint, till the money expended was repaid. When it was finiſhed, the prelate committed it to the care of his nephew William Hookes; and at the requeſt of ſeveral gentleman of the country, they received into their cuſtody, writings, plate, and valuables to a great amount: for theſe, the archbiſhop gave to each owner a receipt, rendering himſelf liable to account for their loſs. Some time afterwards he joined the king at Oxford, who gave him a freſh charge to take care of all North Wales, but in particular of Conwy caſtle. In May 1645, about a year afterwards, Sir John Owen, a colonel, in the king's ſervice, obtained of prince Rupert a commiſſion appointing him governor of the caſtle. By virtue of this he ſurpriſed and took it, diſpoſſeſſing the archbiſhop, notwithſtanding the ſolemn engagement of the king to the contrary; and refuſed to give any ſecurity for the valuables within. The prelate applied to the court, but in vain, for redreſs; and being perſuaded by general Mytton, he quitted that party, and went over to the ſide of the parliament. He now fortified his own houſe, which was not far diſtant, and Mytton ſupplied him with forces to garriſon it. "The governor," ſays Ruſhworth, "upon notice of ſuch his revolt, ſent out a party from Conway to beſiege him in his houſe; but, he ſending

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ſending to colonel Mytton for aſſiſtance, a party was diſpatched thither to interpoſe for and help him; and the archbiſhop became active on that ſide in perſon, ſo that he received a wound on the ſide of his neck before Conway, but not dangerous. Mytton, being drawn before that town, his grace the archbiſhop aſſiſted at a council of war on the 8th of Auguſt, where it was reſolved to ſtorm the town, which was accordingly attempted, and with ſome loſs accompliſhed; and ſome days after, the caſtle ſurrendered; as did alſo Flint caſtle, and all other places in Wales*."—Mytton, with relentleſs antipathy to the Iriſh, ordered all who were ſeized within the walls to be tied back to back, and flung into the river†.—For his late ſervices, the parliament granted to the archbiſhop a general pardon, and in addition a releaſe from all his ſequeſtrations.

After the reſtoration, the fortreſs was granted by the king to Edward earl of Conwy, who, in 1665, ordered all the iron, timber, and lead, to be taken down and tranſported to Ireland, under the pretence that it was to be uſed there in his majeſty's ſervice. Several principal gentlemen of the country oppoſed the deſign, but their remonſtrances were over-ruled, and this noble pile was reduced nearly to its preſent condition.—It is at this time

* Ruſhworth, part iv. vol. i. p. 297.

† Whitelock, pp. 219. 228.

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held from the crown at an annual rent of ſix ſhillings and eight pence, and a diſh of fiſh to Lord Hertford as often as he paſſes through the town *.

THE CHURCH,

Said to have been the conventual church belonging to the monaſtery, is an inelegant ſtructure, bearing marks of conſiderable antiquity. There are within it a few modern monuments to the memory of different branches of the Wynne family, formerly of this place. Among other inſcriptions, I found one recording an inſtance of fecundity ſomewhat uncommon. It was on a plain ſtone over the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Conwy, gentleman, who was interred here in the year 1637. He is in this aſſerted to have been the forty-firſt child of his father, and himſelf the father of twenty-ſeven children.—The tithes of this church are at preſent veſted in three truſtees for the benefit of the poor of Conwy, Llandudno, Eglwys Rhôs, and Llan Ieſtin.

CONWY ABBEY.

The remains of the Ciſtertian abbey founded here by prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth in 1185, are at preſent very few. It was endowed by its founder

* Pennant, vol. ii. p. 319. and Appendix to the ſame volume, p. 478. Groſe, vol. vii. p. 18.

with

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with many privileges:—the monks were exempt from maintaining for the prince any horſes, dogs, or hawks; they had the power of electing abbots among themſelves, without the controul or interference of any other perſons whatever; they had the benefit of all wrecks on the ſhores of their property (which would not render them extremely anxious to afford aſſiſtance, by their influence with their neighbours, to any veſſel in diſtreſs); and they were alſo free from tolls of every deſcription.—In this convent, and that of Stratflur in Cardiganſhire, were kept the Welſh hiſtorical records, from 1126 till the year 1270.—The founder was buried in the church of the abbey; but after the diſſolution, his coffin was removed to Llanrwſt, a town twelve miles diſtant. In the ſame church, A. D. 1220, was alſo interred Cynan ap Owen Gwynedd: his body was incloſed in the habiliments of a monk, holy garments, which in thoſe ſuperſtitious days were deemed proof againſt every power of Satan; and thus, as Moret ſaid of Albertus, "he turned monk after he was dead."—Edward I., on building the caſtle, and fortifying the town, removed the religious of this convent to Maenan, a place about ten miles up the river, near Llanrwſt, where he had founded for them another abbey, at the ſame time reſerving to the monks all their former lands and privileges. He alſo allowed them the preſentation to their late conventual church at Conwy, now made parochial, on condition that they nominated

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two able and deſerving Engliſhmen as chaplains, and a third a Welſhman, for the benefit of his own countrymen who did not underſtand Engliſh. One of the Engliſhmen was to be perpetual vicar; and on every vacancy, the perſon to fill this place was to be named by the convent, and preſented by the dioceſan *.

Plas Mawr.

In the principal ſtreet there is a large uncouth pile of building called Plâs Mawr, *The Great Manſion.* This appears to have been erected ſomewhat more than two centuries ago by Robert Wynne, Eſq. of Gwydir. In the front of the houſe are the letters J. H. S. X. P. S. probably ſignifying, *Jeſus hominum ſalvator, Chriſtiani populi ſalus;* and over the gateway a Greek inſcription, Ανεχε, απεχε, *bear, forbear.* The apartments, which are very numerous, are ornamented in a rude ſtyle with arms and uncouth figures in ſtucco work.

Edward made Conwy a free borough; and the mayor for the time being was the conſtable of the caſtle. Amongſt other privileges, it poſſeſſed one, in common with all other Engliſh garriſons on the

* Dugdale's Monaſticon, vol. i. pp. 918. 920, 921. Tanner's Not. Mon. Leland's Coll. de Reb. Brit. vol. i. p. 103. Powel, 206, 225.

weſt

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weſt ſide of the Clwyd, that when any perſon committed a crime within that diſtrict, he could not be convicted but by a jury empannelled within it.

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CHAP. VIII.

EXCURSION FROM CONWY ROUND THE CREIDDIN.

Creddin.—Diganwy.—Teganwy —Taliesin, the British Bard.—Watch Tower.—Great Orme's Head, or Llandudno Rocks —Adventures there.—Llandudno.—Tradition of Tudno and Cybi.—Hewylfar Ceirw.—Copper Mine.—Gloddaeth.—Plants.

CREIDDIN is a commot, or hundred of Caernarvonshire, situated on the side of the river opposite to Conwy, and forming a considerable promontory into the Irish sea. It is terminated by an extensive rock, on many sides very precipitous, of about two miles in length, called the Great Orme's Head. This is connected to the main land, by a neck of fine fertile ground, altogether so flat, that Leland says "the way to it is over a made causey, through a marsh often overflown *." This is never the case at present, it is on the contrary supposed to be amongst the finest corn and meadow land in this part of Wales.

After having examined the town of Conwy, I again crossed the river, in company with an intimate friend, to make the tour of this celebrated

* Leland, Itin. vol. v. p. 49.

cape.

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cape. We ſtrolled along the ſhore, botanizing in our progreſs, for about a mile and a half, till we came to the ruins of the ancient

DIGANWY,

Or Dinas Gonwy, *The Fort on the Conwy*, at preſent called by the common people, though for what reaſon I cannot learn, *Y Fardre* *. The remains are juſt enough to lead us to ſome judgment as to the original extent of this caſtle. The exterior wall incloſed the ſummits of two high and almoſt conical rocks, except on one part, where this defence was rendered unneceſſary from the depth of the precipice. On the two ſummits appear to have been the principal buildings; but although it has been well guarded from its elevated ſituation, and has been ſucceſſively the habitation of ſeveral of the Welſh princes, it is impoſſible that this caſtle ſhould have ever been a place of any magnitude. The ruins are now almoſt covered with earth and ſhrubs, and in different parts of them the young botaniſt may meet with much amuſement. Theſe rocks are high, and form conſpicuous objects from the walls of Conwy. From the ſummit of the moſt elevated, we had a good view of the principal parts of the promontory: we ſaw Gloddaeth in its woods at the foot of a conſiderable rocky eminence, and

* It is frequently called *Gannoc* by the old monkiſh writers.

in

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in a different direction about two miles eaſt of us the woods of Bodſcallon, and again, ſomewhat ſouth of theſe, the woods round Marl.

Diganwy is ſuppoſed by ſome to have been a Roman ſtation, the *Dictum*, where the Nervii Dictenſes, under the late emperors, had their reſerve guard. In the ſixth century it was occupied as a place of reſidence by Maelgwn Gwynedd, and for two centuries afterwards formed one of the royal manſions, till the year 808, when it was deſtroyed by lightning. It was ſoon rebuilt, and being thought a poſt of great ſtrength and conſequence, ſuffered much in the ſtruggles of this country. In the year 1246, Henry III. attempted to rebuild this caſtle, then in a ruinous ſtate; and the Engliſh army appears for a conſiderable length of time to have ſuffered great diſtreſs. A letter, preſerved by Matthew Paris, from a ſoldier of faſhion, deſcribes this in very ſpirited terms. "We lie here," ſays he, "watching, praying, faſting, and freezing: we watch in defence againſt the Welſh, who beat up our quarters every night; we pray for a ſafe paſſage home; we faſt becauſe we have ſcarcely any food left, the halfpenny loaf being raiſed to five-pence; and we freeze from the want of warm clothing, and having only linen tents to keep out the cold." The army was at length ſo haraſſed, that Henry was compelled to retreat, heartily weary of his fruitleſs attempt. In 1263, the place was completely deſtroyed by Llewelyn; and, Conwy caſtle being erected

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erected not long afterwards, it was thought a needleſs taſk to commence a new building here.

Near the foot of theſe rocks, and cloſe upon the ſhore, is a houſe belonging to Mrs. Williams, built ſome years ago, probably in a great meaſure out of the ruins. To this ſtructure the name of Teganwy, or Deganwy, was given to perpetuate that of the place.

TALIESIN, THE BRITISH BARD.

During part of the ſixth century, Maelgwn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, kept his court at Diganwy; and his brother Gwyddno Garan-hîr, *Gwyddno with the High Crown*, the lord of Cantref Gwaelod, a hundred in Merionethſhire, ſince overflowed by the ſea, reſided alſo for ſome time in the neighbourhood. The latter had, near his reſidence, a weir called Gored Wyddno, *Gwyddno's Weir*, which is even yet known by the ſame name, and belongs to ſir Thomas Moſtyn, as owner of the houſe of Bodſcallon. This weir is often mentioned in the ancient Britiſh writings as the moſt productive of any in the country. Hence originated what ſome of theſe writings have denominated one of the thirteen rarities of the iſland of Britain, Gwyddno's Baſket, into which when proviſions for only a ſingle perſon were put, a ſufficiency for at leaſt a hundred would ſoon afterwards be found in it. This, doubtleſs, alluded to ſome kind of veſſel that each of the men carried to the weir when they went

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to take up the nets; and in lieu of the proviſions that each carried to eat, they returned with their baſket or panier loaded with fiſh.—Elphin, the ſon of Gwyddno, was an extravagant youth, and at one time he had ſo greatly exhauſted his finances, that he was compelled, as a temporary relief, to aſk of his father the benefit of the weir for a ſingle night. The requeſt was complied with, but not a ſingle fiſh was caught. A leathern baſket was however taken up, which, on examination, was found to contain a child. This was an unfortunate circumſtance to one ſo much in want of even a ſucceſsful tide. Elphin had, however, the humanity to direct that the child ſhould be ſent to a nurſe, and he even afterwards, (finding the boy to poſſeſs ſplendid talents,) directed that no expence ſhould be ſpared in his education. The youth, who was called Talieſin, was introduced by Elphin at his father's court; and his firſt ſtep towards fame was in reciting there a poem containing the hiſtory of his life, called *Hanes Talieſin*; and a ſecond, addreſſed to his patron and benefactor, conſoling him on his paſt misfortunes, and congratulating him on the then flouriſhing ſtate of his finances. This concludes with an exhortation to truſt ourſelves to the diſpenſations of Providence, and is on the whole a fine moral piece. Talieſin was introduced to the prince, Maelgwn Gwynedd, who was greatly ſurprized at his talents, and who himſelf became afterwards his patron. Elphin was invited by Maelgwn

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to keep his Chriſtmas at Diganwy, and ſome diſpute unfortunately took place betwixt them, of ſo ſerious a nature as to cauſe Elphin to be thrown into priſon. His attentions to Talieſin were now of the utmoſt importance to him: the bard addreſſed to the prince a poem on his patron which excited his commiſeration, and cauſed him to iſſue an immediate order for Elphin's releaſe.—Talieſin throughout the whole of his life continued to receive, from all, the attentions, the admirations, and the applauſe which his talents juſtly merited; and after his death he was honoured with the appellation of *The Prince of the Britiſh Bards*. From one of his poems it appears that he had an habitation (the ruins of which are ſaid to be yet left) on the bank of Llyn Geirionedd, in the mountains betwixt Llanrwſt and Aber: and by the roadſide, about four miles from Aberyſtwyth, travellers are ſhewn the place where he is generally believed to have been interred. Some years ago there was diſcovered here a kind of kiſtvaen, compoſed of four ſtones, two on the ſides and one at each end, which has been ſince deſtroyed, by the proprietor of the ground making the ſtones into gate-poſts. This is however ſuppoſed, by able judges, to be much more ancient than the time of Talieſin.—The works of this juſtly celebrated bard are very numerous, and many ſpurious pieces have been impoſed on the world among his productions, ſome of them forged by the monks, to anſwer the purpoſes of the church of Rome,

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Rome, and others by the Welſh bards, in the times of their laſt princes, to ſpirit up their countrymen to reſiſt the Engliſh yoke. Thoſe that are known to be his own bear marks of the higheſt excellence. His "Beddau Milwyr Ynys Prydain," *The Tombs of the Warriors of Britain*, is a noble piece of antiquity, and will laſt while the country and the language exiſt. All his productions are extremely difficult to be underſtood, ſo much ſo that even the beſt Welſh ſcholars of the preſent day will confeſs that they cannot entirely comprehend them. If his writings were not ſo obſcure, there are many particulars in them which would throw much light on the hiſtory, the opinions, and the manners of the ancient Britons, and particularly on thoſe of the Druids, much of whoſe learning he had himſelf imbibed.

On a rock towards the north of Diganwy we obſerved a circular watch-tower, of ſome antiquity.

We now croſſed the flat, and under the ſouth-weſt ſide of Llandudno rock, paſſed the ſhell of a large manſion that, ſome centuries ago, was a palace belonging to the biſhops of Bangor.

Orme's Head, or Llandudno Rocks.

From thence we were led by ſteep tracks along the ſteep and ſlippery ſides of the elevated down of Llandudno, for about two miles, to the end of the promontory. Here the rocks were for the moſt

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part perfectly perpendicular, of amazing height, and extended to a great depth into the ſea. It was awful to hear the roaring of the water among the hollows below us, while at the ſame time we could not ſee the breakers till we were upon the edge of the ſteep. The ſtench of putrid fiſh, the remains of thoſe with which the ſea-fowl on theſe rocks ſupply their young, was almoſt inſupportable. Not contented to go away without ſeeing every thing curious within the bounds of prudence that the place afforded, we each pulled off our boots, and crept with the utmoſt caution to the very verge of the precipice. A ſlight trip of the foot might have ſent either of us headlong into a corvorant's neſt, or amongſt the fiſhermen who were employed with their boats below. The view had enough of ſublimity in it;

> The crows and choughs that wing'd the midway air,
> Shewed ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles.

The ſea daſhing in foam againſt the breakers, the deep hollows, and rude prominences of the rocks ſeveral hundred feet below us, were exceedingly tremendous. Our unexpected appearance near their neſting places diſturbed the birds, and the flights of ſo many hundreds, at different depths, with their various harſh and diſſonant notes, produced together a grand effect. This was conſiderably heightened by the contraſt of the white plumage of many of them againſt the gloomy ſides of

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the ſteep. The fiſhermen, who were almoſt immediately under us, appeared in their little ſkiffs, diminiſhed into children, and it was not without uſing our glaſſes that we could well diſcover their operations. When the ſea-fowl had become ſomewhat familiarized with us, they again quietly ſettled upon their places on the various ledges below. The corvorants were extremely numerous, and we obſerved unfledged young in ſeveral of the neſts. In order to rouſe them we pelted the old birds with ſtones, but as if confident of our inability to injure them with theſe feeble weapons, they ſeemed to ridicule our utmoſt efforts. Though almoſt cloſe upon them, they always avoided our blows by a ſhort flight, after which they again returned, apparently unconcerned, to their neſts. Theſe we could obſerve to be ranged on moſt of the ledges at diſtances of not more than a yard or two from each other. The rock in places was rendered perfectly white with the dung of the birds. The ſea reflected a beautiful green colour, and its ſurface was enlivened by numerous flocks of birds ſcudding along it in ſearch of prey, and by their whiteneſs but juſt viſible to us as ſpots from above.—My companion, I ſhuddered with horror while he was doing it, deſcended by means of his hands and knees to a green patch on one of the ſteep precipices ſome yards below. To me he ſeemed ſcarcely to have footing enough to ſtand in ſafety, without clinging to the rock, and to furniſh me with a more perfect idea

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idea of his ſituation, he dropped a ſtone from his hand immediately into the ſea. He fixed himſelf with his left hand firmly to the rock, and with all the force he dared exert, darted a ſtone at a corvorant that was near him. The effort was raſh, and he might have paid dearly for it. With ſome perſuaſion, and not without ſome difficulty, he returned in ſafety to the top.—On theſe rocks, which extend entirely along the end of the cape, the ſamphire, *Crithmum maritimum*, is found in conſiderable quantity. It is collected by the inhabitants of the adjacent pariſhes both for home-uſe and for ſale. The proceſs, where it is out of immediate reach, is too well known to need a deſcription here.

LLANDUDNO.

Having ſpent upwards of two hours about the rocks, we directed our courſe towards the little church of Llandudno, which is on the north-eaſt ſide of the promontory, and about a mile from the end. It ſtands alone on an elevated and extenſive plain, juſt above the ſea, in the very ſeat of deſolation and barrenneſs; expoſed to every wind that blows, deſtitute even of a ſingle tree to ſhelter or protect it. I could not diſtinguiſh a hut or cottage of any deſcription in its neighbourhood.—It is dedicated to St. Tudno, who, tradition ſays, was a Romiſh recluſe of extreme purity of manners and ſanctity, that lived and died here. On the very ſpot

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where ſo holy a man had yielded his laſt breath, it was thought a ſuitable token of reſpect to erect a place of worſhip to his memory. This, therefore, or ſome former one ſimilar to it, appeared.—Tudno and Cybi the founder of the church at Holyhead, it is ſaid were intimate friends, and that they were accuſtomed to meet once every week near Prieſtholme, to join in prayer. The former was called the *White Tudno* from his always going weſtward, from the ſun, and the other the *Tawny Cybi*, becauſe his route led him always to meet it.—Not far from the church are two rows of upright ſtones called Hwylfar Ceirw, *The High Road of the Deer*. Tradition ſays of theſe, that it was a path by which the deer, which once abounded in the mountains of Caernarvonſhire, uſed to deſcend to a meadow below, long ſince covered by the ſea. This explanation is extremely abſurd, and, till ſome better is found, we muſt reſt in ignorance both as to their origin and uſe.

Near the road betwixt Llandudno and Eglwys Rhôs, *The Chapel in Rhôs*, is a copper mine, which, though formerly not productive, is now worked to ſome extent. The miners here deſcend by ſhafts, and do not, as in moſt of the Welſh mines, enter through levels.—By ſome unaccountable neglect I have miſlaid all the particulars that I had obtained reſpecting it.

GLOD-

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GLODDAETH.

Not far from the mine is this well-known ſeat of ſir Thomas Moſtyn, Bart. built by his anceſtor ſir Roger Moſtyn in the reign of queen Elizabeth. It is ſituated on an extenſive ſlope, covered with modern plantations, and commanding many delightful proſpects. The library, which abounds in valuable manuſcripts, principally of Welſh literature, has rendered it very celebrated among the lovers of ancient learning. About the grounds are to be found, in a native ſtate, many plants that are extremely rare in other parts of Great Britain.

My ſucceſs in the courſe of this day's ſhort ramble I muſt give to the botanical reader, in the following extenſive liſt of uncommon plants, and refer him to the catalogue at the end of the work for their particular habitats.

Cotyledon umbilicus.
Thalictrum minus.
Salvia verbenaca.
Anethum fœniculum.
Silene nutans.
Veronica ſpicata.
Orobanche minor.
Sedum telephium.
Sedum anglicum.
Spiræa filipendula.
Roſa ſpinoſiſſima.
Ciſtus marifolius.
Ciſtus helianthemum.
Convolvulus ſoldanella.
Eryngium maritimum.
Silene maritima.
Arenaria peploides.
Glaux maritima.
Chelidonium glaucium.
Erodium maritimum.
Cochlearia officinalis.
Braſſica oleracea.
——— monenſis.
Crithmum maritimum.
Cratægus aria.
Liguſtrum vulgare.

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Cichorium intybus.
Juniperus communis.
Rubus ſaxatilis.
Elymus arenarius.
Plantago maritima.
——— coronopus.
Pulmonaria maritima.
Geranium ſanguineum,
——— columbinum,
Borago officinalis.
Potentilla verna and
Scilla verna,
both the latter out of flower.

From Gloddaeth, without viſiting, on account of the lateneſs of the evening, either Bodſcallon, another houſe belonging to ſir Thomas Moſtyn, or Marl, we immediately proceeded to the ferry, where, after waiting a conſiderable time (ſufficiently wearied with our excurſion), we at length ſtepped into the ferry-boat, and in about twenty minutes after were landed under the walls of old Conwy. It is needleſs to ſay how heartily we eat, and how much we enjoyed ourſelves at the harp under the hoſpitable roof of our kind hoſt Mr. Rous. The remainder of the evening paſſed ſwiftly away, and fatigue, which ſweetens repoſe, ſoon led us to our reſpective apartments for the night.

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CHAP. IX.

Excursion from Conwy to Caer Rhun.

Vale of Conwy.—Caer Rhûn.—The Conovium of the Romans.—An imperfect Account of some modern Discoveries there.—Description of an uncommonly grand Cataract in the Mountains beyond Caer Rhûn.

From Conwy I wandered along the road leading to Llanrwst, for about five miles, to see the village of Caer Rhûn, *The fort of Rhûn*, (ap Maelgwn, prince of North Wales,) and the site of the ancient Conovium; and about three miles farther to a remarkably grand cataract in the mountains on the right of the road.

Having passed the village of Kyffin, I looked back upon the town of Conwy, and saw its black walls and towers, with the river flowing beneath them. They closed the vale, and had the appearance of great strength and grandeur.

The Vale of Conwy

Affords many very interesting prospects. It is adorned with all the variety that can arise from a well wooded and highly cultivated country, bounded by lofty mountains. It is more elegant, from its

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being more varied, and coming more completely under the eye than the vale of Clwyd. The river forms, for a few miles, a broad and expanſive water.

Caer Rhun *

Is a charming little village on the weſtern bank of the river, and ſurrounded with wood.—From various diſcoveries of antiquities in the place and neighbourhood, and from other circumſtances, there is good reaſon for ſuppoſing that this was the ſite of the *Conovium* of the Romans. During the ſummer of 1801, conſiderable pains were taken to inveſtigate this ſtation by the owner of the ground, the Rev. H. D. Griffith, the worthy rector of Llanbeder, who is ſince dead, and in whom not only his immediate friends, but ſociety and literature, have experienced an irretrievable loſs.

In the platform, which was on a low mount, and formed a parallelogram, meaſuring a hundred and fifty yards in length, and about a hundred in breadth, many apartments were cleared, ſome of which appeared, as Mr. Griffith informed me, to have been a Roman pottery. He ſhewed me ſome of his few diſcoveries, of which I made no memorandum, as he promiſed me a full account of the place,

* This place is called by Camden and ſome other writers *The Old City*. This, however, appears to be done erroneously, for all the ancient MSS. now extant that mention the place, have it *Caer Rhûn*.

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at the concluſion of his laſt ſummer's reſearch, which, however, he unfortunately did not live to complete. I recollect only that there were two ſmall earthen lamps, one of which was very neatly conſtructed. Some years previous to this, ſeveral broken vaſes, diſhes, and other culinary utenſils of earthen ware, though none of them entire, were taken up here; ſome of them ſtamped with devices of men in armour, others with dogs in chace of the ſtag; ſome of them were of a fine ſky blue colour, others red, and one in particular, the moſt perfect of them all, was a ſort of hollow diſh, with its ſurface beautifully glazed, and of a lively red colour, bearing the letters PATRICI very viſibly ſtamped in its centre. Its diameter was about ſix inches. The moſt curious piece of antiquity found at this time was a brazen ſhield of a circular form, curiouſly emboſſed circle within circle, with ſmall braſs ſtuds, from the circumference nearly to the centre, where a ſharp piece of wrought iron, about four inches and a half in length, was fixed. This ſhield, which was ſomewhat more than a foot in diameter, had on its under ſide, when diſcovered, a covering of leather ſtuffed with hair.—Mr. Griffith thought there were good grounds to contradict the generally received opinion, of a bath and hypocauſt having been diſcovered here.

CATA-

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CATARACT.

From the road, near the bridge called *Pont Porthlwyd*, not quite eight miles from Conwy, I obſerved, high up the mountain on my left, a waterfall of very conſiderable height, called by the country people Rhaiadr Mawr, *The Great Waterfall*. I aſcended along a winding path, which, after about a quarter of an hour's walk, conducted me to the bed of the river, near the ſtation from whence it was to be ſeen to the greateſt advantage. The water in the river, which runs from a pool among the mountains above, called Llyn Eigiau *, from late dry weather, was very inconſiderable. The ſcene, however, was ſtill highly pictureſque. From the upper part two ſtreams, one of them much the broadeſt, deſcended, at ſome diſtance from each other. The range of rock down which the water was thrown was very wide and extremely rude, being formed, in horizontal ledges, into deep clefts

* Mr. Evans, in his map, has not been correct in the ſituations of two or three of the mountain-pools on the weſt ſide of the road leading from Conwy to Llanrwſt. Llyn Geirioned, which he has marked as ſupplying the river that runs under Pont Porthlwyd, is ſomewhat ſouth of the ſtation in the map; and Llyn Cowlid, which I have viſited, but which, as altogether unintereſting, I ſhall not deſcribe, is within two miles of Capel Curig. Llyn Ergiau ſupplies the water that forms this cataract, and flows to Pont Porthlwyd.

and

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and enormous chaſms. Around the whole, and on the various lodgments of the rocks, were numerous pendant ſhrubs. The dark ſhades of the clefts, and the irregular brilliancy of the prominent features of the ſcene, from the reflected rays of the ſun, contraſted again with the foaming of the water, were truly grand. The colours of the rock, which were every where alſo very dark, were rich and highly varied. The ſtreams united a little above the middle of the fall: they ruſhed from thence in foam over the rocks, and from the deep ſhelvings, in many places the water was entirely hidden from me below. In addition to this, nearly every different ſtratum of rock threw it into a freſh direction. In the whole ſcene there was the utmoſt irregularity. On the right of the cataract the incloſing rocks were nearly perpendicular, very lofty, and crowned with pendant foliage. Thoſe on the left were very high and towering, adorned on the lodgements with graſs and ferns.—I ſhould have made a drawing of this cataract, had it been poſſible to have expreſſed it, with any juſtice, on an octavo plate: this, however, was altogether impoſſible. The above deſcription is expreſſed in terms infinitely too feeble to give any correct idea of the ſcene: —this waterfall is by much the moſt grand and picturesque of any that I have ſeen in North Wales.

In

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In defcending to the road I had an extenfive view along the whole vale of Conwy. It appeared from this eminence to be much varied, and on the whole very beautiful,

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CHAP. X.

CONWY TO BANGOR.

Sychnant.—Penmaen Mawr.—Various Accidents there.—Aſcent to the Summit of Penmaen Mawr.—Pren Lemwn, or Welſh Lemon-Tree.—Ancient Fort.—View.—Aber.—Ferry from thence into Angleſea.—Mountain Hollow.—Beautiful Scene.—Waterfall.—Llandygai.—Memoranda of Archbiſhop Williams.—Anecdotes of Pierce Griffith.—Llandygai Mills.—Penryhn Caſtle and Grounds. Fine Proſpect.—Fiſhery.—Bangor.—Hiſtory of the Cathedral.—Curious Removal of the Body of Owen Gwynedd from the Church.—Bangor Ferry.—Welſh Harp.—Battle at Porthaethwy.

IN my route from Conwy to Bangor, I began to find myſelf in a country that was truly mountainous and romantic: the hills of Flintſhire and Denbighſhire, which I had juſt paſſed, bear no compariſon in picturesque beauty with the ſtupendous ſcenery of Caernarvonſhire. The mountains here, inſtead of being, as thoſe were, gentle in aſcent, and frequently covered with graſs and verdure to their ſummits, began to wear the ſavage and majeſtic face of nature,—they were precipitous, rugged, and gloomy.

SYCHNANT,

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SYCHNANT,

The dry hollow, which commences about two miles from Conwy, is the firſt ſcene of mountain horror that the traveller in this direction is preſented with. The road deſcends along a ſteep betwixt the rocks. Immediately below it on one ſide is this deep and narrow vale: from the bottom ariſes Penmaen bach, *the leſſer Penmaen*, whoſe head is raiſed ſeveral hundred feet above, and whoſe broad and ſombre front conſtitutes all the boundary on the right. The ledges of many of the rocks were covered with the flowers of the different heaths, which gave a purple tint to the ſcene. From the ſteepneſs of the road I was almoſt compelled to deſcend with a velocity which became very unpleaſant. The opening of the rocks towards the bottom, and the gradual unfolding of a diſtant view of the bay of Beaumaris, the iſland of Angleſea, and the verdure of the intervening country, however, arreſted my progreſs. The contraſt heightened the elegance, and added to it a ſingularity of character that does not often occur even in mountain-ſcenery.

PENMAEN MAWR.

Near the fifth mileſtone from Conwy is the celebrated mountain called Penmaen Mawr, *The Great Penmaen*, a huge rock that riſes near 1550 feet in perpendicular height above the ſea. Along a ſhelf

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a ſhelf of this tremendous precipice is formed part of the great Iriſh road. This is well guarded towards the ſea by a ſtrong wall, and ſupported in many parts by arches turned beneath it, a method, in point of expence, found far preferable to that of hewing it out of the ſolid rock. Before the wall was built, accidents were continually happening by people falling down the precipices; but, ſince that time, I believe it has been accounted perfectly ſafe. Of theſe accidents the following have been recorded:

An exciſeman fell from the higheſt part, and eſcaped unhurt.

A clergyman who lived in Angleſea, about forty years ago, fell over with his horſe and a midwife behind him. The female and the nag both periſhed; but the divine, with great philoſophy, unſaddled the ſteed, and marched off with the trappings, exulting in his own preſervation.

Somewhat more than a century back, Siôn Humphries of Llanfair vechan, paid his addreſſes to a female who lived in ſome part of Creiddin, beyond Conwy. They agreed to meet at a fair at that town. He was thrown down Penmaen Mawr: ſhe was overſet in the Conwy ferry-boat, and was the only perſon that eſcaped out of more than fourſcore. This ſtory ſeems romantic, but it is well authenticated. They were afterwards united, and lived many years together in the pariſh of Llanfair. The female died in 1744, at the great age of one hundred

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dred and ſixteen; and he ſurvived her five years. Their graves are cloſe together in the church-yard, and are yet familiarly ſhewn by the inhabitants.

At ſome diſtance the road appears like a white line along the ſide of the rock, which towards the ſea is in many places ſo nearly perpendicular, that a ſtone may be thrown from thence into it without touching below, a height of almoſt a hundred and forty feet. The paſs would, were it not for the wall, be truly terrible; and even yet, to thoſe who can make frights to mock themſelves, the amazingly lofty abrupt precipice of rock, towering overhead, with the fragments and ruins that have for ages been falling from it, and ſeem ready to roll over one, do preſent a ſcene of horror. To thoſe unaccuſtomed to mountain ſcenes, this ſteep will not be viewed without conſiderable tremor. Dryden has a deſcription which may be applied with ſome propriety to one or two of the moſt elevated ſtations:

As from a ſteep and dreadful precipice,
The frighted traveller caſts down his eyes,
And ſees the ocean at ſo great a diſtance,
It looks as if the ſkies were ſunk beneath him:
If then ſome neighbouring ſhrub, how weak ſoever,
Peeps up, his willing eyes ſtop gladly there,
And ſeem to eaſe themſelves and reſt upon it.

RIVAL LADIES.

On

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On the evening of the 31ſt of July 1801, during a tremendous ſtorm of thunder, a maſs of ſtone, ſuppoſed to weigh ſeveral thouſand tons, was looſeened from its bed, and precipitated with a dreadful craſh to the ſea; it ſwept down that part of the wall, and left about a hundred and fifty tons lodged upon the road. A woman and horſe narrowly eſcaped deſtruction, having but juſt paſſed the place before the accident happened. This body of rock appears to have been unfixed by the torrent of water that was pouring down on all ſides. I was not many miles from the place at the time, and was informed of the circumſtance very ſoon after it occurred. All the carriages, among which was the mail, were ſtopped for ſeveral hours, till a body of the country people, who immediately ſet to work upon it, were able to clear away ſo much of the rubbiſh as to allow them a paſſage.

Before this paſs was formed, which is now near thirty years ago, the uſual mode of going betwixt Conwy and Bangor was either in boats, or, waiting the departure of the tides, to proceed along the ſands, at low water. The latter mode was frequently attended with danger, owing to the ſoft places made by the freſh water ſtreams, and the hollows formed by the tide, of the depth of which, when filled with water, the guides could not always be certain. Few carriages at that time were taken betwixt the two towns, but nearly all the travellers were conveyed on horſeback. There were two

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inns for the convenience of waiting the departure of the tides, the buildings of which are, I believe, both yet ſtanding, but appropriated to other uſes. One of theſe was near the turnpike under Penmaen Mawr, and the other near Penmaen Bach. On the window or ſign of each was a diſtich, ſaid by the people of the neighbourhood to have been the compoſition of Swift: that of one was,

> Before you venture hence to paſs,
> Take a good refreſhing glaſs.

Of the other,

> Now you're over take another,
> Your drooping ſpirits to recover.

There was a horſe-road along the ſide of the mountain, but it is ſaid to have been exceſſively dangerous and bad; in ſome parts it ran above, and in others below, the preſent road. Thoſe who went in carriages, or on horſeback, along the ſands, ſet out from Conwy marſh, went entirely round the promontory, and paſſed on the outſide of Penmaen Bach.

Ascent to the Summit of Penmaen Mawr.

From the ſixth mile-ſtone I began an aſcent to the ſummit of Penmaen Mawr. I choſe this place that I might have a guide not to the ſummit merely, but to the ſpot where I could find a ſhrub of which I had heard many nonſenſical accounts, called by

by the Welſh Pren Lemwn, *Lemon-tree.* This I had been told grew in a ſituation almoſt inacceſſible, and bore a fruit reſembling a ſmall lemon: that many perſons had planted cuttings, and even roots of it, in their gardens, but that theſe had invariably dwindled and died. I queſtioned my guide, as we proceeded, as to the figure and colour of its leaves and flowers, and I immediately conjectured it to be, what I ſoon afterwards found it, nothing more than *Cratægus aria* of Linnæus, which does not often occur among the Welſh mountains. It grows on the perpendicular rocks juſt above the road; and of the three ſmall trees that were pointed out to me, one had been cut on all ſides, for the purpoſe of planting into gardens.

From hence I ſcrambled up a ſteep aſcent, covered entirely with looſe ſtones, which often gave way the moment I thruſted my weight upon them, to the ſummit; and, as I walked pretty quick, it was not before I had experienced ſeveral ſevere tumbles, and was bruiſed on all ſides, that I reached it. I had frequent occaſion, from heat and exertion, to turn round and catch the cool and refreſhing breezes that blew from the ſea; and in each of theſe reſtings, as I gradually roſe above the intervening obſtacles, I found new objects to admire. From the ſummit the view was extenſive, and, towards the iſle of Angleſea, and from thence round to the Cheſhire and Lancaſhire hills, was very beautiful. The whole

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of the bay of Beaumaris ſeemed to lie directly underneath, as well as all the coaſt from the abrupt termination of Ormes Head to the little iſland of Prieſtholme. I could juſt diſcern the iſle of Man. The proſpect over the Conwy into Denbighſhire was alſo extremely pleaſing; but the mountains towards the ſouth not being ſufficiently varied amongſt themſelves, were deſtitute of character, and almoſt entirely of intereſt.

On the ſummit, and extending in an oval form from north to ſouth, are ſome evident remains of antiquity. Many ruins of ancient maſſy walls, formed apparently without cement, are yet viſible; and on the eaſt the fragments of ſeveral ſmall circular buildings that ſeem to have been originally formed for ſoldiers' huts. On the higheſt part there are the remains of what appeared to me to have been watch-towers; and near one of theſe I obſerved a ſmall ſquare well, in which, although then in the midſt of a dry ſeaſon, I found a conſiderable quantity of water.

This ruin is called Braich y Ddinas, *The Arm of the City*, and is ſuppoſed to have been an ancient Britiſh fortification. A correſpondent of biſhop Gibſon ſays of it: "This caſtle ſeems to have been impregnable, there being no way to offer any aſſault to it, from the hill being ſo high, ſteep, and rocky, and the walls of ſuch vaſt ſtrength. The way or entrance into it aſcends with many twinings, ſo that a hundred men might here defend themſelves againſt

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againſt a whole legion; and yet it ſhould ſeem there were lodgings within theſe walls for twenty thouſand men. By the tradition of our anceſtors, this was the ſtrongeſt and ſafeſt refuge, or place of defence, that the ancient Britons had in all Snowdon, to ſecure them from the incurſions of their enemies."—Governor Pownall, contrary to the commonly received opinion, and I think contrary to the fact, conjectures it to have been one of the Druids conſecrated high places of worſhip, and that it was never intended for a place of defence *.

Penmaen Mawr is not ſo intereſting a mountain, except to the antiquary, as I afterwards found Snowdon, Glyder, and many others in the interior of the country; the proſpects from the ſummit being neither ſo grand nor ſo varied as from theſe.

The eaſieſt places to aſcend from are either along a pretty high wall that extends from the road far up the ſide of the mountain on the extremity neareſt to Conwy, or at the other extremity a little beyond the ſixth mile-ſtone. If the traveller is a pedeſtrian he can aſcend one way and deſcend by the other: this will ſave him at leaſt a mile or two of journey. The looſe ſtones that lie ſcattered apparently on every part of the mountain render an expedition to its ſummit ſomewhat unpleaſant; the

* Gibſon's Camden, 805. Archæologia of the Antiq. Soc. vol. iii p. 303.

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diſtance, however, is ſo ſhort, that a perſon who walks pretty quick may overcome it in little more than an hour.

Aber.

About nine miles from Conwy ſtands the pleaſing little village of Aber, or, as it is called by way of diſtinction, Aber gwyngregin, *The Conflux of the White Shells*. Here I found a comfortable little inn. This is a very convenient ſtation for ſuch perſons as wiſh to examine Penmaen Mawr, and the adjacent country, either as naturaliſts or artiſts.

On a ſmall artificial mount on the weſt ſide of the river, juſt above the bridge, called the *Mwd*, ſtood formerly a caſtle belonging to Llewelyn ap Griffith, prince of Wales; and it was here that he received his ſummons from our Edward to deliver up the principality to the crown of England. The mount is nearly circular at the top, and not more than twenty yards in diameter *.

From this place, perſons frequently croſs immediately into Angleſea, in a direction towards Beaumaris. The diſtance is about four miles, and at low water they are able to walk to the bank of the channel, within a mile of Beaumaris, where the ferry-boat plies. In fogs, the paſſage over theſe ſands has been found very dangerous, and many

* Powel, 325. Leland's Itin. vol. v. p. 45.

have

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have been loſt in attempting to croſs them at ſuch times. As ſome precaution, however, the bell of the church is now generally rung during foggy weather, which prevents perſons from wandering very widely from the line they ought to keep.

A deep glen runs from the village amongſt the mountains, at whoſe extremity I had been informed there was a waterfall. I therefore ſtrolled along the bank of the ſtream, which paſſes under the bridge, as the moſt ſure mode of reaching it. The diſtance I found near two miles. The mountains that incloſed the hollow were ſome of them clad with wood, which, with the prominences of the rocks, and the verdure of the lower grounds, give a pleaſing character to many of the ſcenes. About half-way is a bridge, over which the road leads to Caer Rhûn and the vale of Conwy. A little beyond this I turned round to take a view down the vale; and when I deſcended to the bed of the ſtream, found that I had before me a moſt charming land-ſcape. The ſtones of the ſtream, over which the water broke in a very pleaſing manner, with a high bank on the left, formed a rude fore-ground, that in ſome meaſure hid from the ſight the regular outline of a green mountain on that ſide. About the middle was the ſingle arch, with a few ſcattered cottages near it. The road was ſeen to paſs over the mountain-hollow above; and the trees were thinly ſcattered over one hill, but at the bottom of

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the rock behind the bridge were collected into a pretty thick and large copſe. The background was occupied by this round and lofty, but well varied, rock, in which ſtony prominences and verdant, but abrupt ſlopes, were the principal features. This, aided by the purple richneſs of an evening tint, that I ſaw in full perfection as I returned, is a ſcene to which the pencil alone can do juſtice, deſcription is much too feeble.

Rhaiadr Mawr.

Following ſtill the courſe of the ſtream, I ſoon came within ſight of the fall, Rhaiadr Mawr, *The Great Cataract*. At a diſtance this appears to have no one character of pictureſque beauty; I fancied it merely a narrow ſtream falling down the flat and unintereſting face of a lofty rock. It continued in appearance much the ſame till I had got very nearly to the foot of the cataract. The lower part of the fall is upwards of ſixty feet in height: its character is extremely ſimple, being broken only in places by the ſeams of the ſtrata. The quantity of water is very conſiderable, and it is thrown, unleſs after much rain, in a ſingle ſheet from above. At a little diſtance two or three diviſions of the upper rock are ſeen, but immediately at the foot little more than the lower fall is viſible. In the bed of the river, as in thoſe of moſt mountain torrents, are ſcattered numerous fragments of rock. On each ſide

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ſide of the fall the mountain had the ſame flat appearance; this, with the nearly regular outline of the whole ſcene, at the top forming a ſegment of a large circle, and ſome other characteriſtics, gives to it that kind of ſimple grandeur, though on a much ſmaller ſcale, which is conſpicuous in Piſtyll Rhaiadr, the celebrated waterfall of Montgomeryſhire.

Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep,
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt an azure ſheet it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
And from the loud reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.

LLANDYGAI.

At Llandygai, *The Church of Tygai*, a village beautifully ſituated on the banks of the Ogwen, is a church, one of the neateſt in the principality, built in the form of a croſs, having the tower in the centre. Its ſtile is gothic, and it is ſuppoſed to have been erected about the reign of Edward III.; but its being waſhed with ochre to render it in ſome meaſure correſpondent with the neighbouring manſion of Penryhn caſtle, gives it unfortunately a modern caſt.

I ob-

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I obtained the key in order to examine the tomb of the celebrated archbiſhop Williams, lord keeper of the great ſeal in the reign of James I., who was interred here. This is placed in the wall on the ſouth-ſide of the chancel, and is protected from the duſt by a long green curtain which has a ſingular appearance. The tomb has lately been ornamented afreſh at the expence of Lady Penrhyn, a deſcendant of the archbiſhop's family. He is repreſented in his epiſcopal dreſs at an altar, and (ſave in the glare of the gilded ornaments) there is a conſiderable air of elegance about it. On a table monument in the ſouth-eaſt corner, juſt beyond this, are two antique figures ſuppoſed to repreſent ſome of the Penrhyn family that were interred here.

MEMORANDA OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

This prelate, who forms ſo conſpicuous a character in the Engliſh hiſtory in the reigns of James I. and Charles, was a native of Conwy, born on the 25th day of March 1582.

At the age of ſixteen he was admitted a ſtudent in St. John's college, Cambridge; and he firſt became publicly known on Candlemas day 1608, a few years after he had taken his maſter's degree, by a moſt affecting oration in St. John's chapel on the death of his learned and intimate friend Dr. Playfere. The college pitched upon him to deliver this

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this oration; but from his extreme intimacy with the deceaſed, he declined it. The maſter threatened him with expulſion, and, however diſtreſſing it might be to his feelings, he was compelled to obey. His empaſſioned and unaffected eloquence drew tears from all eyes, and excited the higheſt admiration and applauſe from his crowd of hearers. His pauſes were interrupted by unreſtrained expreſſions of applauſe and wonder: and ſuch at length was the agony excited, that his friend might have been the friend and intimate companion of every one preſent.

His fame as a preacher after he left the univerſity, extended to all parts; and his talents and numerous friends ſoon procured him valuable preferment.

He obtained the favour of king James, who, unaſked, preſented him with the deanery of Saliſbury. By him he was created lord keeper of the great ſeal, and afterwards made biſhop of Lincoln.

As a pariſh prieſt he had proved himſelf an active and uſeful member of ſociety; and now, having launched into a vaſt ſea of buſineſs, in which he ſcarcely had time either for refreſhment or repoſe, he exhibited an almoſt unexampled inſtance of induſtry and abilities.

In his elevation his high ſpirit rendered him obnoxious to thoſe who had aſſiſted in raiſing him: but in his public character this very ſpirit enabled him to ſpeak freely, to counſel faithfully, and to decree

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decree juſtly. Thoſe who had raiſed him only to ſerve their own purpoſes, were deceived: he ſoon ſaw through their intentions, and neglected them. —Prompt in his deciſions, he is ſaid to have ended more cauſes the firſt year he was in office, than had been done during the whole ſeven preceding ones.

In this conſpicuous ſtation he ſoon diſcovered the innumerable difficulties he had to cope with from the envy and ambition of thoſe around him. "From the forty-third to the ſixty-eighth year of his life," ſays biſhop Hacket, "trouble upon trouble, miſchief on miſchief, had him in chaſe."

The commencement of the reign of Charles I, began his miſeries. The king continued him in his offices; but his own open conduct, in which he frequently ventured to contradict the opinions of his ſovereign, and the jealouſy, excited by the miſ-repreſentations of his enemies, ſoon prepared a way for his fall.

Under the excuſe that the ſeal was only a triennial truſt, and that in numerous inſtances it had been recalled, the king was at length prevailed upon to deprive him of it. The biſhop, however, ſurrendered the charge with at leaſt the appearance of indifference and ſatisfaction. When he received the notice from lord Conwy, his anſwer was, "The ſeal is his majeſty's; I ſhall be ready to deliver it on the day appointed to any who ſhall bear-

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bear his warrant to receive it. I thank heaven that his majeſty has had no other ground, than that which you have alleged, for recalling it."

His conduct on this occaſion ſeems to have been ſo upright, that he retired to his ſee of Lincoln ſtill poſſeſſing ſome ſhare of the king's affection. Biſhop Laud, and the duke of Buckingham, both of whom he had himſelf raiſed, became his decided enemies, and left nothing unemployed by which they could undermine him in the little ſhare of favour that was left.

After many vain attempts, a bill was preferred againſt him in the court of Star Chamber, containing, amongſt various other allegations, a charge of ſubornation of witneſs, in ſome former complaints that had been laid againſt him. But ſuch contradictions appear to have ariſen in the evidence, that in any other than a court altogether prejudiced, he muſt unavoidably have been acquitted. He was, however, fined in a penalty of 10,000*l.*, and directed to be impriſoned in the Tower, and ſuſpended from all his eccleſiaſtical functions during pleaſure.

His books, plate, furniture, pictures, &c. were ſeized and ſold towards payment of the fine, but in a manner ſo iniquitous, as to reflect the utmoſt diſgrace on the times. The very man who preferred againſt him the bill was made the agent on this occaſion. He went down to Bugden, and lived in the palace three whole ſummers, rioting in the

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the biſhop's wealth. In valuing the property, the juries had full directions to receive no evidence for the late owner; and although the benefices and perſonalties were offered to be taken at 4500*l.* a-year, yet only five hundred of this could be allowed to the biſhop for his ſuſtenance. This villain, Kilvert, farmed all his property at conſiderably leſs than half its value, and was himſelf allowed with impunity to enjoy the overplus.

After continuing in the tower four years, unſullied however both in his reputation and honour, the upper houſe of parliament ſent their uſher of the black rod to the lieutenant of the Tower, with orders to deliver him up to them; and he was again received on the biſhop's bench. Thus reinſtated, he, however, uttered neither complaints nor reproaches; and his conduct had altogether ſuch an effect on the king, that, as ſome recompence for his ſufferings, he beſtowed on him the ſee of York.

This he did not long enjoy in peace. Soon after his creation he went down to Cawood caſtle, from whence he was driven, by the inſurrections in favour of the parliament, to his own property in Caernarvonſhire.

At the requeſt of the king, as I have already related, in the account of Conwy caſtle, he provided at his own expence for the defence of that fortreſs; but from ſubſequent ill-uſage was compelled to join the other party.

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He died at Gloddaeth on his birth-day, the 25th of March 1650, at the age of ſixty-eight.

Cambria, for him, with moans her regions fills,
She wept his downfall from a thouſand hills;
Tender—embrac'd her prelate, though undone,
Stretch'd out her mother rocks to ſave her ſon:
Search'd while alive each vale for his repaſt,
And when he died, receiv'd him in her breaſt.
Envied ambition! what are all thy ſchemes
But waking miſery, or pleaſing dreams.

In ſpeaking of the character of archbiſhop Williams, I find ſome difficulty in ſteering through many accounts, in themſelves extremely contradictory. The archbiſhop had too many enemies, and lived at a period when prejudices ran too high to obtain much favour from writers influenced immediately by his enemies. His general conduct, as a public character, was ſo uniformly correct, that even his adverſaries were compelled to applaud it; and their only mode of qualification was to intimate he poſſeſſed thoſe uſeful requiſites of a great ſtateſman devoid of principle, a public and a private conſcience. To thoſe, however, who would judge of his principles by his conduct, we muſt remark, that in his general manners he was uniformly mild and affable. Whilſt he continued only a pariſh prieſt, from his compaſſionate and friendly diſpoſition, he was beloved by all. Till by his ſtation he interrupted the ambitious deſigns of others, he acquired the favour of the great, and

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the bleſſings and good wiſhes of thoſe below him. The widowed, the ſick, and the afflicted, partook alike of his prayers and his bounty; and his doors and table were ever open to the deſerving. From a ſtrong prejudice, however, in favour of thoſe on whom his affections had been once firmly fixed, he has at times ſuffered himſelf to be led to lengths not altogether juſtifiable on the grounds of prudence. He was alſo tinctured with ambition; but he was ſtill a character to be both eſteemed and admired. Theſe were his only weakneſſes, and few of his enemies had ſo ſmall a ſhare.

LLANDYGAI.

Near the river Ogwen, and a little above the bridge, are two mills belonging to Meſſrs. Worthington and Co. of Liverpool. One of theſe, which has been lately erected, is for the purpoſe of grinding materials for an earthen-ware manufactory at Liverpool. The other is an oil and paint mill: oil colours are here prepared, from the mineral, entirely to their finiſhed ſtate, and are ſhipped for Liverpool at Port Penrhyn. The walks that have been formed near theſe buildings by the company are ſomewhat pretty; and the planting of the adjacent grounds with trees and ſhrubs, will, in the courſe of a few years, render this neighbourhood much more pleaſing than it is at preſent.

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PENRHYN CASTLE.

On the right of the road, not far from Bangor, is Penrhyn caſtle, the ſeat of Lord Penrhyn. The grounds are entered through one of the moſt elegant gates I ever beheld. The houſe is a fine but by no means a ſuperb building, faced with the yellow Devonſhire bricks, which give it the appearance of being waſhed with ochre. It has nothing of ſtate magnificence, or parade about it, but it can boaſt conſiderable elegance. The architecture is the military gothic of the reign of Henry VI., with embattled turrets, which riſe to ſome height above the roof. The grounds are well wooded.

Penrhyn is ſuppoſed to ſtand on the ſite of a palace which in the eighth century belonged to Rodri Moelwynog, the ſon of Edwal Iwrch, ſon of Cadwaladr the laſt king of the Britons. It ſeems to have been granted, along with Cochwillan, in the adjoining pariſh of Llanllechid, now in ruins, to Yarddwr, lord of Llechwedd uchaf, about the time of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth; and from him it deſcended by heirs female to the poſterity of Ednyfed Fechan:—the laſt of this family was *Pierce Griffith*, eſq. who lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth. When the Spaniſh armada threatened deſtruction to his country, this brave character fitted out a veſſel at his own expence, to aid the Britiſh fleet, and ſailed in it from Beaumaris on the 20th of April 1588. He arrived at Plymouth in

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about fourteen days, where he was elegantly treated by the admiral, who highly admired his loyalty and public ſpirit. He remained under ſir Henry Cavendiſh and ſir Francis Drake till the defeat of the armada, when he attended the latter in his cruiſe on the Spaniſh coaſt. Griffith accompanied his commander to the gulph of Magellan, where they parted, ſir Francis being then employed in his voyage of diſcovery. A ſhort time after James had obtained the throne, the Spaniards, through their ambaſſador, complained to the Engliſh miniſtry that Griffith continued to attack their veſſels, notwithſtanding the proclamation of peace. The proſecutions againſt him on this account became at length ſo ſerious, that he was compelled to ſell his eſtate in order to procure a pardon. This was purchaſed by archbiſhop Williams, at that time lord keeper of the great ſeal; but he dying unmarried, it deſcended to ſir Griffith Williams of Penrhyn, bart. and from him, after ſeveral ſucceſſions, to two ſiſters of ſir Hugh Williams. Theſe were Ann, who married Thomas Warburton, eſq. of Winnington in Cheſhire, and Gwen, who was married to ſir Walter Yonge, bart. of Eſcott in Devonſhire. The preſent lady Penrhyn was the only daughter of Hugh Warburton, eſq. I believe the eſtate is now, from the purchaſe of the other moiety, become the entire property of Lord Penrhyn *.

* Account of the deſcents and iſſues of the families of Penrhyn and Cochwillan, in the Plâs Gwynn MSS.

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The *ſtables* at Penrhyn are excellent, and ſuppoſed to be among the firſt in the kingdom for accommodation and utility. They are fronted with the purple ſlate obtained from his lordſhip's quarries: which indeed ſeems to be applied to every poſſible uſe on the whole of the property here. The grounds are fenced with it: narrow upright ſlabs, to imitate paliſadoes, are fixed each by two ſmall holdfaſts to the railing. The effect is exceedingly neat, but as ſlate is generally liable to ſnap, ſometimes with a ſlight blow, and the edges are ſharp, I ſhould think them dangerous to ſheep in their attempts to eſcape through the ſpaces that accident may thus create.

The *chapel* is at a little diſtance from the houſe, in the front of one part of the plantation. It is a ſmall gothic building apparently of ſome antiquity. It formerly ſtood much nearer the houſe, but was taken down, and rebuilt of the ſame materials, put together in the ſame manner, on its preſent ſite. The interior is elegant, and at one end it has a moſt brilliantly painted gothic window, the performance of Mr. Eggington of Birmingham. The modern porch by no means accords with the other parts.

From the chapel I was led through the grounds to the baths, which are upon the beach, about half a mile diſtant. In the way I paſſed the cottage of the under-ſteward Mr. Lloyd, deſigned, like all the improvements about this place, by Mr. Benjamin Wyatt. This ſtation commands a view, though

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too extenſive to be accounted pictureſque, yet ſo enchantingly lovely as ſcarcely to be exceeded. Nature ſeems to have crowded here every beauty of mountain, water, wood, and meadow. In front is an expanſe of ſea, terminated on the right by the Llandudno, or Orme's Head rock, to appearance perfectly inſulated, the flat that connects it to the main land not being viſible at high water. Penmaen Mawr, along whoſe ſide, though near ſix miles diſtant, I could plainly diſtinguiſh the white line of the road, and the neighbouring mountains, appear riſing abruptly from the water's edge: from hence a long range is ſeen to ſtretch into the interior of the county, in which Carnedd Llewelyn and Carnedd Ddafydd are peculiarly conſpicuous. On the other ſide is the iſland of Angleſea from Beaumaris northwards to Penmon, and Prieſtholme, with the woods of Baron-Hill. The baths are ſeen at a little diſtance below, forming part of this elegant landſcape. The front of the cottage was trelliſed, and a few plants and ſhrubs were training along it. The garden was prettily variegated with flowers: an oval bed on each ſide of the path leading to the door, was, whimſically enough, incloſed in a green trelliſed edge, with a handle over the middle, to imitate baſkets of flowers. Not a ſingle weed was to be ſeen that could reproach its owner with neglect. It was in ſhort a terreſtial paradiſe, and though it affords in itſelf nothing of pictureſque effect, even the

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the artiſt muſt confeſs that it has neatneſs and uncommon elegance.

I followed the road leading to the *bath*. On the beach, for a conſiderable way, this is continued by an elevation, walled on each ſide: at the end is the building. This is plain but elegant. In the middle is a portico, fronted by four columns, which admits carriages underneath. There are three rooms for dreſſing, &c. The baths are, a circular one open at the top, of ſize ſufficient to allow a perſon to ſwim without inconvenience, being apparently about thirty feet in diameter; and a ſmall one that will allow of the water being heated. The latter is within the building, and is lined with white and cream-coloured earthen-ware, from a manufactory near Liverpool: under the window is a large and beautiful oval of the ſame, with a wreath of oak-leaves within the rim, and a coronet and Lady Penrhyn's initials in the centre. Much expence has been unavoidably incurred in ſhutting the tide out of the great bath at the times when it was not wanted, and in retaining a proper quantity of water when that of the ſea retired. In this building the deſign of Mr. Wyatt is very evident.

Not far from the bath, and out upon the ſands, is an extenſive weir occupying ſeveral acres of ground, and forming the ſegment of a large circle, with its ends bending towards the land. It is made by means of ſtakes driven deep into the beach, ſecured by

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ſtones, and interwoven for many feet above with pliant branches of trees. This is a fiſhery which produces to thoſe who rent it of his lordſhip, a comfortable ſubſiſtence. It is entirely overflowed by the tide, and at low water is left with only ſo much as is retained in its mud and ſand. The fiſh are taken at the ebb; and during the herring ſeaſon the fiſhermen have their principal harveſt. Immenſe numbers of theſe are ſometimes retained. In one inſtance ſo many were taken at a ſingle tide, as, when ſold at two ſhillings, and the worſt at eighteen-pence a hundred, produced nearly eighty pounds; beſides the quantities that were obliged to be left on the return of the tide, from want of hands ſufficient to carry them away, and thoſe that were taken by people who flocked from all parts of the neighbourhood to obtain the refuſe fiſh.—The coaſt is here very unpleaſant to walk upon, being either extremely muddy, or compoſed of the upright and broken edges of a ſtratum of ſlate rock that extends a conſiderable way into the water.

BANGOR.

Paſſing Port Penrhyn, (a deſcription of which will with more propriety occupy a place in my next than in the preſent chapter,) I arrived at Bangor, *The chief Choir*. This, although at preſent only a very ſmall place, had formerly ſo much importance, as to be denominated from its

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ſize Bangor Vawr, *The Great Bangor*, to diſtinguiſh it probably from Bangor is-coed in Flintſhire. It is ſeated in a vale, from the back of which ariſe the vaſt mountains of Caernarvonſhire. The ſtreets are narrow, and the houſes bad and irregular: a ſpirit of improvement would, however, render it one of the moſt beautiful places in Great Britain. From the entrance either way it is ſeen to advantage, the ſquare tower of its cathedral, and ſome of the beſt houſes which are near it, preſenting themſelves from among the trees. The cathedral is ſmall, but every thing around it is now kept exceedingly neat. From near the churchyard there is a fine proſpect of part of Angleſea, and the town and bay of Beaumaris.

Hiſtory has recorded, though with what truth it is impoſſible now to ſay, that Condagius, a king of Britain, who reigned about eight hundred years prior to the coming of Chriſt, erected here a *temple*, which he dedicated to Minerva *.

On an eminence at a little diſtance from Bangor was formerly a *caſtle* built by Hugh, earl of Cheſter, ſome time during the reign of William Rufus †. It has been ſo long demoliſhed, that even the period of its deſtruction cannot be aſcertained.

* Leland's Coll. de Reb. Brit. vol. ii. p. 425.

† Speed, ch. xiv. p. 123.

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History of the Cathedral.

Deiniol ap Dunawd or Dinothus, abbot of Bangor if-coed in Flintſhire, founded here ſome time about the year 525, a college for the inſtruction of youth and ſupport of clergy, intending it probably as a cell or appurtenant to that celebrated monaſtery. It had ſcarcely been founded thirty years, when Maelgwn Gwynedd raiſed it into a biſhopric, dedicated the new church to Deiniol, and created him the firſt biſhop. This prince intended at the time to ſurrender his dominion to other hands, and to adopt the profeſſion of religion himſelf: but the world had too many charms to ſuffer him to leave it, the reſolution, therefore, was ſcarcely formed before it was deſtroyed. He had been hurried on through his whole life by unreſtrained paſſion, and it was found too ſevere a forfeiture to ſurrender himſelf to the tame unvaried life of a monaſtery. If, however, we may believe the writers of this period, he became a convert in his latter days; but we have little other proof of this, than his founding ſeveral places dedicated to offices of religion, and theſe alone would have ſecured their good opinions. In his public character he appears notwithſtanding to have always ſhewn himſelf a brave man, and a noble and magnanimous prince.—Deiniol died about four years after his creation, and was interred in the iſle of Bardſey.

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In the tenth century Edgar coming into North Wales, confirmed all the former privileges: he alſo gave to the college a conſiderable quantity of land, and founded a new chapel on the ſouth ſide of the cathedral, which he dedicated to the bleſſed Virgin. This was afterwards converted into a chantry of ſinging prieſts, and is at preſent ſuppoſed to form part of the vicar's houſe.

The cathedral has been ſeveral times deſtroyed during the troubles in which this country has been involved; in the reigns of William the Conqueror, king John, Henry III., and Henry IV. After the latter demolition, which was by the army of Owen Glyndwr, it remained in ruins near ninety years, when the choir was rebuilt by the biſhop, Henry Dean or Denys, formerly prior of Lanthony. He recovered many parcels of land belonging to the ſee, and was alſo himſelf a great benefactor. The tower and the nave, as well as the palace, were built in the year 1532 by biſhop Sheffington: the biſhop, however, died, and the tower was left at little more than half the intended height. He gave three bells to the church, and directed in his will that his executors ſhould provide a fourth, but they refuſed in every reſpect to complete what he had begun. On the tower was this inſcription, become now illegible:

"Thomas Sheffington epiſcopus Bangorenſis hoc campanile et hanc eccleſiam fieri fecit, anno partus virginis 1532."

He died the year following.

It

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It appears that biſhop Bulkeley alienated many of the lands belonging to the ſee, and went ſo far as even to ſell the bells of the church. Rowlands, who was created in 1597, purchaſed either four or five bells, in lieu of thoſe ſold by his predeceſſor, new-roofed the cathedral, and founded in the town an hoſpital for ſix poor men.

The revenues at the diſſolution were valued at about a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* in the whole, and about a hundred and thirty clear. The dioceſe contains a hundred and ſeven pariſhes, thirty-ſix of which are impropriated.

Owen Gwynedd, prince of Wales, who died in 1169, is ſuppoſed to have been buried in the ſouth tranſept, beneath an arch with a flowery croſs cut on a flat ſtone. When Baldwyn, archbiſhop of Canterbury, viſited Wales, to preach the cruſades and invite ſoldiers to the holy wars, he ſaw his tomb, and directed the biſhop to remove the body out of the church as ſoon as he conveniently could: this was done on account of his having been excommunicated by Becket for marrying a firſt couſin, and continuing to cohabit with her till his death. The biſhop, in obedience to the charge, made, not long afterwards, a paſſage from the vault through the ſouth wall of the building, through which he cauſed the

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the body to be ſhoved ſecretly into the church-yard *.

At a little diſtance from the town there was formerly a *houſe of friars preachers*. This was founded about the year 1299 by Tudor ap Gronw, lord of Penmynydd and Trecaſtle. Some time during the reign of Edward VI. this building was converted into a free ſchool.

St. Mary's de Garthlaman, the ancient pariſh church, which ſtood about four hundred yards from the cathedral, appears to have been erected prior to the commencement of the fourteenth century.

Bangor Ferry,

Called by the Welſh Porthaethwy, *The Ferry of the confined Waters*, is about a mile beyond the town. Here the paſſengers from England to Ireland croſs the ſtrait of the Menai into Angleſea. The ferry-houſe is ſituated on the eaſtern bank of this elegant river, expanſive as ſome of the American torrents, and is certainly one of the moſt charmingly retired ſpots in the kingdom. Here is an inn to which moſt travellers reſort, from the unaccountable want of comfortable accommodation in the town †. The

* Yorke's Royal Tribes, p. 4, 5, who quotes the Hengwrt MSS.

† The charges at this inn are ſomewhat high, but the accommodations are fully equivalent.

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views from the houſe and garden are principally confined to the oppoſité ſhore and the intervening ſtream; but the numerous trading veſſels that paſs, about the tide of flood, the rocky banks, and altogether varied ſcene, are too pleaſing to be paſſed unnoticed even by the moſt taſteleſs traveller.

It was at this inn that I was, for the firſt time ſince my arrival in Wales, entertained with the muſic of the harp, the indigenous inſtrument of this country. The evening was approaching, and the ſun in retiring had caſt a golden tinge over all the objects around. I had ſeated myſelf in a window that commanded a full and moſt delightful proſpect of Angleſea, the iſle of the Druids, and I liſtened, in a pleaſing melancholy, to the ſweetly-flowing tones. A thouſand pleaſant ideas of times of old, "of the days of other years," floated on my imagination: the bardic æra now recurred, and the energetic lines of Gray croſſed my thoughts with more than uſual force.

Ruin ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
Confuſion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
They mock the air with idle ſtate.
Helm nor hauberk's twiſted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! ſhall avail,
To ſave thy ſoul from nightly fears;
From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!

In

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In the warmth of fancy I had entirely overlooked the perhaps neceſſary, though certainly cruel, policy of Edward I., in deſtroying, (if he did deſtroy, for it has by no means been ſatisfactorily aſcertained that he did), a race of men whoſe ſongs, deemed almoſt inſpired, could not be heard by the multitude without effects pregnant with the utmoſt danger to his people.

> Their ſkill'd fingers knew how beſt to lead
> Through all the maze of ſound the wayward ſtep
> Of harmony, recalling oft and oft,
> Permitting her unbridled courſe to ruſh
> Through diſſonance to concord, ſweeteſt then,
> E'en when expected harſheſt.

In the thirteenth century a *battle* was fought near Bangor Ferry, which none of the hiſtorians have mentioned. It is, however, deſcribed by a bard who lived about the time, Llywarch Brydydd y Moch, in a poem on the death of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth. His language is animated and expreſſive, and may be taken as a ſpecimen of the Welſh bardic ſtyle of that period. "Dark ran the purple gore over the breaſts of the warriors: loud was the ſhout; havoc and carnage ſtalked around. The blood-ſtained waves flowed over the broken ſpear, and mournful ſilence hung on the brows of the warriors. The briny wave, rolling into the channel, mingled with waves of blood. Furiouſly raged the ſpear, and the tide of blood ruſhed with force.

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force. Our attack was ſudden and fierce. Death was diſplayed in all its horrors. Noble troops, in the fatal hour, trampled on the dead, like prancing ſteeds. Before Rodri was ſubdued, the churchyards became like fallow ground."

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CHAP. XI.

Excursion from Bangor Ferry through Nant Frangon.

Port Penrhyn.—Fine Situation.—Writing-Slate Manufactory.—New Iron Rail-Road.—Lord Penrhyn's Slate Quarries.—Cottages of the Workmen.—Ogwen Bank.—Carnedd Llewelyn.—Nant Frangon.—Rude Landscape.—Falling of a Rock.—Beavers.—Waterfalls of Ben Glog.—Y Trivaen.—Anecdotes respecting two upright Stones on the Summit of Trivaen.—Llyn Ogwen.—New Road.

On the following morning I rose early that I might have sufficient time to examine the romantic vale of Nant Frangon, *The Beaver's Hollow*, and the different commercial undertakings of Lord Penrhyn and others in its neighbourhood. The boundary of my excursion I had fixed at Llyn Ogwen, about twelve miles distant, and the principle objects were to be Port Penrhyn, lord Penrhyn's slate quarries, and the waterfalls of Ben Glog.

I therefore repassed the town of Bangor, and took an early breakfast at the *Penrhyn Arms*, a comfortable and most delightfully situated inn that overlooks

Port

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Port Penrhyn.

This was built by his lordſhip from a deſign of B. Wyatt; and had it been large enough for general accommodation, would be a moſt eligible place for every traveller on pleaſure *. One end of the houſe, that commands a view over Beaumaris bay towards the ſea, is occupied by a ſubſcription news-room for the inhabitants of Bangor and its neighbourhood, and few places of this nature poſſeſs ſo much either of internal or external elegance. Mr. Wyatt's taſte is here very conſpicuous, not only in the neat deſign of the room, but in the choice of a ſituation commanding an uncommonly beautiful proſpect of land and water. This is the ſame in general character as that I have deſcribed from Mr. Lloyd's cottage in Lord Penrhyn's grounds †: but, in addition to all the elegance of that ſcene, the towers of Penrhyn caſtle from hence appear in front, riſing above the dark ſurrounding woods. Immediately below the bowling-green, into which the room opens, the obſerver has the buſy ſcene of the port. Here the appearance of the numerous veſſels with which this is at all times crowded, and the buſtle and noiſe that neceſſarily attend the ſhipping of goods, form a ſingular contraſt with the other mild and beautiful features.

* No carriages are kept here. † See p. 163.

From

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From the inn I deſcended to the *quay*. On one ſide of this there is a long yellow building, in which is carried on one of the moſt extenſive manufactures of *writing-ſlates* in Great Britain. This belongs to Meſſrs. Worthington and Co. of Liverpool: and Wr. W. (to whoſe civility and attentions in himſelf conducting me through all his concerns in this neighbourhood, I acknowledge myſelf greatly indebted) informed me that as many as between three and four hundred dozen were, on an average, manufactured here every week. A few inkſtands, and ſome other fancy articles, are alſo made, but theſe are found not to anſwer to any extent. The ſlates uſed are of the fineſt quality that the quarries afford. The proceſs of ſmoothing and framing them is extremely ſimple, and unneceſſary here to be deſcribed.

Port Penrhyn is principally uſed by veſſels coming from different parts of the kingdom for the ſlates obtained from lord Penrhyn's quarries, between five and ſix miles diſtant. About ſix hundred tons are ſhipped per week. Theſe, for many years, were conveyed to the port at an enormous expence, by means of carts and horſes, but his lordſhip has juſt completed an iron rail-road that extends all the way from the quarries quite round the quay. Two horſes are now able, in fifteen waggons, chained to each other, to draw upwards of twelve ton of ſlates along the levels. Notwithſtanding the general mountainous character of the country, there are no more

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than four inclined planes (beſides thoſe in the quarry) on the whole of the road; and the longeſt of theſe extends two hundred and twenty yards. At the top of each there is a windlaſs, where, by means of a lever preſſed againſt the cylinder, the velocity of the full waggons going down, and drawing up the empty ones, is regulated. Only three waggons, when I ſaw them, were ſuffered to go down at once, and in the longeſt plane the whole fifteen occupied about twenty minutes in paſſing. By means of this road, as the waggon wheels are concave, and, running on the top of a narrow circular bar, have conſequently but little friction, the ſlates come down in a much ſhorter time than they did before. Formerly, betwixt three or four hundred horſes were uſed in the work, which is now performed by no more than ſix or eight. The ſaving from this is not only very material to lord Penrhyn, but the difference in expenditure of hay and corn, in a country where ſo little can be grown, and of various other articles of common utility, is of material importance to the people at large. Beſides ſlates, there are ſhipped at Port Penrhyn, hones, paint, dry colours, chert, &c. to Liverpool and various other parts.—Veſſels of about three hundred tons burthen can come up to load at the quay.

Purſuing the rail-road I arrived, after a walk of about two hours, at

LORD

Lord Penrhyn's Slate Quarries,

Which are in a place called Braich y Cafn, in the mountains on the ſouth-weſt ſide of Nant Frangon. Here I found ſeveral immenſe openings, with ſides and bottoms as rude as imagination can paint, that had been formed in the getting of the ſlate. On firſt ſurveying them, a degree of ſurprize is excited how ſuch yawning chaſms could have been formed by any but the immediate operations of nature; and even on more mature reflection our aſtoniſhment at the efforts of man does not altogether ſubſide. But it is alſo within the laſt twelve years that this has been chiefly effected, for, previous to that period, the quarries ſcarcely produced to lord Penrhyn above ſix or eight guineas a year, ſome of his tenants here having a leaſe of the eſtate for twenty-one years, at the ſmall rent of only a guinea a year each. The unexpired part of this leaſe his lordſhip purchaſed when he firſt determined to get the ſlates to a greater extent himſelf. When he firſt came into poſſeſſion of his property in Wales, the quarries were in ſo low a ſtate, that the annual exports did not exceed a thouſand tons: on all his eſtates in Nant Frangon there were but three carts, and the roads were altogether ſo bad as to be almoſt impaſſable.

As a place to engage the attention of the touriſt, few will be found more worthy than this quarry, which, even in ſingularity of appearance, great

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depth, and the rude forms of the remaining rocks, will ſcarcely be found inferior to the copper-mines in Angleſea. The buſtle of the workmen on the various ledges, the breaking up of the ſtrata, and the noiſes of ſplitting and ſhaping, with at intervals the roar of a blaſt, and the ſubſequent craſh of the pieces thrown in every direction, will be novel to moſt of the travellers through this country.

Nearly oppoſite to the quarry is a ſmall *public houſe*, where the traveller may obtain ſuch poor, yet acceptable refreſhment, as the neighbourhood affords, viz. bacon, eggs, and ale: and he will find the inhabitants, at leaſt equally cleanly, with any among the mountains.—In different parts around are ſcattered the white-waſhed cottages of the workmen, built from the deſigns of Mr. Wyatt, and on the exterior, affording at a little diſtance, an air of conſiderable neatneſs and comfort, but from the broken windows, and the ragged and filthy appearance of the children of two or three into which I ventured to put my head, nothing but the extreme of wretchedneſs and poverty could be ſuppoſed to reign within.

By the road-ſide not far diſtant, lord Penrhyn has erected a large mill for the purpoſe of ſawing the ſlate into ſlabs, for grave ſtones, cottage hearths, mantle pieces, fences, &c.

Deſcending from the ſlate quarry, I croſſed the road to viſit lady Penrhyn's grounds at

OGWEN

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OGWEN BANK,

Of which a Welſh writer has ſaid, though perhaps ſomewhat affectedly, that "'tis an acre of *Tempe* among the rocks of *Norway!*" In theſe grounds there is a ſmall ornamental building containing a dining-room and ſuch other accommodations as are neceſſary for the family or their friends in their viſits to the quarry. In front of this the ſtream of the river Ogwen breaks in a ſmall caſcade among the rocks. The grounds are laid out in too *gay* a ſtile to accord with the bleakneſs of the ſurrounding mountain ſcenery, yet prejudice itſelf muſt allow that it is on the whole a moſt delightful ſpot.

I do not remember from what exact point it was that the ſummit of the celebrated mountain

CARNEDD LLEWELYN

Was pointed out to me: it, however, appeared in a direction exactly weſt, and in a ſtraight line, was ſcarcely more than three miles diſtant. Except Snowdon, which exceeds it not more than fifteen or twenty yards, this is the higheſt of the Welſh mountains. Its rocks are ſaid to afford to the botaniſt numerous alpine plants, but one in particular, *Ajuga alpina*, that has not hitherto been elſewhere found in Wales.—The neighbouring inhabitants have a tradition, that formerly a giant called Rhitta had his reſidence on

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this mountain, and, as in all other ſtories of giants, that he was the terror of the whole country. They even aſſert that he wore a garment woven from the beards of ſeveral of the princes and moſt redoubted warriors whom he had ſlain in combat. —Taking leave of our giant and his reſidence at the ſame time, I ſhall deſcend into the rude mountain vale of

NANT FRANGON,

The Beaver's Hollow. This tremendous glen is deſtitute of wood, and almoſt even of cultivation, except in a narrow ſlip of meadow, that lies along its bottom. The ſides, however, which are truly,

> Huge hills that heap'd in crowded order ſtand,

ſufficiently repay their want of verdure, by the pleaſing and fantaſtic appearance of the rocks that compoſe them. Theſe riſe abruptly from their baſe, and ſtretch their barren points into the clouds, unvaried with trees or ſhrubs, and uncheered even by the cottager's hut.

In the year 1685, part of a rock of one of the impending cliffs at the upper end of this vale, became ſo undermined by ſtorms and rain, that, looſing its hold, it fell down in ſeveral immenſe maſſes, and in its paſſage along one of the ſteep and ſhaggy cliffs, diſlodged ſome hundreds of other pieces. Many of theſe were intercepted in their progreſs

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progreſs into the vale, but ſo much forced its way to the bottom as entirely deſtroyed a ſmall piece of meadow ground, and ſeveral of the fragments were thrown at leaſt two hundred yards aſunder. In this accident one great ſtone, the biggeſt remaining piece of the upper rock, made in its deſcent, a trench as large as thoſe in which the mountain ſtreams uſually run: this is yet pointed out by the inhabitants of the vale. When it came down to the plain, it continued its paſſage through a ſmall meadow, and acroſs the river Ogwen, and lodged itſelf on the oppoſite bank.

There are many places in Wales that have received their appellation from the beaver, but particularly ſeveral pools called Llyn yr Avangc, or *Beaver's Pools*. Theſe naturally lead us to ſuppoſe that, ſome centuries ago, the beaver was found wild in the neighbourhood of ſuch places. Indeed Giraldus Cambrenſis, in his *Itinerarium Cambriæ*, written about the year 1188, has aſſerted that this was the caſe; and he mentions that beavers were found in conſiderable numbers about one of the rivers in Cardiganſhire. They were called by the Welſh, with peculiar propriety, Lloſt-Lydan, or the *Broad-Tailed Animals*; and in the early centuries the ſkins conſtituted one of the chief articles of finery that the Britons poſſeſſed, and were valued at a price five or ſix times greater than that of any other animals.

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The mountains at the upper end of this vale form a ſcene ſingularly grand: on each ſide the hollow appears guarded by a huge conical rock, Trivaen on the right, and Braich Dû on the left. Theſe, with Glyder Bach and Glyder Vawr, *The Leſſer and Greater Glyder*, and ſome others, fill up the diſtance, and ſo cloſe the vale, that no acceſs could poſſibly be ſuppoſed to be had from beyond them *.

Waterfalls of Ben Glog.

At the end of the vale the road winds up a ſteep rock, betwixt Trivaen and Braich Dû, called Ben Glog. And from the bottom, at the diſtance of about half a mile on the left, may be ſeen the three falls of the Ogwen. Theſe are called Rhaiadr Benglog, *The Cataracts of Benglog* †, and they are ſo fine that the traveller in ſearch of romantic ſcenery will be highly gratified by viſiting them. I deſcended from the road into the bottom of the vale, and went along the bank of the river till I arrived at the foot of the lower cataract. Here

* Near this place, by a little gothic cottage, there is a ſmall *hone quarry*. The ſtones obtained here are ſaid to equal the Turkey hones in quality. Theſe are taken to a mill at Llandygai to be ſawn and ground into ſhape. When I was here, the quarry was worked by only a ſingle man.

† *Benglog* ſignifies a ſkull; and the name is here taken from the appearance of the rocks.

the

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the ſtream roared with vaſt fury, and in one ſheet of foam, down an unbroken and almoſt perpendicular rock. The ſun ſhone directly upon it, and a priſmatic bow was beautifully formed by the ſpray. The tremendous roar of the water, and the broken and uncouth diſpoſition of the immediately ſurrounding rocks, added greatly to the intereſt of the ſcene.—After a while I climbed a rocky ſteep to the ſecond or middle fall. Here the river is precipitated, in a fine ſtream, through a chaſm between two perpendicular rocks that each riſe ſeveral yards above. From the ſtation I took, the immenſe mountain Trivaen was ſeen to fill up the wide ſpace at the top, and to form a rude and ſublime diſtance, heightened greatly in effect by a dark aërial tint ariſing from the extreme heat of the day, and the lowering clouds that were floating around it. The maſſes of black rocks, ſurrounded by foam, near the top of the fall, I could have fancied were floating along the torrent, and ruſhing to the bottom. The ſtream widens as it deſcends, and below paſſes over a ſlanting rock, which gives it a ſomewhat different direction. In the foreground was the rugged bed of the ſtream, and the water was ſeen to daſh in various directions among the broken maſſes of rock.—The third cataract, to which I now clambered, I found very grand and majeſtic, yet by no means equal to either of the former.—Theſe waterfalls are ſcarcely known in the adjacent country, and have been unaccountably omitted

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omitted even in Mr. Pennant's Tour, although this gentleman accurately deſcribes moſt of the ſcenery around them.

Leaving the falls, the trouble of viſiting which had been amply repaid by the pleaſure I had derived from them, I regained the road.—On croſſing the upper end of the vale, I was delighted with a very beautiful and unexpected view for nearly its whole length, where the mountains down each ſide appeared, to a great diſtance, falling off in beautiful perſpective.

Y Trivaen,

The Three Summits, ſo called from its appearing on one ſide to have three ſeparate heads, forms, as I have before ſaid, the right boundary of this extremity of the hollow. It is ſingular from having on its higheſt point two tall upright ſtones, which from below have the appearance of two men ſtanding together. Theſe are each about fourteen feet high, and they are not more than a yard and a half aſunder. So exact is their reſemblance to human figures, (for the eye does not take cognizance of their diſtance, and conſequently their real ſize is not diſcovered,) that I am by no means ſurprized at the circumſtance of many travellers having been deceived in fancying them a Welſh touriſt and his guide. I was credibly informed that one gentleman who was on horſeback, ſtopped by the edge of

Llyn

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Llyn Ogwen, (for this is the place from whence alone they can be ſeen,) near half an hour to watch their motions; but being ſomewhat ſooner ſatisfied with gazing at them than he thought they were at the ſurrounding country, he rode on to Capel Curig, where he related the circumſtance, adding an expreſſion of ſurprize at their remaining ſo long on one ſpot. The people at the public houſe laughed heartily at the joke, and immediately undeceived him. A gentleman of my acquaintance, alſo, who laſt ſummer was in the country, related to me ſome particulars of his journey, and among other things told me, that having paſſed through Nant Frangon a little way, he obſerved on the top of one of the mountains two men that ſeemed very earneſtly engaged in admiring the country. He ſaid, that although he went on very ſlowly, and was conſtantly looking back at them, till an intervening rock ſhut them from his ſight, yet they ſtill remained in the ſame poſition. This ſtory was told ſo ſeriouſly, that it was not without difficulty I could keep my countenance to hear it to the end; and even when I had, I could ſcarcely perſuade him that his men were nothing but blocks of ſtone *.

* This mountain will be more particularly deſcribed in an enſuing chapter.

LLYN

Llyn Ogwen,

The ſource of the little river Ogwen, is a tolerable large pool, for it does not deſerve the appellation of lake, well ſtocked with trout, and ſome other kinds of fiſh common to mountain pools.—Near this place the ſcenery changes its rough aſpect, and aſſumes a more placid, but ſtill rude character, which it retains for ſome miles.

New Road.

An act of parliament was laſt year obtained for forming a road from near Llanrwſt to Bangor Ferry, on which the mail-coach from London to Holyhead now runs. Till within theſe few years, the road along theſe vales was a mere horſe-path, and that one of the worſt in the country. To the liberality and public ſpirit of lord Penrhyn it is that the public are indebted for the commencement, and for half the execution of this uſeful undertaking, for the road from Bangor Ferry to Capel Curig was made a few years ago at his lordſhip's own expence. The principal advantages of this new road conſiſt in having upwards of ten miles ſaved (in thirty-eight) betwixt Capel Voelas and Bangor Ferry; and in its going almoſt entirely along vallies in the moſt mountainous and romantic parts of North Wales, and thus avoiding the immenſe ſteeps of Penmaen Mawr and Sychnant.

There

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There is only one material declivity, that of Ben Glog, (betwixt Llyn Ogwen and Nant Frangon,) the whole way. The principal objection to the road ſeems to ariſe from the circumſtance of immenſe drifts of ſnow in winter rolling down from the mountains into the vallies, and at times entirely blocking up the paſſage, againſt which, unhappily, there can be no remedy.

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CHAP. XII.

BANGOR TO CAERNARVON.

Fine Scenery.—Caernarvon.—Extenſive Proſpect.—Llanbublic Church.—Harbour.—Caernarvon Caſtle.—Birth of Edward, firſt Prince of Wales.—Hiſtory of Caernarvon Caſtle.—Privileges and Government of the Town.—The fourteen Privileges of the Men of Arvon.—Segontium.—Roman Mode of Building.—Britiſh Court.—Jumpers.—Obſervations on the Cauſes of Methodiſm.

LONG before I had conceived the thought of making a tour through Wales, I had been told much in praiſe of the ride from Bangor to Caernarvon. It had invariably been repreſented to me as affording more exquiſite ſcenery than almoſt any other part of the country.—For four miles I ſauntered along from the inn, expecting every moment to be delighted with a proſpect of theſe boaſted ſcenes, and was indulging ſome reflections, not altogether favourable to the taſte and judgment of my informers, when, on a ſudden turn of the road, the ſtraits of Menai, the well wooded iſland of Angleſea, and beyond theſe the far diſtant Rival mountains on one ſide, opened into a placid ſcene, whilſt the black precipices and ſhagged ſides of the rocks of Caernarvonſhire on the other, formed a moſt delightful contraſt. This tranſition was ſo momentary,

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momentary, that it ſeemed almoſt the effect of enchantment. Proceeding onward, the town and caſtle of Caernarvon after a while entered the ſcene, and completed a landſcape one of the moſt charming I ever beheld.

At Caernarvon I went to the hotel, an inn built a few years ago by the earl of Uxbridge on a very extenſive ſcale. It is an elegant ſtone building ſtanding on the left of the entrance into the town, a little above the Menai, of which it commands an extended proſpect. This inn affords the beſt of accommodations; but in ſo large a houſe, where an eſtabliſhment is to be kept through the whole year for the ſake of only three of four of the ſummer months, the touriſt muſt not be ſurprized in finding the charges ſomewhat higher than in the *Welſh* inns.—Any perſon fond of the water may here be accommodated with a little decked veſſel containing two beds, and a cabin capable of holding about ten perſons. The charge for it is a guinea a day.

CAERNARVON *

Is, on the whole, by much the moſt beautiful town in North Wales. It is ſituated on the eaſtern bank of the Menai, the ſtrait that divides the iſle of Angleſea from the other parts of Wales, and is

* This name is properly *Caer yn Arfon*, which ſignifies a walled town in the diſtrict oppoſite to Angleſea: *Ar fôn* or *Ar môn* implies oppoſite to Mona.

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a place extremely well adapted to afford during ſummer a few months retreat for a thinking mind from the buſy ſcenes of the world.—Its ſituation between the mountains and the iſland renders it a convenient place of reſidence for travellers who wiſh to viſit both.

The walls round the town are even yet nearly entire, and, as well as the caſtle, ſeem to bear much the ſame external appearance which they did in the time of their founder Edward I. They have in them a number of round towers, and two principal gates, entrances to the town. Over one of theſe is a ſpacious room, which is uſed as the town-hall, and in which the dancing aſſemblies are frequently held.—The houſes are, for the moſt part, tolerably regular, but the ſtreets, as in all other ancient towns, are very narrow and confined. —On the outſide of the walls there is a broad and very pleaſant terrace walk along the ſide of the Menai, extending from the quay to the north end of the town walls, which is the faſhionable promenade, in fine evenings, for all deſcriptions of people.—The court-houſe, in which the great ſeſſions for the county are held, and where all the county buſineſs is done, ſtands nearly oppoſite to the caſtle gates.—The cuſtom-houſe, a ſmall and mean building, is on the outſide of the walls, not far from the quay.

From the top of Tuthill, the rock beyond the hotel, I had an excellent bird's-eye view of the

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town. From hence the caſtle, and the whole of the town walls, are ſeen to the greateſt advantage; and, on a fine day, the iſle of Angleſea, bounded on two ſides by the Holyhead, and Paris mountains, appears ſpread out like a map beneath the eye. Sometimes, even the far diſtant mountains of Wicklow may be ſeen towering beyond the channel. On the oppoſite ſide to theſe is the fine and varied range of Britiſh Alps, where Snowdon, whoſe

> Hoary head,
> Conſpicuous many a league, the mariner,
> Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
> Greets, with three cheers, exulting,

is ſeen to far overtop the reſt.

Caernarvon is in the pariſh of Llanbublic, and the *church* is ſituated about half a mile from the town. In this, which contains nothing curious except a marble monument, with two recumbent figures of ſir William and lady Griffith, of Penrhyn, who died in the year 1587, the ſervice is always performed in the Welſh language. There is an Engliſh ſervice every Sunday morning and afternoon, in the chapel of eaſe to this church, ſituated in the north-weſt corner of the town walls, and formerly built for the uſe of the garriſon. The former of theſe is generally very well attended.

At Caernarvon there is a ſmall, but tolerably good harbour. This is uſed principally by the veſſels that trade there for ſlates, of which many thouſand tons are exported every year to different

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parts of the kingdom. Theſe ſlates are brought from Cilgwyn, *The White Receſs*, in the pariſh of Llanllyfni; Cefyn Dû, *The Black Ridge*, in the pariſh of Llanrûg: and Allt Dû, *The Black Cliff*, in the mountains on the north-eaſt ſide of the pools of Llanberis.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

The entrance into this ſtupendous monument of ancient grandeur is through a lofty gateway, over which is yet left a mutilated figure, ſuppoſed by moſt writers to be that of Edward I. In this gate there are the grooves of no fewer than four portculliſes, evidences of the former ſtrength of the fortreſs. The building is large but irregular, and much more ſhattered within, than, from viewing it on the outſide, one would be led to imagine. The towers are chiefly octagonal, but three or four of them have each ten ſides: among the latter is the *Eagle Tower*, the largeſt and by far the moſt elegant in the whole building. This tower, which received its name from the figure of an eagle yet left (though ſomewhat mutilated) at the top of it, ſtands at one end of the oblong court of the caſtle, and has three handſome turrets iſſuing from it.

It was in the Eagle Tower that Edward, the firſt prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II., was born on St. Mark's day, the 25th of April 1284*.

* Matt. Weſt. 372.

Pennant

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Pennant ſays, that the prince was brought forth "in a little dark room not twelve feet long, nor eight in breadth." This aſſertion he alleges to be founded on tradition, but I cannot conceive how that gentleman ſhould retain the opinion after he had once examined the place. This room has indeed had a window and a fire-place in it, but it very evidently was nothing more than a paſſage-room to ſome of the other apartments, which, though nearly the moſt magnificent in the caſtle, muſt, during the queen's confinement, have been ſhut up as uſeleſs. There ſeems to me no doubt, but that, when Edward ſent for his queen from England, he provided for her a more magnificent bed-chamber than this, which, beſides being extremely inconvenient at ſuch a time, muſt, from its ſmallneſs alone, have been exceedingly unhealthful. If the prince was born in the Eagle Tower, it muſt have been in one of the rooms, occupying in width the whole inſide, in an apartment ſuitable to the majeſty of the heir apparent to the Engliſh throne, and not as honeſt Coleforks, who has the care of the caſtle, and who pointed out to me the place, ſaid, "in ſuch a dog-hole as this."—From the top of the Eagle Tower I was highly gratified by a very extenſive view of the iſle of Angleſea, the Menai, and the country for many miles round.

At the other end of the court, and oppoſite to this tower, is a gate called the Queen's Gate. This is ſaid to be that through which the faithful

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Eleanor, queen of Edward I., firſt entered the caſtle. It appears to have been guarded by two portcullifes, and it anciently had a communication with the outſide of the caſtle by means of a draw-bridge over a deep moat. At preſent it is conſiderably above the level of the ground, owing probably to the moat having been filled up with earth from this part.

The ſtate apartments are larger, and appear to have been much more commodious, than any of the others. The windows were wide, and not inelegant for the times. On the outſide, the building containing theſe apartments is ſquare, but I was ſurprized, on going into them, to find all the rooms perfectly polygonal, the ſides being formed out of the vaſt thickneſs of the walls.—The floors and ſtaircaſes throughout the caſtle are, except one or two, beaten in and demoliſhed.

A narrow gallery, or covered way, formerly extended round this fortreſs, by which, during a ſiege, a communication could be had with the other parts without danger. On one ſide this gallery remains yet undemoliſhed. It was next to the outer wall, and was lighted by narrow ſlits that ſerved as ſtations, from whence arrows, and other miſſile weapons, could be diſcharged with advantage upon the enemy.

The caſtle occupies the whole weſt end of the town; and was a place of ſuch ſtrength, as, before the introduction of artillery, to withſtand the moſt furious attacks of an enemy. The exterior walls are

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are in general about nine feet thick. It is bounded on two ſides by water: the third ſide appears to have been defended by a ditch, and the fourth was towards the town, where probably the ſame ditch might formerly have been continued.

From a heap of rubbiſh near the end of the court oppoſite to the Eagle Tower, an echo may be heard which repeats ſeveral ſyllables very diſtinctly. There is only a ſingle reverberation, and it comes from ſome part of that tower.

Caernarvon caſtle, it has very juſtly been obſerved, from whatever point, or at whatever diſtance it is viewed, has a romantic ſingularity, and an air of dignity that commands an awe, at the ſame time that it pleaſes the beholder. Its ivy-clad walls appear in ſome parts to be going faſt to decay, while in others they even yet retain their ancient exterior.

It is more than probable that the town of Caernarvon had its origin in the Roman city of Segontium, about half a mile diſtant, and that it is not, as many have ſuppoſed, indebted for its name to Edward I., for *the fort in Arvon*, or in the hundred oppoſite to Angleſea, as the name indicates, would apply with equal propriety to the ancient city, as to this more modern fortreſs. The town, however, there is no doubt, was the creation of Edward, and it was moſt probably formed principally from the ruins of the old ſtation.

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History of Caernarvon Castle.

After this politic monarch had ſubdued the Welſh, he began to think of ſecuring his conqueſts by erecting ſeveral ſtrong holds in different parts of Wales. And as it appeared to him that Caernarvonſhire, on account of its mountains and moraſſes, was a country very likely to encourage inſurrections, he determined to guard as much as poſſible againſt ſuch, by erecting the caſtles of Conwy and Caernarvon, two of the ſtrongeſt in the whole principality *.

We are informed by Mr. Pennant, from the authority of the Sebright manuſcripts, that Edward began this caſtle in the beginning of 1283, and completed it within that year †. A record, however, formerly belonging to the exchequer of Caernarvon, ſtates deciſively that it occupied twelve years in building. The revenues of the archbiſhopric of York, which about that time was vacant, were applied towards defraying the expences ‡.

The reaſon of the queen of Edward I. being brought here to bring forth her child, I have already mentioned in the account of the village of Rhyddlan.

Very few events relative to Caernarvon or its caſtle have been given to poſterity. In an inſurrection of the Welſh, during a fair, in the year

* Carte, ii. 196. † Pennant, ii. 215. ‡ Groſe, vii. 8.

1294,

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1294, the town was ſuddenly attacked: after the ſurrender it was ſet on fire, and all the Engliſh found within the walls were murdered in cool blood *.—This place, in 1404, was blockaded by Owen Glyndwr's adherents, but was bravely defended for the king by Jevan ap Meredydd and Meredydd ap Hwlkin Llwyd of Glyn Llivon in Evionedd. During the ſiege Jevan died in the caſtle, and his body was conveyed out privately by ſea to be buried in his pariſh church of Llanvihangel. Owen's men, at length finding all their efforts to take the caſtle fruitleſs, thought proper to raiſe the ſiege, and retire to haraſs the Engliſh in ſome other quarter †.

After the conqueſt of Wales by Edward I., a court of chancery and exchequer was inſtituted at Caernarvon for the government of the northern diviſion of the principality. This court was holden in the caſtle, and the judge was empowered to hear and determine cauſes of every deſcription. In caſe of error of judgment, appeal was made either to what was denominated an eſpecial juſtice of itinerance, or to the parliament of England, but in no caſe to the Engliſh courts of juſtice at Weſtminſter ‡.

* Hen. de Knyghton, 2502. Tho. Walſhingham, 26. Holinſhed, ii. 273.

† Plas Gwyn MSS.

‡ Cotton MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum; *Vitellius*, C. i.

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The firſt governor of the caſtle appointed by Edward, had a ſalary of two hundred marks, from which he was to ſupport his own family, and to keep eighty men, of whom fifteen were to be ſkilled in the uſe of the croſs-bow, one was to be the chaplain, one the ſurgeon, and another the ſmith. Subſequent to this period, when the conſtable of the caſtle was alſo captain of the town, he had uſually ſixty pounds *per annum*, but ſometimes only forty: even in the 44th of Elizabeth the conſtable of the caſtle had no more than ſixty pounds a year. The regular garriſon allowed was only twenty-four ſoldiers, but in caſes of emergency others no doubt were ſent to their aid, as this number muſt have been much too ſmall to withſtand any vigorous attack *.

Caernarvon was ſeized in the year 1644, for the parliament, by captain Swanly, who took at the ſame time four hundred priſoners, and a great quantity of arms and ammunition †. It muſt have been ſoon afterwards retaken; for, in the following year, I find it amongſt the caſtles that were fortified for the king ‡. Lord Byron was appointed governor, but, on its being attacked in 1646 by general Mytton and general Langhorn, he ſurrendered it on honourable terms §.

* Cotton MSS. Pennant, ii. 216. † Whitelock, 87.
‡ Ruſhworth, part iv. vol. i. p. 21. § Whitelock, 208.

General

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General Mytton and colonel Maſon were beſieged here in 1648 by ſir John Owen with a ſmall force conſiſting of only a hundred and fifty horſe, and a hundred and twenty foot ſoldiers; and it is by no means improbable that the bravery of this handful of men would have been crowned with ſucceſs, had not notice been brought to ſir John that a conſiderable detachment from the parliament's army were on their march to join Mytton. He immediately drew off his troops from the caſtle, and determinately marched to attack them. The two forces met on the ſands betwixt Conwy and Bangor, and, after a furious encounter, his party was routed, thirty of his men were killed, and himſelf, and about a hundred others, were taken priſoners. After this conteſt, the whole of North Wales became ſubject to the parliament *.

The property of Caernarvon caſtle is at preſent in the crown. It was formerly held by the Wynnes of Glynllivon and Gwydir, the Bulkeleys of Baron Hill, and the Moſtyns of Gloddaeth †.

The Privileges and Government of the Town.

Edward I. granted to this place many privileges and immunities to ſeduce, no doubt, if he could, the inhabitants into his intereſt. The principal of

* Ruſhworth, part iv. vol. ii. p. 1146. Whitelock, 311.
† Groſe, vii. 9.

theſe

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theſe were, that Caernarvon ſhould be a free borough; that the conſtable of the caſtle ſhould, for the time being, be mayor of the town; and that the burgeſſes might elect two bailiffs. He allowed the inhabitants to have their own priſon for all petty offences, which priſon was not to be ſubject to the ſheriff. They had alſo a merchant's guild, with this privilege, that if the bondſman of any perſon belonging to it dwelt within this town, having lands, and paying ſcot and lot for a year and a day, after that time he ſhould not be claimed by his lord, but ſhould remain free in the town. The inhabitants were, beſides, exempt throughout the kingdom from toll, laſtage, paſſage, murage, pontage, ſtallage, danegelt, and from all other cuſtoms and impoſitions whatſoever: and by the charter that gave to them theſe immunities, it was ordered that no Jews ſhould be permitted to reſide within the borough *. The burgeſſes of Caernarvon had alſo this very peculiar privilege, that none of them could be convicted of any crime between the rivers Conwy and Dovey, but by a jury of their own townſmen †.

The place is at preſent governed by a mayor, one alderman, two bailiffs, a town-clerk, and two ſergeants at mace.—The repreſentative in parliament is elected by the burgeſſes, in conjunction with thoſe of Pwllheli, Nefyn, and Criccieth. The

* Groſe, vii. 9. † Pennant, ii. 218.

right

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right of voting is in every one reſident or non-reſident, who has been admitted to his freedom *.

Whilſt I am ſpeaking of the privileges of the town of Caernarvon, it will not be improper to mention alſo

The Fourteen Privileges of the Men of Arvon.

Theſe originated in an expedition undertaken by Rhûn ap Maelgwn prince of North Wales, at the head of his army, to ſettle ſome affairs near the borders of Scotland. Being detained there a much longer time than he expected, the men of Arvon's wives concluded that their huſbands had all been ſlain, and united themſelves with the ſervants. On their return the ſoldiers were ſoon informed of the unfaithfulneſs of their wives, for their neighbours being obliged to yield priority to the men of Arvon, and deteſting their pride, took the firſt opportunity to ridicule and expoſe them. Rhûn, to palliate the diſgrace, and recompence their great ſervices, honoured them with fourteen privileges above their fellow ſoldiers. Theſe are found in a Welſh manuſcript (about 1000 years old) intitled the "Triades of the Iſle of Britain." Two of the privileges have been obliterated, the remaining twelve are as follow:

1. That the huſband ſhould have priority over his wife in the choice of horſes, ſwine, and geeſe, and in the choice of two oxen of the cattle, and a cart load of houſehold utenſils.

* Pennant, ii. 219.

2. That

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2. That the men of Arvon ſhould lead the vanguard of the army of North Wales.

3. That their beaſts ſhould be free from toll.

4. That they ſhould ſettle the boundaries of all the hundreds joining upon Arvon.

5. If any variance happened between two of the nine manors of Arvon, that the remaining ſeven, without the interference of any others, ſhould end the ſtrife.

6. That there ſhould be no beadle or bailiff in their hundred.

7. That the men of Arvon ſhould have the right of fiſhing in the three principal rivers which are in it.

8. That they ſhould not be tied to the hand-mill *.

9. That in their proceedings at law there ſhould be no delay.

10. That they ſhould not be obliged to pay for the horſes of ſtrangers, or of the minſtrels on their annual circuits.

11. That when they come to the palace of the prince, they ought not to go out for their lodging.

12. That whoever ſettled in Arvon, and lived within it for a year and a day, even though he were an alien, ſhould have all the liberties of an inborn or denizen.

About half a mile ſouth of Caernarvon there are yet to be ſeen a few walls, the ſmall remains of

SEGONTIUM †,

The ancient Roman city, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus. This appears to have been the principal ſtation that the Romans had in North

* The meaning of this is, that they ſhould not be compelled, as ſlaves, to grind corn at the hand-mills of the princes, or great men.

† This place is called by the Welſh *Caer Cuſteint*, the Fort of Conſtantine, and *Caer Segont*, the Fort of the river Seiont.

Wales,

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Wales, all the reſt being only ſubordinate ſtations. It received its name from the river Seiont, which riſes in the lower lake of Llanberis, paſſes under the walls, and diſcharges itſelf into the Menai near Caernarvon caſtle. Its form was an oblong; and it appears originally to have occupied about ſix acres of ground. The road which leads from Caernarvon to Beddgelert now divides it into two parts.

Not far from hence was the fort which belonged to it: this was alſo of an oblong figure, and ſtood upon about an acre of ground. The walls are at preſent about eleven feet high, and ſix in thickneſs, and at each corner there has formerly been a tower.

The Romans conſtructed their walls in a manner very different from that at preſent in uſe. They firſt placed the ſtones in order one upon another, generally in two courſes, the one regular, and the other zigzag. They then poured boiling mortar upon them, which, from its fluidity, inſinuated itſelf into all the hollows of the work, and thus bound the irregular pieces of ſtone, they frequently uſed, into a ſolid and moſt durable wall. The mortar of the walls of Segontium has, at this time, almoſt the hardneſs of ſtone.

Along the walls are three parallel rows of circular holes, each nearly three inches in diameter, which paſs through the whole thickneſs: and at the ends are others of a ſimilar kind. Much learned conjecture has been employed as to the original deſign

of

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of theſe holes. Some antiquaries have ſuppoſed them to have been uſed for diſcharging arrows through at an enemy, but their great length and narrowneſs render it impoſſible that this ſhould ever have been the caſe. Others have fancied they might have been left in the walls to admit air for the purpoſe of hardening the liquid cement that was poured in; but this cannot have been ſo, ſince there are ſuch at Saliſbury that appear to have been cloſed with ſtone at the ends, and others have been found even below the natural ſurface of the ground at Mancheſter. Mr. Whitaker, in his hiſtory of that place, which is a work of conſummate judgment and ſcience, ſays, that he by chance met with a hole that was accidentally laid open from end to end: this, he thought, diſcloſed the deſign of all the reſt, and he ſuppoſes, that as the Romans carried their ramparts upwards, they took off from the preſſure on the parts below, and gave a greater ſtrength to the whole, by turning little arches in their work, and fixing the reſt of the wall upon them. At Segontium, however, this cannot have been the caſe, for the holes are not only too ſmall, but are at by far too great a diſtance from each other to have been of any material uſe in lightening the work. It appears to me (notwithſtanding the circumſtance of holes of a ſimilar deſcription being ſaid to be found at Mancheſter below the ſurface of the ground), that theſe were formed for no other purpoſe than merely to bear the horizontal poles for

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for reſting the ſcaffolding upon, neceſſary in the building of the fabric: they may have been left unfilled up in order to admit air into the interior of the work, or for ſome other purpoſe with which we are not now acquainted. I am the more ſtrongly inclined to this conjecture from their being exactly parallel, and the rows at a proper height above each other to admit the maſons to work.

It was the opinion of Mr. Camden that this was the *Setantiorum Portus* of Ptolemy, but that place has been referred with greater propriety to the Neb of the Neſe, a high promontory in the river Ribble, about eight miles weſt of Preſton in Lancaſhire *.

We are informed in the Flores Hiſtoriarum, that the body of Conſtantius, the father of Conſtantine the Great, was diſcovered here in 1283, and afterwards interred in the adjoining church; although in another part of the ſame work we are told that he died at York †.

A chapel is ſaid to have been founded here by Helena, the daughter of Octavius, duke of Cornwall. This was ſtanding ſo lately as about a century ago ‡.

During part of the fourth century the iſland of Angleſea was ſo dreadfully infeſted with Iriſh and

* Whitaker's Hiſtory of Mancheſter, i. 180. 182.

† Matt. Weſtm. 130. and 371. ‡ Rowlands, 165.

Pictiſh

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Pictiſh rovers that Cadwallo, then prince of Wales, unable to reſtrain their proceedings, was reduced to the neceſſity of removing the Britiſh court from Aberffraw, where it had been fixed about two hundred years before by Caſwallon law hîr, *Caſwallon the long-handed*, to Segontium. Here it was continued about a century, till affairs became more ſettled in the iſland, when it was again fixed at Aberffraw by Roderic the Great, whence it was never afterwards removed till the country became ſubject to the Engliſh crown *.

JUMPERS.

Whilſt I was at Caernarvon, I was induced from motives of curioſity, more than once to attend the chapel of a ſingular branch of calviniſtical methodiſts, who, from certain enthuſiaſtical extravagancies which they exhibit in their religious meetings, are denominated *Jumpers*. Their ſervice here is in the Welſh language, and, as among other methodiſts, commences and concludes with a prayer. It is not till the laſt hymn is ſung that any uncommon ſymptoms are exhibited. The tune conſiſts only of a ſingle ſtrain, and the hymn having but one verſe, this verſe is, in conſequence, repeated over and over, ſometimes for half an hour, and ſometimes, if their ſpirit of enthuſiaſm is much excited, for upwards of an hour. With this begin

* Rowlands, 149. 172.

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their motions. It is ſung once or twice over without any apparent effect. The firſt motion to be obſerved is that of the upper parts of their body from right to left. They then raiſe their hands, and often ſtrike one hand violently againſt the other. Such is the effect produced even on ſtrangers, that I confeſs whenever I have been among them at theſe times, my intellects became greatly confuſed: the noiſe of their groaning and ſinging, or oftentimes rather bellowing, the clapping of their hands, the beating of their feet againſt the ground, the exceſſive heat of the place, and the various motions on all ſides of me, almoſt ſtupified my ſenſes. The leſs enthuſiaſtic move off ſoon after the hymn is begun: among theſe, every time I attended them, I obſerved the preacher to make one; he always threw a ſilk handkerchief over his head, and, deſcending from the pulpit, left his congregation to jump by themſelves. At intervals the word "*gogoniant*" (praiſe or glory!) is frequently to be heard. The concluſion of this extravagance, which bears much more the appearance of heathen orgies, than of the rational ſpirit of Chriſtian devotion, has been deſcribed by one of their own countrymen with more juſtice than I am able to give to it. "The phrenſy (he ſays) ſo far ſpreads, that to any obſervation made to them, they ſeem altogether inſenſible. Men and women indiſcriminately, cry and laugh, jump and ſing, with the wildeſt extravagance imaginable.

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That their dreſs becomes deranged, or the hair diſhevelled, is no longer an object of attention. And their raptures continue, till, ſpent with fatigue of mind and body, the women are frequently carried out in a ſtate of apparent inſenſibility. In theſe ſcenes, indeed, the youthful part of the congregation are principally concerned, the more elderly generally contenting themſelves in admiring, with devout gratitude, what they deem the operations of the ſpirit." Their exertions on theſe occaſions are ſo violent, that were they often repeated in the week, the health of the people muſt be materially affected. When they leave the place, they often ſeem ſo much exhauſted, as ſcarcely to be able to ſupport the weight of their bodies; and the hardeſt labour they could be employed in would not ſo much waſte the animal ſpirits, or weary their limbs, as an hour ſpent in this religious frenzy.

Beſides theſe common meetings, they have their general aſſemblies, which are held twice or thrice in the year at Caernarvon, Pwllheli, and Bala, in rotation. At the latter meetings they ſometimes aſſemble ſo many as five or ſix thouſand people, who come from all parts of the adjacent country to hear the popular preachers. The general meeting at Caernarvon is holden in the open air, upon the green near the caſtle. Here, not contented with their enthuſiaſtic extravagancies on the ſpot, many of the country people have been known to continue

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continue them for three or four miles of their road home *.

After ſo far deſcribing this ſingular ſect of enthuſiaſts, I may fairly be allowed a few obſervations on the general increaſe of methodiſm, and on what appear to me the modes of conduct to be adopted in order to check the torrent that ſeems bearing forward to overwhelm us in its vortex, and that appears to ſtrike deeply at the root of government, both in church and ſtate.—In too many inſtances the eſtabliſhed clergy muſt blame themſelves for the influx of methodiſm into their reſpective pariſhes. Buoyed up with the idea that the church is under the immediate protection of the ſtate, they look on as idle ſpectators, and careleſsly watch the trap, into which, ſome time or other, even they may themſelves fall. No one will contend that the clergy have not the power of keeping the great body of the people united to them. Talent is certainly not wanting, as is evident from the ſucceſs

* The following is an extract from a letter, well deſerving of notice, inſerted in the Gentleman's Magazine, for September 1799. It is dated from Denbigh, and has the ſignature W. M. B. —"What renders this ſect particularly dangerous is, that the preachers are, in general, inſtruments of Jacobiniſm, ſent into this country to diſſeminate their doctrines; and, I aſſure you, that *Paine's works*, and other books of the like tendency, *have been tranſlated into Welſh, and ſecretly diſtributed about by the leaders of this ſect*. Theſe are facts which may be depended on, and which are well known to many in this country as well as to myſelf."

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obtained by a ſet of men, many of whom are among the moſt ignorant and illiterate of the community. It is in too many inſtances the want of inclination and induſtry, on which the clergy ſplit. The non-reſidence of the beneficed clergy, and the paltry ſtipends of the curates, equally aid the cauſe of methodiſm. Where a clergyman, to obtain a livelihood, is under the neceſſity of ſerving ſeveral churches, the duty, from the indiviſibility of the perſon, is often hurried over with a careleſſneſs that ill becomes the ambaſſador of God. I could mention an inſtance of a clergyman in one of the midland counties, ſerving four cures, and teaching a ſchool; and all this for little more than a hundred pounds a year. This perſon has to ſupport a wife and children.—Religion, in too many caſes, is made, as an old writer has juſtly obſerved, "a ſtalking-horſe for intereſt and ambition;" the ſhadow only is preſent, whilſt the ſubſtance is far removed. Hence the innumerable inſtances of men who have enliſted under the banner of the ſhepherd, and yet ſtarve that flock which it is their duty to feed.—Another cauſe is the neglect of public worſhip among the higher claſſes of the community. Examples are of eſſential conſequence in influencing the actions of men; and where the common people obſerve that their ſuperiors in knowledge and ſtation are inattentive to their duty, at leaſt they have from this circumſtance ſome colour for their own neglect. —It if be aſſerted that the methodiſts increaſe their numbers

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numbers by the enthuſiaſtic rant which flows from their pulpits, and that it would ill become the members of the eſtabliſhment to adopt ſuch a mode of preaching, it is eaſy to reply, that the clergy are too often contented with *reading* dry and tedious eſſays on morality. The grand ſubject of human redemption, and the intereſting doctrines of revelation, ſeem kept entirely in the back ground. Even Cicero would have preached as much to the purpoſe as many of the Chriſtian paſtors of the preſent day. The irreverent mode in which the prayers are often read is alſo an evil that ſhould be corrected. The liturgy of our church, allowedly one of the fineſt compoſitions that ever flowed from the pen of man, is frequently hurried over in ſuch a manner, that the only merit ſeems to conſiſt in the expedition. The earneſtneſs of diſſenters in their extemporary prayers, often affords a ſtriking contraſt to this, which alone might induce ſome converts.—If the clergy are ſenſible of the danger to which the church may be expoſed by the continued increaſe of ſectaries, they ſhould exert all their abilities and all their influence to bring their ſtray ſheep again to the fold. They ſhould, in the place of moral eſſays, preach the goſpel of peace; and they ſhould prove that they are at leaſt as earneſt for the welfare of their flock, as thoſe who endeavour to lead them aſtray.—It has always appeared to me of eſſential importance, where the ſize of the pariſh would admit of its being done, that the clergyman ſhould make himſelf perſonally

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acquainted with all his parishioners. This would unite them to him, and prevent any attempts at what is called their conversion. There is no doubt, whatever, but the clergy might have the utmost influence in their respective parishes, if they only adopted the proper methods of obtaining it.—In pointing out these defects in the church, I have done it in the most anxious desire for its safety and protection. To have errors exposed, is assuredly the best mode of teaching how to avoid them; and the benefits arising to society from a religious establishment, are, in the present state of Christianity, of the utmost importance. This was too fully proved during the unhappy contests that took place a century and a half ago. If, therefore, I say, the clergy would only exert their talents and influence, the wild zeal, and furious bigotry that lays such hold on the passions of the illiterate part of the community, (which, it should ever be recollected, forms the great mass of the people,) would soon defeat the purposes for which they are adopted. Piety, and the steady principles of true religion, would flourish in the face of all the efforts of methodism. Let the clergy but be united, and deserve the character which they have pledged themselves to maintain, and every struggle of our adversaries to overturn the established church will but tend to unite its parts, and fix it still more firmly on its foundation.

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CHAP. XIII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO LLANBERIS.

Vale of Llanberis.—Picturesque Scene.—Road.—Cwm y Clo.—Fine Prospect.—Description of a Welsh Cottage.—Mode of getting into a House otherwise than through the Door.—Account of Margaret Uch Evan.—Vale of Llanberis.—Llanberis Pools.—Dolbadarn Castle.—St. Padarn.—Slate Quarry.—Cataract called Caunaunt Mawr.—Account of Bishop Goodman.—Anecdotes of Foulke Jones, a singularly strong Man.—Copper Mine.—Description of its Interior.—Village of Llanberis.—Public Houses.—Adventure in one of them.—Singular Elopement.—Church of Llanberis.—The Curate.—Account of a Welsh Funeral.—Well of St. Peris.—Anecdotes of Caddy of Cwm Glâs.—Cwm Glâs.—Grand Scenery.—Immense Stone.—Gorphwysfa.

THE walk from Caernarvon to Llanberis, *The Church of Peris*, a village about ten miles distant, I found, for the most part, rugged and unpleasant. The road, for nearly half way, lies over a flat barren country; and, beyond that, as far as Cwm y Clo, near the first or lower lake, over mountains, which, affording no varied prospects, are still dull and uninteresting. But when I had passed these, and was arrived in

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The Vale of Llanberis *,

A ſcene preſented itſelf ſo truly grand, that I do not recollect one equal to it, even in the moſt romantic parts of Weſtmoreland or Cumberland. It reminded me moſt of the ſcenery about Ulſwater; but this view, though much leſs extenſive, is ſtill more picturesque than any thing I ſaw there. The bold and prominent rocks, which aſcend almoſt immediately from the edges of the lakes, and tower into the ſky, caſt a pleaſing gloom upon the whole landſcape. The more diſtant mountains of the vale, emboſoming the moſs-grown village, with the meadowy flat around it, are ſeen retiring in lines croſſing behind in the moſt picturesque manner poſſible, whilſt the intermediate ſpace, betwixt the village and the obſerver, is filled up with a ſmall lake, whoſe waters, reflecting the mountains which bound it, contract their ſombre hue, and render the ſcene ſtill more intereſting. I could almoſt have fancied that nature untamed bore here an uninterrupted ſway amidſt the gloom and grandeur of theſe dreary rocks, had not the ſilence been, at intervals, interrupted by the loud blaſts from the neighbouring copper mine, which rolled like diſtant thunder along the atmoſphere.

In my walk to this place, I met on the road ſeveral women and boys, who were coming from

* This vale is alſo called Nant Beris, *The Hollow of Peris.*

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the mountains with horſes, ſome laden with peat (which is almoſt the only kind of fuel burnt by the middle and lower claſſes of people in Caernarvonſhire), and others with heath, or, as it is here called, *Grûg*, which the bakers uſe in heating their ovens. Theſe they carry from a diſtance of frequently more than ſix miles, to ſell at Caernarvon, where in general they receive about ſixpence for each horſe-load.—In theſe journies I have almoſt always remarked that the women employ themſelves in knitting; this makes ſome ſmall addition to their miſerable and hard-earned pittance.

There is no carriage road from Caernarvon nearer to Llanberis than Cwm Clo, which is not quite half way; the road from thence being only a horſe-path, and that one of the worſt I ever ſaw. The beſt mode for thoſe perſons who are not able to walk ſo far, is to go on horſeback, or in carriages, as far as the bottom of the lower lake, from whence they may ſee the waterfall, the old caſtle of Dolbadarn, or the village.—I have found every part about this romantic ſpot ſo extremely intereſting, that I cannot too earneſtly recommend to all perſons who viſit Caernarvon to prolong their route by coming here. There are no difficulties to be encountered but what the ſcenery will amply repay.

In one of my ſubſequent journies I went up the lakes in a boat.—The vale at the foot of the lower lake is called

CWM

Cwm y Clo,

The Vale of the Eminence, from the inſulated rock that forms one ſide of it, on which the Britons had a ſtrong hold called Caer Cwm y Clo. I aſcended this rock, and found on its ſummit the remains of walls, of ſuch a nature as plainly to indicate their priſtine uſe. The fortification ſeems, however, to have been of no great importance.

From the top of a low rock on the left of this, I had an extenſive and a very varied proſpect. Towards Llanberis, the vale and the lakes were ſeen bounded on each ſide by their lofty and precipitous rocks: on the right was Snowdon, the monarch of the Britiſh Alps; he here preſented himſelf the broadeſt and moſt tremendous of the group: on the oppoſite ſide of the vale were Llider Vawr and Glyder Vawr. Behind all theſe, in the far diſtant landſcape, I obſerved the point of Crib Coch, *The Red Ridge:* it was well contraſted by its diſtance with the ſombre mountains that intervened. The narrow iſthmus that ſeparates the lakes, and the inſulated rock on its right bank, with the remains of Dolbadarn tower, formed diſtinct features in this intereſting ſcene. The intervening ſpace between the lake and my ſtation was occupied by a dreary extent of moor. On the north-eaſt, over a vaſt length of waſtes, were ſeen the bay of Beaumaris, the iſland of Prieſtholme,

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and the ſea: the iſle of Angleſea was viſible in its whole range from Abermenai to Penmôn.

Deſcending from this ſtation, I was requeſted by the gentleman who attended me*, to examine the cottage of a ſmall Welſh farmer in Cwm y Clo, as he ſaid it was a tolerable ſpecimen of this deſcription of buildings in Caernarvonſhire. I entered at a ſmall gate, and firſt obſerved a wretched hovel for his cattle: the hay-rick was formed by a large ſlate, placed near one ſide, with its edge on the ground: the roof was ſo broken in and damaged, that only one corner afforded ſhelter to the miſerable beaſts from the fury of the mountain ſtorms. I remarked, on the outſide of this place, in an angle formed by the junction of two walls, a ſmall ſlated roof, to protect from the rain the turf intended for fuel. A path between two rude ſtone walls, adorned with holly hedges, led me to the dwelling. The door was ſo low, that I was obliged to ſtoop conſiderably to enter; and coming out of a bright ſun-ſhine, it was not till ſome time had elapſed that I was able to diſtinguiſh any thing in this hut, except the gleam of light that came down the chimney. This was at leaſt equal to what the ſix ſmall panes of glaſs in the window afforded. On the open hearth were a few peat-aſhes, the remains of a fire with which the old man had a little while

* The Reverend Peter Williams, the rector of Llanrûg and Llanberis, who was my companion in moſt of my rambles among the mountains.

before

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before cooked his dinner. The frame of the roof was formed by branches of trees fixed to larger timbers by ſtraw or hay-bands. This frame was covered with ſods, and the whole with ſlates, which, in the mountains, are obtained in great plenty. The furniture conſiſted of an old bed, an oak cheſt, a range of ſhelves for ſuch poor eating utenſils as were neceſſary in this lowly hibitation, ſome old earthen veſſels, ſome dingy pewter diſhes, and a few other things, which, from the darkneſs of the place, were rendered indiſtinguiſhable to me. The whole character of this dwelling was ſuch as clearly to prove the truth of Goldſmith's obſervation that

> "Man wants but little here below;"
>
> "Cheerful at morn he wakes from ſhort repoſe
> Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
> At night returning, every labour ſped,
> He ſits him down the *monarch of a ſhed.*"

The day that I viſited this cottage I was taken to another about two miles diſtant, in the ſame pariſh of Llanrûg, inhabited by a lame old woman called Mary Morgan. I mention it only for the purpoſe of relating the ſingular mode which this old woman *invariably* adopted, till her lameneſs rendered it too painful, of getting into her houſe whenever ſhe miſlaid the key of her door.—She mounted the peat-ſtack at the end of the building, clambered up from thence to the ſlates, and

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and deſcended the chimney.—This is an undoubted fact.

We had juſt ſeated ourſelves in the boat that was to carry us up the lake, when my intelligent friend pointed out to me the cottage that once was inhabited by

MARGARET UCH EVAN.

This is on the left ſide of the bottom of the lake, near a ſtable lately built by Aſheton Smith, eſq. Few females in this country have attained ſo great celebrity as Margaret. Being paſſionately fond of the ſports of the chace, ſhe kept a great number of all the various kinds of dogs uſed in this purſuit. She is ſaid to have deſtroyed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts did in ten. She rowed well; and could play both on the harp and the fiddle. Margaret was alſo an excellent joiner; and, at the age of ſeventy, was the beſt wreſtler in the country. She was likewiſe a good blackſmith, ſhoe-maker, and boat-builder. She ſhod her own horſes, made her own ſhoes, and while ſhe was under contract to convey the ore from the Llanberis copper mine, down the lakes, ſhe built her own boats. This wonderful female died a few years ago at a very advanced age. She has lately been celebrated in ſome pleaſant, though not very muſical lines, by Mr. Hutton of Birmingham.

'Mongſt

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'Mongſt the rocks of Llanberis, where foot comes not nigh,
Nor eye ſees their ſummit, except a bird's eye;
Nor ought in the proſpect appears to the ſight,
But water and mountain, yet theſe give delight,
Quite ſilent, for miles, through theſe regions you go,
Except when the ſurly wind chuſes to blow.
Robuſt are the females, hard labour attends them;
With the fiſt they could knock down the man who offends them.
Here lived *Peggy Evans*, who ſaw ninety-two,
Could wreſtle, row, fiddle, and hunt a fox too;
Could ring a ſweet peal, as the neighbourhood tells,
That would charm your two ears—had there been any bells;
Enjoy'd roſy health in a lodging of ſtraw;
Commanded the ſaw-pit, and wielded the ſaw;
And though ſhe's depoſited where you can't find her,
I know ſhe has left a few ſiſters behind her.

Vale of Llanberis.

The entrance into the vale of Llanberis from the bottom of the lower lake is exceedingly grand and romantic. Seated as we were in the boat, nearly on a level with the ſurface of the water, the lake, on looking along its whole extent, had the appearance of being large and expanſive. The mountains arrange in the moſt beautiful manner imaginable. Among ſome rocks on the right bank of the lake, about half a mile from the bottom, there is a ſcene remarkably pictureſque. Snowdon, with its deep and perpendicular precipice, and two ſummits, forms an immenſe maſs of mountain, which conſtitutes the principal feature. The lake, the round tower of Dolbadarn, the diſtant vale and mountains, and on the

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the other ſide the huge rock of Glyder Vawr, lend each its character to heighten the effect of the whole. The beauty of this ſcene is greatly increaſed when the atmoſphere is ſufficiently denſe to ſoften the harſh edges of the rocks. In the broad glare of a noon-day ſun, the grand effect of height and diſtance in the mountains is nearly loſt, for every part becoming expoſed to the eye, they are in appearance brought much nearer, and their prominences and hollows are not to be diſtinguiſhed ſo well as when ſeen through a medium more denſe. In this caſe too, all the beauty ariſing from aërial tints is entirely wanting.

The vale of Llanberis is nearly ſtraight, and of no great width throughout. It contains two ſmall lakes, or rather pools; for their ſize will ſcarcely admit of the former appellation. The upper pool is about a mile in length, and ſomewhat leſs than half a mile acroſs; and the other, though longer, is ſo very narrow, as to bear more the appearance of a wide river than a lake. Theſe are ſeparated by a ſmall neck of land, but have a communication by a ſtream which runs from one into the other.

In both the pools the fiſh called *Char* uſed formerly to be caught, but, owing to the copper works carried on here, theſe have all been long ſince deſtroyed.

DOL-

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Dolbadarn Castle.

On a rocky eminence between the two pools ſtands the old tower of Dolbadarn caſtle. This is about nine yards in its inner diameter, and, with a few ſhattered remains of walls and offices, occupies the entire ſummit of the ſteep. Its name of Caſtell Dolbadarn, *The Caſtle of Padarn's Meadow*, is ſuppoſed to have originated in its having been erected on the verge of a piece of ground called Padarn's Meadow, to which a holy recluſe of that name retired from the world, to enjoy religious meditation and ſolitude.

> Juſt thus in woods and ſolitary caves
> The ancient hermits liv'd, but they liv'd happy;
> And in their quiet contemplations found
> More real comforts, than ſocieties
> Of men could yield, than cities could afford,
> Or all the luſtres of a court could give.

There are ſeveral churches in Wales dedicated to this Britiſh ſaint, of whom we know nothing more at preſent than that he was buried in the iſland of Bardſey, and that he muſt, if the ancient Britiſh Triades are authority, have been deſcended of a good family; for one of the three curioſities of the iſland of Britain, is there ſtated to have been the cloak or upper garment of Padarn, *which would not fit any one but a gentleman!*—This is carrying pride of anceſtry to a tolerable length.

Dol-

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Dolbadarn caſtle very evidently appears, from its conſtruction, to have been of Britiſh origin. It was built, no doubt, to defend the narrow paſs through the yale into the interior of the mountains; and, from its ſituation, it ſeems to have been capable of affording perfect ſecurity to two or three hundred perſons in caſes of emergency. —In this caſtle it was that Owen Goch, *Owen the Red*, was confined by his brother Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, prince of Wales, upwards of twenty years, for having attempted to excite an inſurrection among the people, injurious to his rights and dignity.—It has been long in ruins, for Leland mentions it in his time as only a "piece of a tower *."

It is highly probable that this was anciently called *Bere Caſtle* †, which ſome of the hiſtorians relate to have been in Caernarvonſhire, ſeated in the midſt of a moraſs, inacceſſible but by a ſingle cauſeway, and not to be approached except through the narrow and rugged defiles of the mountains. About the thirteenth century it was eſteemed the ſtrongeſt caſtle that the Welſh poſſeſſed in this part of the country ‡.

* Leland's Itin. v. 44.

† A corruption probably of *Peris* or *Beris caſtle*.

‡ Carte, ii. 194.

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Slate Quarry.

In the mountain, on the oppoſite ſide of the lake, called Allt Dû, *The Black Cliff*, is a large ſlate quarry belonging to Aſsheton Smith, eſq. As this is high among the rocks, the men, in conveying the ſlates down to the lake, are under the neceſſity, as well as one horſe before the cart, to have one yoked behind. This prevents theſe aukward vehicles from being daſhed to the bottom of ſome of the dangerous ſteeps in which the mountains abound; for this muſt inevitably be the caſe without ſome ſuch contrivance. It however appears to me, that ſledges ſimilar to thoſe adopted in many parts of Weſtmorland and Cumberland for the ſame purpoſe, would not only be leſs expenſive, but would alſo be found more ſafe and commodious.

Cataract.

About half a mile ſouth of the caſtle, at the end of a long and deep glen, there is a tremendous cataract called Caunant Mawr, *The Waterfall of the Great Chaſm.* It is upwards of ſixty feet in height, and is formed by the mountain torrent from Cwm Brwynog. This ruſhes through a cleft in the rock above, and after coming for a few yards in a direct line, ſuddenly takes a turn with a broad ſtratum of the rock, and thus deſcends aſlaunt, with a thundering noiſe, into the deep black pool below.

Bishop

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Anecdotes of Bishop Goodman.

Not quite a mile and a half from Dalbadarn caſtle, cloſe by the horſepath leading to Caernarvon, is a very old farm-houſe called Ty Dû, *The Black Houſe*, formerly the property of Dr. Goodman, who was biſhop of Glouceſter in the reign of Charles I. Although a man of great learning, this prelate was in many reſpects a very ſtrange character. He wrote a panegyric on Cromwel, who ejected him from his preferments, and died a Roman Catholic, as he himſelf profeſſes in his very extraordinary will. The words are: "I do acknowledge the church of Rome to be the mother church, and I do verily believe that no other church hath any ſalvation in it, but only as far as it concurs with the faith of the church of Rome." He diſpoſed of this farm of Ty Dû, and ſome other tenements in Wales, in a very ſingular way. The rent, amounting to forty pounds a year, was to be applied by his truſtees in the following manner: five pounds were to be ſpent at their meeting; fifteen pounds to be given with two boys of Ruthin, as an apprentice fee, in a town that they ſhould chooſe (not in Wales), where ſome working trade was not in its full perfection. The remaining twenty was to be given to two gentlemen, who, within the ſpace of two years, would undertake to reſide two months in Germany, two in Italy, two in France, and two in Spain. The ſubject of theſe bequeſts has been

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disputed in Chancery, and the rents of the estates are now, I believe, applied in charities at Ruthin. The bishop died in the year 1655, and was buried, at his own request, near the font in St. Margaret's church, Westminster. The people who reside in the house shew the fragment of a cross, in an adjoining field, before which they say it was his custom to pray.

Anecdotes of Foulke Jones.

Since the time of bishop Goodman this house has been the residence of Foulke Jones, another singular character, but of a very different description. This man was celebrated throughout the principality for his extreme muscular powers.—It was at a very early age that these were first brought into action. When about three years old, as he was sitting before the door at Ty Dû, he was attacked by a gander whose female and brood he had been pursuing, and first seizing the furious bird, in self-defence, by the neck, he afterwards leisurely tore him into a thousand pieces.—His strength increased with his years, till at length it was far superior to that of any man in the principality. Three men were engaged in building a wall near his house, and they found one stone which their utmost united efforts could not remove to its proper place. Jones directed them to leave it for a while, and go into the house to dinner, as by a hearty meal they might acquire additional strength. During their

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their abſence Jones lifted it up by himſelf. On their return they went to the place where the ſtone had lain, to make, if poſſible, a more effectual attempt: they found it gone, and were in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment when they ſaw that one man had been able to effect what their united efforts had been exerted on in vain.—The diſpoſition of Jones inclined him at all times to live on the moſt amicable and peaceful terms with his neighbours, ſeldom exerting his uncommon powers but in acts of utility, or for their amuſement. Two men were fighting in a public houſe at Caernarvon, and on his going in he was requeſted to ſeparate them. He did this effectually by ſeizing one in each hand, beating their ſtupid heads together, and then puſhing them aſunder.—He was one day ſtanding on a bridge near Caernarvon, when an impertinent fellow, half drunk, groſsly inſulted him, to induce him to fight, and at length went ſo far as to ſtrike him in the face. This was not to be borne. Jones took the fellow in one hand, and lifting him over the wall of the bridge, held him for ſome ſeconds ſuſpended over the water. The man loudly intreated that he would not throw him in, and expreſſed ſo much contrition for his conduct, that Jones returned him in ſafety, but diſmiſſed him with an ignominious kick.—A Welſhman, a native of the county of Denbigh, who believed himſelf ſuperior to every one in the principality in all the feats of activity, walked over to Llanberis for the expreſs purpoſe

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of contending with Jones. Our hero was at work in a field, by the road-ſide, near his houſe, when the ſtranger requeſted to be informed where he ſhould find the reſidence of Foulke Jones, for he was come to prove that there was one in the principality more ſtrong and more active than he. "My maſter (ſays Jones) lives at that houſe (pointing towards Ty Dû), but it may be prudent in you firſt to try the ſtrength of the ſervant, before you venture to contend with one that is even very greatly his ſuperior." The man looking on him with ineffable contempt, ſtepped over the wall; and, after ſome little altercation, and much boaſted proweſs on his ſide, they cloſed, when Jones, almoſt in a moment, flung him violently back again into the road. The man had met with too ſerious a rebuff from the ſervant to inquire any further reſpecting the maſter, but, turning on his heel, made the beſt of his way home again.—Jones died about nine years ago at the advanced age of ſeventy-five.

Llanberis Copper Mine.

Purſuing the path leading from the caſtle to the village, I came to a copper mine near the edge of the lake, belonging to a company of gentlemen who reſide at Macclesfield. The ore here is in general very rich, being worth on an average from twenty to twenty-five pounds per ton, whilſt that of the Paris mine is not often worth more than fifteen.

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fifteen. The work was commenced in the year 1791; and the number of hands now employed is about a hundred. The ore when got is brought in ſmall waggons to the mouth of the mine: here it is broken into ſmall pieces with hammers. It is then ſorted, and the beſt and ſmalleſt pieces are taken out, and conveyed in boats down the lakes, whence it is carted to the Menai, where a veſſel is ready to carry it into Glamorganſhire, to be melted and wrought into copper. The larger fragments are conveyed to a ſtamping-mill on the oppoſite ſide of the lake, where they are cruſhed into powder by ſix ſtampers, or, as they are called by the Welſh, Dawns Chwech, *Six Dancers*. The more valuable parts are here ſeparated by means of water, and theſe are afterwards put into ſmall bags, and carried, like the reſt of the ore, to be ſhipped for South Wales.—The proprietors have now a few pits for the corroſion of iron, as in the Paris mines; and they have alſo lately begun to roaſt their ore here, which a ſhort time ago were not even thought of.

Whilſt I, and three gentlemen, who happened to be with me the day I viſited the mine, were watching the women break the ore, a loaded waggon was brought out of the level. This gave us an opportunity of returning in an empty one to examine the interior of the work. We therefore leaped into the waggon that was to convey us, and with one miner before to drag, and two others

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behind to puſh us along, we entered the narrow cavern. This was about two hundred yards in length, and in the whole way it was ſeldom more than ſix feet wide, and ſeven or eight high. In ſome places the rugged arch of the roof was ſo low, that we were under the neceſſity of ſtooping down in order to paſs it. The day was one of thoſe exceſſively hot ones that we frequently have about the middle of Auguſt; and the chilling damp which immediately ſtruck us on entering, added not a little to the terrors of the place. The level lying in a direct line, we took no lights along with us. I ſat with my back towards the entrance, and the perfect darkneſs of the place, the confuſed noiſe (from the arched and low roof) of the talking of our guides, and the rumbling of the wheels, re-echoed in deep and imperfect ſounds along the cavern, added to the frequent jolting of our vehicle, from the badneſs of the wooden rail-road, inſpired me with ſome ideas not perhaps altogether agreeable. The length of the journey ſeemed more than double what it really was. When almoſt at the end of the rolling part of the expedition, one of our infernia left us to bring a light from the interior of the mine. He was abſent about five minutes, during which time we remained in perfect darkneſs. When I firſt ſaw him at ſome diſtance, his candle appeared reflected in the water which was lodged in the middle of the level, and the confuſed appearance of two lights, the one above and the other below,

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below, added to the man's groteſque and dingy countenance, for the other parts of his body were obſcured by the gloom, produced an effect that I can ſcarcely deſcribe, and which I ſhall not very ſoon forget.—When we came to the end of the level we got out of the waggon, and each lighting his candle, followed our guides into a cavern ſo high, that all our lights did not render the roof viſible. The ſides were rude as the exterior of the rock, and the black chaſms along them, nearly all impenetrable by our lights, rendered it to one of our friends, more timorous than the reſt, a ſcene of horror. A ſkilful artiſt might have found us a good ſubject for his pencil: the glare of light on *our* countenances expreſſive of inquiry, and not perhaps entirely free from thoſe lines which ideas of terror will create; the blackened viſages of our guides; our different dreſſes; and the rude ſcenery around, aided by a little pictureſque grouping, and that allowable exaggeration which both painters and poets lay claim to in their deſcriptions, might have produced an admirable picture. In the cavern where we were ſtanding, a ſhaft about ſixty feet deep, was driven to a vein of ore below. On looking down this we could juſt diſcover in the darkneſs of the gloom, the reflection of a light from the workmen there. Soon afterwards a light was ſeen to croſs the bottom; and, on calling aloud for it to ſtop, the man returned, and ſtood with it immediately below. It was a mere ſpeck, and its

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its rays were juſt diſcernible ſtriking on the thick vapour immediately around it. Near the bottom of this ſhaft, our guides informed us, there was another about fifty feet in depth. We left the cavern, and after viſiting another, nearly ſimilar to it, from which all the ore had been got, we ended our adventure by returning along our former road into the light of day.

LLANBERIS.

The village of Llanberis is romantic in the extreme. It is ſituated in a narrow graſſy dell, ſurrounded by immenſe rocks, whoſe ſummits cloud-capped, are ſeldom viſible to the inhabitants from below. "Nature has here (ſays Camden, ſpeaking of theſe parts of Caernarvonſhire) reared huge groups of mountains, as if ſhe meant to bind the iſland faſt to the bowels of the earth, and make a ſafe retreat for the Britons in time of war. For here are ſo many crags and rocks, ſo many wooded vallies rendered impaſſable by ſo many lakes, that the lighteſt troops, much leſs an army, could never find their way among them. Theſe mountains may be truly called the Britiſh Alps; for beſides that they are the higheſt in the whole iſland, they are like the Alps, beſpread with broken crags on every ſide, all ſurrounding one, which, towering in the centre, far above the reſt, lifts its head ſo loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thruſt it into the ſky."

All

All the parts immediately ſurrounding the village were formerly covered with wood; but, except ſome ſaplings from the old roots, there are at preſent very few trees left. In the memory of perſons now living there were great woods of oak in ſeveral different parts about theſe mountains. In the tenth century the whole country muſt have been nearly covered with wood, for one of the laws of Howel Dda, *Howel the Good*, directs that "whoever cleared away timber from any land, even without the conſent of the owner, he ſhould, for five years, have a right to the land ſo cleared; and after that time it ſhould again revert to the owner."

Except two tolerable houſes in the vale, the one occupied by Mr. Jones the agent to the copper mine, and the other, which is on the ſide of the lake oppoſite to Dolbadarn caſtle, occupied by the agent to the ſlate quarries, the whole village conſiſts but of a few ſcattered cottages, and theſe apparently the moſt miſerable. They are in general conſtructed of the ſhaly ſtone with which the country abounds, and have but juſt ſo much cement as to keep out the keeneſt of the mountain blaſts. The windows are invariably ſmall, and many of them that have been broken, are ſo blocked up with boards, that the light down the chimney is even greater than that from the window.

There are two cottages in this village where the wearied traveller may take ſuch poor refreſhments as the place affords. One of theſe belonged, about

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two years ago, to John Cloſe, a grey-headed old man, who was born and brought up in the north of Yorkſhire. He had occaſion to come into Wales with ſome cattle in his younger days, and preferring this to his Yorkſhire home, he reſided here the reſt of his life. His ſon now keeps the houſe. —The other is kept by the pariſh clerk, who may be employed as a guide over any part of the adjacent country. I found him well acquainted with the mountains, and a much more intelligent man than guides in general are. He does not ſpeak Engliſh well, but his civility and attention are a ſufficient compenſation for this defect.—Neither of theſe places affords a bed, nor any thing eatable better than bread and butter, or cheeſe, and, perhaps, eggs and bacon.

The firſt time that I came to Llanberis, being ſomewhat fatigued with traverſing the adjacent mountains, I went to the former of theſe houſes to reſt myſelf and obtain ſome refreſhment. It was juſt at the dinner hour, and a ſcene was exhibited altogether novel to me. At one table were ſeated the family of the houſe, conſiſting of the old hoſt, his wife, and their ſon and daughter, eating their bread and milk, the common food of the labouring people here: a large overgrown old ſow was devouring her dinner, with conſiderable diſſatisfaction on account of the ſhort allowance, from a pail placed for her by the daughter in one corner; whilſt I was eating my bread and butter, with

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with an appetite ſteeled againſt niceties by the keenneſs of the mountain air, at a table covered with a dirty napkin, in the other corner. This ſcene, however, induced me always afterwards to bring with me refreſhments from Caernarvon, and enjoy my dinner, in quiet, in the open air.

The widow of old John Cloſe had another ſuitor within a very few months after his death. Her ſons were averſe to the connexion, and therefore, though ſhe was more than ſeventy years old, and her lover upwards of ſixty-five, this elegant pair romantically planned a nocturnal elopement. One of the ſons, about two o'clock in the morning, was rouſed by the foot-ſteps of a horſe, and, almoſt immediately, he heard a man alight, and come to the door. Ignorant of the cauſe of ſo ſtrange a circumſtance, he ſprang out of bed, and on opening the door, found it was the lover, who had brought a horſe to convey away his intended bride. The man told his ſtory with great ſimplicity, but inſiſted on having his *fair charge* ſurrendered to him, which with ſome heſitation was done, and the next morning the clergyman of Llanddiniolen united the happy pair.—It is ſingular that this man and woman had been lovers in their youthful days, but that prudential motives inducing one of them to marry another perſon, the other alſo married not long after. John Cloſe was the woman's ſecond huſband, and, after his death, the ſuitor, being alſo freed from matrimonial ſhackles, began his addreſſes afreſh,

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freſh, and at length attained the object of his earlieſt wiſhes.

The *church* of Llanberis * was, four years ago, without exception, the moſt ill-looking place of worſhip I ever beheld. The firſt time I came to the village, I abſolutely miſtook it for a large antique cottage, for even the bell-turret was ſo overgrown with ivy, as to bear much the appearance of a weather-beaten chimney; and the graſs in the church-yard was ſo long as completely to hide the few grave-ſtones therein from the view. Since this time it has, however, undergone ſome repairs, but it is ſtill ſufficiently rude to accord excellently well with the ſurrounding mountains.

THE CURATE

I ſaw, and was introduced to: he reſided in a mean-looking cottage not far from the church, which ſeemed to conſiſt of but few other rooms than a kitchen and bed-room, the latter of which ſerved alſo for his ſtudy. When I entered the room he was engaged over an old folio volume of ſermons. His dreſs was ſomewhat ſingular; he had on a blue coat that long had been worn threadbare, and in various places exhibited marks of the induſtry

* This is dedicated to Peris, a cardinal miſſioned from Rome as a legate to this iſland. He is ſaid to have ſettled and died here.

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of his wife, a pair of antique corderoy breeches, and a black waiſtcoat, and round his head was tied a blue handkerchief. His library might have been the very ſame that Hurdis has deſcribed in the *Village Curate*.

> Yon half a dozen ſhelves ſupport, vaſt weight,
> The curate's library. There marſhalled ſtand,
> Sages and heroes, modern and antique:
> He, their commander, like the vanquiſhed fiend,
> Out-caſt of heaven, oft through their armed files,
> Darts an experienced eye, and feels his heart
> Diſtend with pride, to be their only chief;
> Yet needs he not the tedious muſter-roll,
> The title-page of each well-known, its name,
> And character.

From the exterior of the cottage, it ſeemed but the habitation of miſery; but the ſmiles of the good man were ſuch as would render even miſery cheerful. His ſalary was about forty pounds, on which, with his little farm, he contrived to ſupport himſelf and his family, and with this ſlender pittance he ſeemed perfectly contented and comfortable. His wife was abſent, but from a wheel which I obſerved in the room I conjectured, and was afterwards informed, that her time was principally employed in ſpinning wool. The account I had from the pariſhioners of the character of this man was, that he was reſpected and beloved by all, and that his whole time and attention were occupied in doing ſuch good to his fellow creatures as his very ſlender circumſtances would allow.

Lvene-

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I venerate the man whoſe heart is warm,
Whoſe hands are pure, whoſe doctrine, and whoſe life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honeſt in the ſacred cauſe.
To ſuch I render more than mere reſpect,
Whoſe actions ſhew that they reſpect themſelves.

This perſon, after ſuſtaining a ſevere illneſs with the utmoſt reſignation and fortitude, died in the beginning of the year 1801, leaving a widow and one daughter to ſurvive him.

WELSH FUNERAL.

During my reſidence in Caernarvonſhire I one day rode with the worthy rector of Llanberis, to attend the funeral of a girl, a child about ſeven years old, whoſe parents reſided in the pariſh of Llanddinioleu, ſomewhat more than five miles diſtant. The coffin was tied on the bier, and covered with a ſheet, tied alſo at the corners. It was borne on the ſhoulders of four men. The number of attendants at the outſet was near a hundred, but this increaſed by the continued addition of men, women, and children, ſome on foot and ſome on horſeback, till, by the time we arrived at the church, we had more than double that number. At the head of this cavalcade my friend and myſelf aſcended the ſteep paths of the rocks, paſſed over mountains, and wound our way along ſome of the moſt rugged defiles of this dreary country. To any ſtranger who could have

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obſerved, at a little diſtance, our ſolemn proceſſion, in this unfrequented tract of mountains, in one place ſome hundred feet above the lake of Llanberis, to the edge of which we had to deſcend, it would have borne much the air of romantic times. When we came to the church, we found that place nearly full of people awaiting our arrival. The ſervice was read in Welſh in a moſt impreſſive manner; and the coffin was let down into the grave by four of the female mourners. A more ſolemn office I had never witneſſed, and the circumſtance of the body being committed to the boſom of the earth by the hands of relatives or friends was altogether new to me. A few ruſhes were ſtrewed upon the coffin; and I ſhall never forget the ſtifled ſhriek that was uttered, when, in Welſh, the ſolemn words, "we commit her body to the ground," &c. were read. How enviable were the virtuous feelings of this illiterate peaſantry, while thus attending a ſiſter to the verge of peace.—The ceremony being over, the grave was filled up and planted with ſlips of box and ſome other evergreens.—The offerings in the church amounted to near two pounds, of which more than thirty ſhillings were in ſilver *.

At no great diſtance from the church there is a *well* dedicated to St. Peris, and incloſed within a

* For an account of the nature of theſe offerings, ſee the chapter on the Welſh Cuſtoms in the ſecond volume.

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ſquare wall. In the holes of this a perſon of the adjoining cottage generally has a ſmall fiſh, from the appearance or non-appearance of which, when a bit of bread is thrown into the water, the common Welſh people pretend to foretel good or ill fortune. The general reward of a piece of ſilver from ſuch ſtrangers as viſit the place, affords a temptation for them ſtill to keep on foot at leaſt the appearance of this ſuperſtition.

I was one day ſtrolling with my friend Williams along the vale, when he pointed out to me a female well known in this village, and who, from the maſculine tone of her voice, her manners, and appearance, might have been a deſcendant of the celebrated Margaret Uch Evan, called

Caddy of Cwm Glas.

This athletic female does not often viſit the town of Caernarvon; but, whenever ſhe does, the boys run after, and call her, "the woman with a beard." Caddy reſides in Cwm Glâs, a romantic vale, about two miles from Llanberis. She is accuſtomed to maſculine employments of every deſcription, and ſuch is her muſcular power, that no man of the village would dare to try a fall with her. Mr. Jones of the copper-mine had often rallied her on the ſubject of her great ſtrength, and told her that he did not believe half the ſtories that he had heard related: ſhe, one day, in perfect good hu-

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mour, came behind him, as he was ſtanding on the bank of the pier, near the ſtamping mill, and lifting him from the ground, held him in her arm, though by no means a ſmall man, with great apparent eaſe, over the water. "Now, Sir, (ſays ſhe) I ſuppoſe you will believe that I am tolerably ſtrong: you muſt confeſs it, or I ſhall throw you in." He immediately acknowledged her powers, and was relieved from his predicament.—About eighteen months ago, a huge, raw-boned fellow, entered her cottage, during her abſence, and had collected together ſome eatables and clothes, with which he was eſcaping, juſt as ſhe returned. Though this cottage is in a very ſolitary ſituation, and ſhe was entirely alone, ſhe reſolutely went up and inſiſted on his returning every thing he had taken. He opened his wallet, and gave up the eatables. Suppoſing theſe to be all, ſhe returned with them to the cottage. But ſoon after diſcovering that a ſilk handkerchief, which ſhe had left on the table, was gone, ſhe immediately ſeized one of the bars of a ſmall gate in her hand, and went in purſuit of the thief. She overtook him in the moſt ſolitary part of the vale, and, brandiſhing her cudgel about his ears, with the utmoſt courage, demanded reſtitution of the remainder of her property. An anſwer ſhe did not wait for, but ſeizing the bag from the cowardly ſcoundrel, ſhook the whole contents, with the moſt contemptuous air, upon the ground. When ſhe had ſelected her own property,

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ſhe threw the bag in the fellow's face; and, after beſtowing a hearty thwack with her cudgel on each of his ſhoulders, left her opponent to comfort himſelf with the idea of having eſcaped a more ſound drubbing, which, as ſhe afterwards declared, ſhe would have inflicted, had ſhe thought it neceſſary.

Cwm Glas.

A bad horſe-path led me from the village of Llanberis into Cwm Glâs, *The Blue Vale* *. For four miles I was hemmed in on each ſide by high rocks that almoſt approach each other. The ſun caſt a ſloping ſhade on thoſe of the right, which fully marked all their deepened hollows. Various in themſelves, and varied in their tints and colourings, I was at every ſtep intereſted by their terrrific grandeur. They had no characters of ſoftened beauty, there were here none of the delicate features of a cultivated vale, not even a ſingle tree, but rocks towered over rocks, till their ſummits reached the clouds, whoſe partial gloomineſs added ſtill greater ſublimity to the ſcene. Sometimes I beheld above me a gentle hollow, then a few ſteps farther, the deepened precipice and towering baſaltic-like columns of an adjoining range of rocks. In ſome places there appeared three or four ranges, one above another, with the moſt fantaſtic outlines

* Whence the epithet of glâs, *blue*, could be attached to this vale, I can form no conception.

imaginable,

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imaginable, and receding in diſtance as in height. The tints on the prominences were of darkened purple, in the hollows ſombre, and olive-brown on the nearer ranges. The fore-ground was overſpread with maſſes of rock, and a rapid mountain ſtream forced its way along the middle of the narrow vale. Such is this tremendous hollow, whoſe grandeur continues undiminiſhed for almoſt four miles. The rocks on each ſide are nearly perpendicular throughout.

About three miles fram Llanberis there is an immenſe ſtone, that has once been precipitated from above, called

The Cromlech.

This ſtone is of ſome thouſand tons weight, and many times larger than the celebrated maſs of rock in Borrowdale, called *Bowdar Stone.* It lies in a place called Ynys Hettws, *Hetty's Iſland;* and two of its ſides meeting at an angle with the ground, it was once uſed as the habitation of an old woman, who, in ſummer, reſided in the vale to tend and milk her cows. The incloſures are yet nearly entire, and are at preſent uſed as a ſheep-fold.

Not far from this ſtone, on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtream, is the cottage of Caddy of Cwm Glâs, the female whom I mentioned a few pages back. There is, at a little diſtance from the cottage, another very large maſs of rock inſulated like the former.

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GORPHWYSFA,

The reſting Place, is an eminence, four miles from Llanberis, that overlooks a conſiderable part of this vale. It alſo commands a view into the mountain vale, that joins Nan Hwynan, and the vale of Capel Curig.

From hence I immediately returned to Caernarvon.

The touriſt, if he chooſes it, may, from this place, proceed onwards nearly in a direct line, through the village of Capel Curig, to Llanrwſt; or, adopting another route, may keep the right-hand path, which will lead him through the vale, called Nan Hwynan, to Beddgelert. From Beddgelert, he may either return to Caernarvon, or continue his journey, in a direction towards Dolgelle, or Bala.

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CHAP. XIV.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

Inſtructions to the Touriſt.—Clogwyn du'r Arddu.—Dangerous Adventure.—Height of Snowdon.—Proſpect from the Summit.—Name.—Royal Foreſt.—Clogwyn y Garnedd.—Liſt of Snowdon Plants.—Well near the Summit.—Snowdon Copper Mine.—Uncommon Snow Driſt.—Accidents that have happened to the Workmen.—Further Inſtructions to the Touriſt.

THE diſtance of the ſummit of Snowdon from Caernarvon is ſomewhat more than ten miles; and from Dolbadarn caſtle, in the vale of Llanberis, the aſcent is ſo gradual, that a perſon, mounted on a little Welſh poney, may ride up very nearly to the top.

From Dolbadarn caſte the traveller muſt go, by the waterfall, Caunant Mawr, to Cwm Brwynog, *The ruſhy Hollow.* He muſt proc ed up this vale, and then along the ridge immediately over the vale of Llanberis, till he comes within ſight of a black, and almoſt perpendicular rock, with a ſmall lake at its foot, called Clogwyn du'r Arddu, *The Black Precipice.* This he is to leave about a quarter of a mile on his right, and then aſcending a ſteep

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called Llechwedd y Rè, *The rapid Deſcent*, he muſt direct his courſe ſouth-weſt to the well, (a place ſufficiently known to the guides,) from whence he will find it about a mile to the higheſt peak of the mountain *.

In my firſt journey I went from the caſtle to Cwm Brwynog, but, inſtead of following the above route, I wandered to *Clogwyn du'r Arddu*, to ſearch that rock for ſome plants which Lhwyd and Ray have deſcribed as growing there. The Reverend Mr. Williams accompanied me, and he ſtarted the wild idea of attempting to climb up the precipice. I was too eager in my purſuit to object to the adventure, and we began our laborious taſk without once reflecting on the dangers that might attend it. For a little while we got on without much difficulty, but we were ſoon obliged to have recourſe both to our hands and knees, in clambering from one crag to another. Every ſtep now required the utmoſt caution, and it was neceſſary to try that every ſtone was firm in its place before the weight of the body was truſted upon it. I had once lain hold of a piece of the rock, and was in the act of raiſing myſelf upon it, when it looſened from its bed, and I ſhould have been precipitated headlong, had I not in a moment ſnatched hold of a tuft of ruſhes, and ſaved myſelf. When we had aſcended ſomewhat more than half-way, there ſeemed no chance of our

* This is called Yr Wyddfa, *The Conſpicuous*.

being

being able to proceed much farther, on account of the increaſing ſize of the maſſes of rock above us. We reſted a moment from our labour to conſider what was to be done. The danger of again deſcending was much too great, for us to think of attempting it, unleſs we found it abſolutely impoſſible to proceed. On looking down, the precipice, for at leaſt three hundred feet, ſeemed almoſt perpendicular. We were eager in our botanical purſuit, and extremely deſirous to be at the top, but I believe it was the proſpect downwards that determined us to brave every difficulty. It happened fortunately that the ſteep immediately above us was the only one that preſented any material danger. Mr. Williams having on a pair of ſtrong ſhoes with nails in them, which would hold their footing better than mine, requeſted to make the firſt attempt, and after ſome difficulty he ſucceeded. We had along with us a ſmall baſket to contain our proviſions, and hold the roots of ſuch plants as we wiſhed to transfer to his garden; this he carried behind him by means of a leathern belt faſtened round his waiſt. When, therefore, he had fixed himſelf ſecurely to a part of the rock, he took off his belt, and holding firmly by one end, gave the other to me: I laid hold, and, with a little aid from the ſtones, fairly pulled myſelf up by it. After this we got on pretty well, and in about an hour and a quarter from the commencement of our labour, found ourſelves on the brow of this dreadful precipice, and

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and in poſſeſſion of all the plants we expected to find.

It would be difficult to deſcribe my ſenſations, when my companion pointed out to me the ſummit of Snowdon at the diſtance of only about a mile and a half from us, and, from its great elevation, appearing ſcarcely more than half a mile. The ſight was ſo unexpectedly pleaſant, that I proceeded from hence to the ſummit with conſiderably greater alacrity than I ſhould have done had we encountered no dangers, or experienced no interruptions. Thus ſituated, the well known ſtory of the Pedlar immediately recurred to me, and if he had found relief from the wearifome burthen of his pack by throwing from it the additional weight of a large ſtone that he had attached to it for the purpoſe, ſo I, after the labour of clambering the ſteep of Clogwyn du'r Arddu, found aſcending to the ſummit of Snowdon perfectly eaſy. Had I gone along the regular track, I have not a doubt but I ſhould have *fancied* myſelf much more wearied than I now really felt.

The perpendicular height of this mountain, according to late admeaſurements, is 1190 yards (ſomewhat leſs than three quarters of a mile) from the level of the ſea. It riſes to a mere point, its ſummit not being more than three or four yards in diameter.

The view from the ſummit I found beyond my expectation extenſive. From this point the eye is able

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able to trace, on a clear day, part of the coaſt, with the hills of Scotland; the high mountains of Ingleborough and Penygent in Yorkſhire; beyond theſe the mountains of Weſtmorland and Cumberland; and, on this ſide, ſome of the hills of Lancaſhire. When the atmoſphere is very tranſparent, even part of the county of Wicklow, and the whole of the iſle of Man, become viſible. The immediately ſurrounding mountains of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire all ſeem directly under the eye, and the higheſt of the whole appear from this ſtation, much lower than Snowdon. Many of the vales were expoſed to the view, which, by their verdure, relieved the eye from the dreary ſcene of barren rocks. The numerous pools viſible from hence, betwixt thirty and forty, lend alſo a varied character to the proſpect.—The mountain itſelf, from the ſummit, ſeems as it were propped by five immenſe rocks as buttreſſes. Theſe are *Crib y Ddiſtil*, and *Crib Coch*, between Llanberis and Capel Curig; *Lliewedd* towards Nan Hwynan; *Clawdd Coch* towards Beddgelert; and *Llechog*, the mountain which forms the ſouth ſide of the vale of Llanberis, towards Dolbadarn *.

The ſummit of Snowdon is ſo frequently enveloped in clouds and miſt, that, except when the weather is perfectly fine and ſettled, the traveller through this country will find it ſomewhat difficult

* See a further deſcription of Snowdon in the enſuing chapter, and in chap. xix.

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to have a day ſufficiently clear to permit him to aſcend the mountain. When the wind blows from the weſt it is almoſt always completely covered; and at other times, even when the ſtate of the weather ſeems favourable, it will often become ſuddenly enveloped, and will remain in that ſtate for hours. Moſt perſons, however, agree that the proſpects are the more intereſting, as they are more varied, when the clouds juſt cover the ſummit. The following deſcription of the ſcenery from Snowdon when the mountain is in this ſtate, is perfectly accurate.

Now high and ſwift flits the thin rack along
Skirted with rainbow dies, now deep below
(While the fierce ſun ſtrikes the illumin'd top)
Slow ſails the gloomy ſtorm, and all beneath
By vaporous exhalation hid, lies loſt
In darkneſs; ſave at once where drifted miſts
Cut by ſtrong guſts of eddying winds, expoſe
The tranſitory ſcenes.
Now ſwift on either ſide the gather'd clouds
As by a ſudden touch of magic, wide
Recede, and the fair face of heaven and earth
Appears. Amid the vaſt horizon's ſtretch,
In reſtleſs gaze the eye of wonder darts
O'er the expanſe; mountains on mountains piled,
And winding bays, and promontories huge,
Lakes and meandering rivers, from their ſource
Traced to the diſtant ocean.

The name of Snowdon was firſt given to this mountain by the Saxons, its ſignification is *A Hill covered with Snow*. The Welſh call all this cluſter of

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of mountains that lie in the county of Caernarvon, Creigiau yr Eryri, the *Snowy Cliffs*. The higheſt point of Snowdon is called Yr Wyddfa, *The Conſpicuous*.—Moſt of the old writers who have mentioned this mountain, aſſert that it is covered with ſnow through the whole year. This is by no means true, for this, as well as all the other Welſh mountains, has in general no ſnow whatever upon it betwixt the months of June and November.

Snowdon was formerly a *royal foreſt* that abounded with deer; but the laſt of theſe were deſtroyed early in the ſeventeenth century.

The parts of this mountain on which the uncommon alpine plants are chiefly to be found, are the eaſt and north-eaſt ſides. Theſe form a range of rocks called *Clogwyn y Garnedd*, which abound in the moſt dangerous ſteeps. There is at all times ſome difficulty in ſearching them, but when the rocks are rendered ſlippery from heavy miſts or rain, this becomes, from the inſecurity of the footing, greatly increaſed.—A liſt of the plants that have been found here may not be unacceptable, at leaſt to a young botaniſt.

Poa alpina.
— glauca.
Feſtuca cambrica.
Rumex digynus.
Chryſoſplenium oppoſitifolium.
Saxifraga ſtellaris.
—— nivalis.
Arenaria verna.
——— var. 1. laricifolia.
——— var. 2. juniperina.
Ceraſtium alpinum.
——— latifolium.
Geum rivale.
Serratula alpina.
Salix herbacea.

Saxifraga

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Saxifraga oppoſitifolia.	Rhodiola roſea.
—— —— hypnoides.	Lycopodium ſelago.
Lycopodium alpinum.	Polypodium lonchitis.
—— ſelaginoides.	—— ilvenſe.
Pteris criſpa.	—— arvonicum.
Aſplenium viride.	Cyathea fragile.

It is a ſingular fact that nearly at the top of Snowdon there is a fine *ſpring of water*, which, I am informed, is ſeldom increaſed or diminiſhed in quantity either in winter or ſummer. From its very elevated ſituation, this water is the coldeſt I ever recollect to have taſted.

Snowdon Copper Mine.

A conſiderable vein of copper ore was diſcovered a few years ago in Cwn Glâs Llyn, *The Hollow of the Blue Pool*, near the foot of Clogwyn y Garnedd. Some of the gentlemen of the county aſſociated themſelves for the purpoſe of getting this ore, and the work now goes on with conſiderable ſpirit. It is, however, by no means ſo rich or valuable as that from the Llanberis mine, and this circumſtance, together with the expence of conveying it nearly over the ſummit of the mountain to Caernarvon, may poſſibly prevent its ever being worked to any extent. The proprietors have made a tolerably good ſledge-path from the Beddgelert road, near Llyn Cwellyn, to Bwlch Glâs, a hollow juſt below the higheſt point of Snowdon, and from thence a winding footpath down to the mine.

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mine. To Bwlch Glâs the men carry the ore in bags on their ſhoulders: here it is loaded on ſmall one-horſe ſledges, in which it is dragged to the road.—A houſe has lately been erected near the mine for the accommodation of the workmen during bad weather: ſome of them live here altogether.

Much difficulty and many hardſhips are to be overcome by the workmen in the variable climate of theſe alpine vales. In winter, heavy ſnows, which frequently drift many yards in thickneſs; in ſpring and autumn, the moſt violent hurricanes; and, in the height of ſummer, thunder-ſtorms uncommonly tremendous, are to be withſtood by the labourers in this copper mine.—In the winter of 1801 the ſnow drifted ſo deep before the mouth of the mine, that the men were under the neceſſity of cutting a level through it, and of thus going to their work under a long arch of ſnow. Sometimes the mouth of the new level they were forming in the rock was ſo cloſed round with ſnow, that they were not able to tell exactly where it was; and when with difficulty they had found it, it coſt ſome labour to clear an entrance. This ſnow-drift was in many places near twenty yards deep, and ſome of it was to be ſeen in the receſſes of the rocks till even the middle of May.

Accidents may alſo happen in winter from the ice on the rocks: of this an inſtance has already occurred. A workman was going to the mine from his

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his cottage in Cwm Brwynog early one frosty morning, when, in descending the steep above the mine, he slipped on some frozen snow, and was thrown along the rocks for near a hundred yards. He was there, providentially, stopped by a hovel that had been built to contain the workmen's tools. Almost every part of his body was bruised by the violence of the fall, and one of his eyes was so much injured, that at the time it was doubtful whether he would recover his sight.

I was informed that the wind had often been so furious among the rocks, that the workmen had found the utmost difficulty in preventing themselves from being blown over the edge of the precipices. Sometimes when they heard its approach by the roaring along the vales, they were compelled to fall down on their hands and knees, and, laying fast hold on each other, to wait in this position till the violence of the gust was passed; or, when it was likely to continue, they had to creep along till, under shelter of the side of the mountain, they could proceed in safety. A party of the men were one morning going to the mine, when the wind was heard to roar loudly along one of the hollows. They all, except one man, laid down till the gust had passed by: he ridiculed their cowardice, and holding out his jacket on each side, observed, that "as a fine breeze was springing up, he should spread his sails, and make the best of his way by scudding before the gale, to his work." The wind

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in a moment bore him from the ground to the diſtance of ten or twelve yards, where he was thrown down with the utmoſt violence. He repented his folly, and though he was not much hurt, the accident had a good effect in teaching the men to act with the utmoſt prudence in ſimilar perilous ſituations.

Two Denbighſhire gentlemen, who are alſo partners in this concern, have cauſed a pretty good mountain horſe-path to be made from Gorphwyſfa, beyond Llanberis, to the copper mine. This will now render the aſcent to the ſummit of Snowdon from Capel Curig and the village of Llanberis perfectly eaſy.

Welſh touriſts have been much in the habit of over-rating the difficulties that are to be encountered in the journey to the ſummit of this mountain. To provide againſt theſe, one of them recommends a ſtrong ſtick with a ſpike in the end, as a thing abſolutely neceſſary; another adviſes that the ſoles of the ſhoes be ſet round with large nails; and a third inveighs againſt attempting ſo arduous and ſo difficult an undertaking in boots. I can only ſay, that to have nails in the ſhoes, and to take a ſtick in one's hand, may both be uſeful in their way, but if a perſon is in good health and ſpirits, he will find that he can do very well without either. I ſhould recommend to the traveller to allow himſelf ſufficient time: to be upon the journey by five or

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ſix o'clock in the morning, when the ſun has not yet attained much power, and when the air is cool and refreſhing. The chief thing required is a little labour, and this, by going gently along, will be rendered very eaſy. There is alſo another advantage in having plenty of time; by ſtopping frequently to reſt himſelf, he will be enabled to enjoy the different diſtant proſpects as they riſe above the mountains, and to obſerve how the objects around him gradually change their appearance as he riſes higher and higher.—It will always be neceſſary to take a guide, for otherwiſe a ſudden change in the weather might render the attempt extremely perilous to a ſtranger. But theſe changes are of no conſequence to the men who are in the habits of aſcending the mountain very frequently, for they have marks by which they would know the path in the moſt cloudy weather.—A ſufficient ſupply of eatables is alſo abſolutely neceſſary: the traveller will find the utility of theſe long before he returns.

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CHAP. XV.

Excursion from Llanberis to the Summit of Snowdon.

Small Pool called Ffynnon Frech.—Llyn Llwydaw.—Llyn y Cwm Glâs.—Romantic Scenery.—Descent to the Village of Llanberis.

Ascent of Snowdon from Llyn Cwellyn.

Bwlch cwm Brwynog.—Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs.—Account of a Mountain Storm.

In the preſent excurſion I proceeded about a mile beyond the village of Llanberis, and, croſſing the brook that runs into the pool, commenced my aſcent up the ſteep mountains on the right.—After ſome fatigue, for the ſun ſhone bright, and the reflection from the rocks was very powerful, I gained the top of the firſt range of rocks which overlook the vale I had left.—In a hollow among theſe mountains I found the little pool called Ffynnon Frech, *The Spotted Well.* In its bottom were growing in great abundance thoſe rare plants, almoſt wholly confined to alpine pools, *Subularia aquatica*, *Iſoetes lacuſtris*, and *Lobelia dortmanna.*

From hence I continued my journey up another ſteep, and from its top obſerved two other pools

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in a vale at a great depth below me, called Llyn Llwydaw, *The Duſky Pool*, and Llyn y Cwm Glâs, *The Blue Pool in the Hollow*. A ſmall iſland in the former is, in ſpring, the haunt of the Black-backed Gulls *, which here lay their eggs, and bring up their young. I did not deſcend, as I could obſerve nothing about them likely to repay me for the trouble, but proceeded onward, for about a mile, along the ſloping ſides of the mountains, till I came to the hollow called Bwlch Glâs. After leaving this place I was not long in attaining the ſummit of the monarch of the Britiſh Alps.

From the top of the firſt mountains, after I left Llanberis, till I came within ſight of Llyn Llwydaw, the ſcenery was awfully rude. It was one continued ſeries of rocks, infinitely varied in their figure and diſpoſition. The nimble-footed ſheep that brouzed on their dark ſides, and ſkipped along their tremendous precipices, looked down upon us with the utmoſt compoſure, fearleſs of any danger from their ſeemingly precarious ſituation. In ſome places the rocks, overhanging the path, ſeemed ready to ſtart from their baſes, threatening deſtruction to the travellers who had dared their gloomy ſhade. I was much pleaſed with this part of my ramble, for I love

> Theſe lonely regions, where, retired
> From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
> In awful ſolitude.

* *Larus marinus* of Linnæus.

The

The latter part of the excurſion, along the ſloping ſides of the mountains, was ſomewhat unpleaſant. The ſtones I had to traverſe for above a mile were ſo ſmall and looſe, as at every ſtep to give way: this not only rendered the walk fatiguing, but ſometimes, indeed, dangerous. The ſcenery was wild, but little intereſting. The hollow beneath me, hemmed in by the gloomy mountains around, had, from a few points of view, a conſiderable degree of grandeur, but, in this reſpect, it was far inferior to what I had paſſed. Wandering along this dreary ſcene, I once or twice heard, ſweetly mellowed by the diſtance,

> The wildly winding brook
> Fall hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep.

The light clouds ſwept briſkly over the mountains, ſometimes entirely obſcuring them, and then again ſhewing their ſerrated tops viſible through the thinneſs of the miſt.

I deſcended from Snowdon this time along what may with propriety be denominated a mountain ſtair-caſe, down the rocks immediately oppoſite to the village of Llanberis. This road was for the whole way ſo very ſteep and unpleaſant, that I would at any time rather go three or four miles round than venture down it again.

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ASCENT OF SNOWDON FROM LLYN CWELLYN.

ON the following day I once again went up to the ſummit of Snowdon, and this time I choſe, as the place of my outſet, the cottage of the mountain guide who lives near Llyn Cwellyn, a pool about ſix miles from Caernarvon, on the ſide of the road leading from thence to Beddgelert.—We firſt went along ſome meadows which extend up the ſides of the mountains for about half a mile. Leaving theſe, we, after ſome time, came to Bwlch Cwm Brwynog, *The Hollow of the Vale of Brwynog*, a kind of gap betwixt the mountains, which overlook that vale. This place is reckoned about half way to the top, and perſons who viſit the mountain on horſeback uſually ride thus far, leaving their horſes here to the care of their ſervants till they return.—We paſſed by Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs, *The Servant's Pool*, ſo called, it is ſaid, from the ſhepherd of a farmer in the neighbourhood having ſome time ago been drowned there as he was waſhing his ſheep. The road then lies along a ſteep ridge, one of thoſe denominated the buttreſſes of Snowdon.

The path I found all the way exceedingly tireſome. A little above the pool I had to paſs, for near a quarter of a mile, over immenſe maſſes of rocks, lying over each other in almoſt every different direction, and entirely deſtitute of vegetation.—The ſledge-way to the copper-mine (mentioned in the laſt chapter)

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chapter) will, however, now have done away all theſe inconveniences.

During the whole former part of this excurſion the ſky was clear, and the ſun ſhone exceſſively hot: not a ſingle cloud was to be ſeen on the whole concave of the heavens. Notwithſtanding this very favourable appearance, the guide, while we were on the top of Snowdon, ſuddenly adviſed that we ſhould haſten our deſcent, as a ſtorm would otherwiſe ſoon be upon us. I ridiculed the idea without once conſidering that the knowledge of the mountaineers in the ſymptoms of the weather, muſt be much more correct than that of an entire ſtranger, and I had occaſion to repent it. The wind had not long before veered round from eaſt to ſouth-weſt, and a narrow ſkirt of cloud ſeemed riſing from the ocean. I had already too often experienced the effects of *this* foreboding not now to ſecond the guide's motion, and I was alſo well aware that we ſhould undergo a thorough drenching before we could poſſibly arrive at his cottage. We packed up our napkin and eating-veſſels in the baſket, and footed our way with all poſſible expedition, ſpringing over the ledges, and among the broken fragments of the rocks, like mountain goats. The cloud increaſed rapidly, and every time I could take my attention for a moment from my feet, I diſcovered that it had become more condenſed and black than before. Its miſty extremity now eclipſed

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the ſun, and from the ſtreaks with which it was marked, it was too plain what we had ſoon to expect. I adviſed that we ſhould ſeek for ſhelter under two fragments of rock a few hundred yards in front of us, till the fury of the ſtorm paſſed over. The velocity with which the lower clouds were moved, daſhed them among the hollows of the mountains, and whirled them round with great violence. In a few ſeconds we found ourſelves enveloped in a miſt ſo denſe that we could ſcarcely find the ſtones we had before ſeen, and under which we intended to ſeek for ſhelter. No ſooner had we reached them than the torrent deſcended in mingled hail and rain. The hailſtones by rebounding came into my retreat, and the rain ſo filled the floor, that, in a ſhort time, I found the water flowing over my ſhoes. I was, however, under the neceſſity of quietly ſubmitting to this evil to avoid being wet in other parts. Every moment I expected to be aſſailed by a tremendous flaſh of lightning, and deafened by its conſequent thunder. Fortunately theſe did not occur. The clouds blocked up the mouth of my retreat, and left me looking apparently into an expanſe of air: from the abrupt appearance of the rocks before me, I ſeemed to be ſheltered on the verge of a precipice. In about half an hour the fury of the ſtorm abated, and ſoon afterwards the heavens again became ſerene. The brilliancy of the drops of rain on the graſs, and the moiſture on all ſides, rendered the ſurrounding objects very beau-

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beautiful. The channels were now filled, and torrents of water were ſeen pouring down all the mountains into their pools and hollows. Some of the larger ſtreams overflowed their banks into the meadows. Our walking was rendered very uncomfortable from the graſs and rocks being ſo ſlippery, as ſeveral times to throw us on our backs with conſiderable violence. At length, however, we arrived in ſafety at the bottom.—After reſting myſelf here about a quarter of an hour, I again returned to Caernarvon.

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CHAP. XVI.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO THE SUMMITS OF THE MOUNTAINS GLYDER AND TRIVAEN.

View of Llanberis from the Sides of the Mountains.—Llyn y Cwm.—Mode of conveying Peat down the Steeps.—Llyn Idwel.—Cwm Idwel.—Tremendous Precipice and Cataract of Tull Dû.—Cwm Bochlwyd.—Trivaen.—Difficult Aſcent.—Deſcription of the Summit of Trivaen.—Daring Leap.—Glyder Bach.—Strange Maſſes of Stone.—Glyder Vawr.—Extenſive Proſpect.—Evening Scene in Llanberis.—Plants found near Tull Dû.

MR. JONES of Llanberis having obligingly offered me accommodations at his houſe for a few days, that I might with greater eaſe and convenience examine every thing remarkable in the neighbourhood of the village, I roſe early one morning to undertake, in company with my friend Williams, by far the moſt laborious walk that I ever ventured upon in the courſe of one day. This was no leſs than to aſcend the ſummits of three mountains, Trivaen, Glyder Bach, and Glyder Vawr, none of them very much inferior to Snowdon.

About ſeven o'clock we ſet out from the village, and directed our route up the mountains on the north-eaſt ſide of the vale of Llanberis. When we had

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had attained the brow of the firſt eminence, immediately above the village, we agreed to reſt about five minutes, in order to obſerve the appearance of the vale and mountains. The church, with its half a dozen houſes, and a few trees and meadows, were ſeen almoſt as on a map. Beyond theſe, and exactly oppoſite to us, extended a long range of ſerrated rocks, marked with innumerable interſecting ſtreaks of red, the effect of the mountain ſtorms. The ſun ſhone with great brilliancy on theſe rocks, whilſt Snowdon, and all the other mountains behind them, were entirely veiled in clouds. The lakes of Llanberis were in part viſible.—Having aſcended to the eminence next above us, we found that the whole extent of the lakes was now brought into the view. The ſcene became altogether more extended, for we had now a view over the intervening mountains to the other parts of Caernarvonſhire. Part of the iſland of Angleſea, and the ſtrait of Menai, were to be ſeen filling up the openings of the mountains. We obſerved a few light and ſemi-tranſparent clouds float down the vale of Llanberis, and over the dark pools, frequently whirled by the wind in eddies. We at length arrived at a very ſmall pool known to all Welſh botaniſts, called

LLYN Y CWN,

The Pool of the Dogs. This alpine lake was firſt made generally known from the aſſertion of Giraldus Cam-

Cambrenſis, that it contained a ſingular kind of trout, perch, and eels, which all wanted the left eye. Few people ſeem to have given credit to this account. Mr. Edward Lhwyd, however, ſays that a Caernarvonſhire fiſherman informed him that he had ſeveral times caught monocular trout in Llyn y Cwn, and that theſe had all a diſtortion in the ſpine, The honorable Daines Barrington alſo declares, that on accurate inquiry he had heard of monocular trout being taken here within the memory of perſons then living. There are no fiſh of any deſcription in the pool at preſent *.

In the bogs near this pool we found the ſon of the Llanberis guide, and two or three other perſons, digging peat; and we obſerved the mode in which they conveyed it down the mountains to the village. Horſes are employed to carry it to the edge of the firſt ſteep, where it is loaded on ſledges, each managed by one man, to be conveyed to the bottom. Theſe, though tolerably large, and ſometimes heavily loaded, ſeem not difficult to manage by thoſe accuſtomed to the work. The men even venture to run with them down the leſs ſteep parts of the mountains, but when they come to a more ſudden deſcent, they make ſudden turns from one ſide to another, all the way down; this effectually checks the velocity which the ſledge acquires; but ſo much

* Phil. Tranſ. vol. xxvii. p. 464.: and the volume for the year 1767.

practice

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practice is requiſite in this work, that a perſon unaccuſtomed to it would ſoon throw himſelf down. They deſcend with great velocity, and without any apprehenſion of danger.

From Llyn y Cwn we proceeded, about three quarters of a mile, along a flat ſwampy piece of ground, till we came to an immenſe precipice above a hundred yards in perpendicular height, which forms one ſide of the hollow that incloſes the black waters of

Llyn Idwel.

This hollow, ſurrounded on all ſides by dark and prominent rocks, is called *Cwm Idwel*. It is ſaid to have been the place where Idwal, the ſon of Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, was murdered by a perſon to whoſe care and protection his father had entruſted him. The ſhepherds believe the place to be the haunt of demons, and that, fatal as that of Avernus, no bird dare fly over its water.

We deſcended along the broken rocks on one ſide of this precipice to a great depth into the hollow; and turning among the larger maſſes that lay in rude heaps, ſomewhat more than half way down, where the deſcent became more gradual, we ſoon found ourſelves at the foot of a tremendous rent, or chaſm in the mountain, called

Tull

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TULL DU,

The Black Cleft. A more grand, or more ſublime ſcene, the pencil even of Salvator Roſa could not have traced. The ſtream that runs from Llyn y Cwn is ſeen rolling down the deep cleft at a vaſt height above, and is broken in its deſcent by a hundred interrupting rocks. There had been much rain the day before we were here, and the accumulated volume of water ruſhing in a vaſt cataract, from the aſtoniſhing height of *a hundred and fifty yards*,

> In one impetuous torrent down the ſteep,
> Now thundering ſhot, and ſhook the country round.

Amongſt the rocks at the bottom I obſerved a number of circular holes of different ſizes, from a few inches in diameter to two feet and upwards, which had been formed by the eddy of the torrent from above. Theſe hollows are frequently called by the Welſh people *Devil's Pots*, and from this circumſtance the place itſelf is ſometimes called the Devil's Kitchen.

We deſcended from Tull Dû, and croſſing the foot of the range of rocks on the eaſt ſide of Cwm Idwel, came at length ſo cloſe to Nant Frangon, as to have a view nearly of its whole extent. Still proceeding, after a while we attained the higheſt part of the rocks immediately ſurrounding Cwm Idwel. Here we found ourſelves on the verge of

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another mountain hollow, ſmaller indeed than the laſt, but equally cheerleſs and dreary, called *Cwm Bochlwyd*, containing a ſmall black pool, *Llyn Bochlwyd*. From this ſituation we had the whole conical ſummit of

TRIVAEN

In view before us. Its ſides appeared not greatly inclining from a perpendicular; and the huge maſſes of rock that covered them ſeemed deſtitute of vegetation, except where the clefts gave lodgement to a few moſſes, bilberries, and a few ſpecies of ſaxifrage. To aſcend its ſummit appeared, as in truth we found it, a moſt arduous undertaking: no part of Snowdon, frequented by travellers, can be in any degree compared to it.—We were determined not to be alarmed by appearances, however unfavourable they might be, and though I believe we each felt a ſecret perſuaſion that all our attempts would be to no purpoſe, we croſſed Cwm Bochlwyd, and approached the foot of this upper part of the mountain. Here we muſtered all our reſolution, and commenced the laborious taſk; and, after a continued climbing of about three quarters of an hour, for we could ſcarcely take half a dozen ſteps together in any place, without at the ſame time uſing our hands, we found ourſelves on the ſummit. Here, from the maſſy crag, we contemplated all the ſcene around us, which was rude as mountain horror could render it. We ſtood on a mere point,

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point, and on one ſide of us was a precipice more deep than any I had before ſeen. We united our ſtrength, and rolled down it ſeveral huge pieces of rock: theſe continued their thundering noiſe for ſeveral ſeconds, and by their friction and daſhing into hundreds of pieces, emitted a ſtrong ſulphureous ſmell which aſcended even to our ſtation. The ſummit of Trivaen, as I have remarked at the end of my obſervations on Nant Frangon, in a former chapter *, is crowned by two upright ſtones, twelve or fourteen feet in height, about a yard and a half aſunder, and each ſomewhat more than a yard acroſs at the top. To ſtand upright on one of theſe, and look down the ſide of the mountain, would inſpire even a tolerably ſtout heart with terror: to fall from hence would be inevitable deſtruction. But my companion ſtepped from the top of one to the other. I am not eaſily alarmed by paſſing among precipices, and my head is, I believe, as ſteady as that of moſt perſons, but I muſt confeſs I felt my blood chill with horror at an act that ſeemed to me ſo raſh. The force neceſſary for the leap, without great management in its counteraction, would have ſent him a ſtep farther than he had intended to have gone, would have ſent him headlong down the precipice. He informed me that a female of an adjacent pariſh was celebrated for having often performed this daring leap, and when he was ſtanding on one of

* Chap. xi. p. 186.

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the ſtones, dangerous as it was, he was determined to attempt the ſame.

We deſcended from the ſummit, and, croſſing a mountain vale, aſcended the ſide of

GLYDER BACH,

The leſſer Glyder. This mountain, though conſiderably higher than Trivaen, is neither ſo ſteep, nor, on its exterior, ſo rocky. On its ſummit there are ſeveral groups of columnar ſtones, ſome ſtanding upright, others laid acroſs, and, in ſhort, in all directions. On meaſuring them, we found many of them to be from ſixteen to twenty feet long, and twelve or fourteen broad. In one place there is a particularly large one, laid over ſome others, and projecting far beyond them. My companion walked to the end of it, and evidently moved it by jumping on it. "Many of the ſtones (ſays Mr. Pennant in his account of this mountain) had ſhells bedded in them; and in the neighbourhood I found ſeveral pieces of lava. I therefore conſider this mountain to have been a ſort of a wreck of nature, formed and flung up by ſome mighty internal convulſion, which has given theſe vaſt groups of ſtones fortuitouſly ſuch a ſtrange diſpoſition, for had they been the ſettled ſtrata bared of their earth by a long ſeries of rains, they would have retained the ſame regular appearance that we obſerve in all other beds of ſimilar matter *."

* Pennant's Tour, ii. 160.

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From hence we paſſed to the ſummit of

GLYDER VAWR,

The greater Glyder, and obſerved in our way ſeveral of the ſame kind of inſulated maſſes of rock ſcattered in different directions around us.—From this ſituation we had a grand and unbounded proſpect. On one ſide, the immenſe mountains of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire appeared with their towering precipices in ſuch rude order, that they ſeemed "the fragments of a ſhattered world:" theſe were interſected by green meadowy vales and deep glens. On the other ſide, towards the town of Caernarvon, we had the whole of the iſle of Angleſea in ſight, and at a great diſtance northwards we ſaw the Iſle of Man, reſembling a faintly formed cloud. All the intervening ſpace in that direction betwixt us and the ſea was filled up by the varied ſcenery of mountains and vales, interſperſed with their lakes and ſtreams.—Glyder Vawr is the moſt lofty of all the Caernarvonſhire mountains, except Snowdon and Carnedd Llewelyn; and in all the ſcenery of the vale of Llanberis it forms a prominent feature.

Having admired this delightful proſpect for ſome time, we deſcended, and ſhortly afterwards came to the bank of Llyn y Cwn. About eight o'clock, after a fourteen hour's ramble, among crags and precipices, we found ourſelves once again in the vale of Llanberis, and not a little fatigued with our day's excurſion.

As

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As it was not probable that I ſhould remain another night here, after reſting myſelf about a quarter of an hour, I determined to make the beſt of my time, tired as I was, and watch the cloſe of an

EVENING SCENE IN LLANBERIS.

I left my hoſpitable friends, and ſtrolled to the end of the lake. Scarcely a breath of air was to be felt. A white fog was extended, in long denſe ſtreaks, low down in the vale. The evening clouds appeared acroſs the end of the lakes, tinged with various hues of red and orange, from the refracted rays of the departing ſun. Theſe were reflected in full ſplendour along the water. The rocks reflected various ſhades of purple, as the prominences were preſented to the eye, or as the heath or verdure moſt prevailed. Theſe colours after a while became one maſs of dark greeniſh blue. The clouds loſt their ſplendour; and the pool began to darken from the ſhades of the mountains. Scattered clouds now ſettled on various parts of the rocks, their light colours ſingularly contraſting with the ſombre mountain tints. On looking from the pool towards the village, I was juſt able to diſtinguiſh it in the gloom, its place being marked by the ſmoke of the peat fires, riſing a few yards perpendicularly from the chimnies, and then ſpreading into a cloud, and hovering directly over it. The rocks and precipices ſoftened by degrees into an uniform maſs

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of ſhade. The general features now became entirely loſt, and only the upper outline was diſtinguiſhable in the obſcurity. The evening fogs ſoon after came on, and in a ſhort time ſo enveloped the whole ſcene, that not a ſingle former trace was viſible.

I ſhall conclude this chapter with a catalogue of the *plants* that have been found near Tull Du, and about the pool of Llyn y Cwn; and I very much doubt whether any other part of the kingdom, in ſo ſmall a ſpace of ground, will afford ſo many uncommon plants as are to be met with here. For the particular habitats, the reader is, of courſe, as in the two former liſts, referred to the catalogue of Welſh plants at the end of the ſecond volume.

Melica cœrulea.
Feſtuca rubra.
——— Cambrica.
Plantago maritima.
Galium boreale.
Lobelia dortmanna.
Parnaſſia paluſtris.
Saxifraga ſtellaris.
——— nivalis.
——— oppoſitifolia.
——— hypnoides.
——— palmata.
——— cœſpitoſa.
Silene acaulis.
Arenaria verna.
——— var. 1. laricifolia.
Hieracium alpinum.
——— taraxaci.
——— ſylvaticum.
Statice armeria.
Anthericum ſerotinum.
Juncus triglumis.
Rumex digynus.
Vaccinium myrtillus.
Chryſoſplenium oppoſitifolium.
Gnaphalium dioicum.
Carex dioica.
——— flava.
——— atrata.
——— pilulifera.
Empetrum nigrum.
Rhodiola roſea.

Arenaria

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Arenaria var. 2. juniperina.
Sedum rupeſtre.
Rubus ſaxatilis.
——— chamæmorus.
Thalictrum alpinum.
——— minus.
Subularia aquatica.
Draba incana.
Cochlearia officinalis.
——— græenlandica.
Juniperus communis, *var.*
Lycopodium ſelaginoides.
——— ſelago.
——— alpinum.
Iſoetes lacuſtris.
Pteris criſpa.
Aſplenium viride.
Polypodium phegopteris.
——— rhæticum.
Cyathea fragile.

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CHAP. XVII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON INTO ANGLESEA.

The Menai.—Ferries.—Loſs of Ferry-Boats.—Particulars of the Loſs of the Abermenai Boat in 1785.—Tal y Moel Fre.—Angleſea.—Memoranda of Dafydd ap Gwilym.—Llanddwyn Abbey.—Dwynwen, the Welſh Venus.—Beautiful Proſpect.—Llanedwen.—Tradition reſpecting a Woman Sixteen Feet high.—Invaſion by the Romans.—Battle at Moel y Don.—Plâs Newydd.—Cromlech.—Ancient Mode of erecting huge Stone Monuments.—Liſt of Cromlechs in Angleſea.—Ancient Place of Interment.—Gwyndy.—Wine Houſes.—Holyhead.—Amlwch.—Angleſea Copper Mines.—Vitriol and Alum Work.—Smelting Houſes and Port.—Llanelian.—Elian's Cloſet and Cheſt.—Wakes and Superſtitions.—Memoranda of Goronwy Owen.—Pentraeth.—Plâs Gwynn.—Tradition of an extraordinary Leap.—Beaumaris.—Beaumaris Caſtle.—Hiſtory of the Caſtle.—Ridiculous Defence of the Angleſea Royaliſts.—Beaumaris Bay.—Baron Hill.—Obſervations on the general Deformity of what are called ornamental Buildings.—Llanvaes.—Penmon.—Marine Productions of Angleſea.

I CROSSED from Caernarvon into Angleſea by the ferry-boat, which every day, when the weather will admit, takes paſſengers over the Menai, *The Narrow Water*, to and from the iſland. This is a diſtance of ſomewhat more than a mile. The boat always goes at high water, and, when ready to ſet out, one of the men blows a horn in the town, to collect together the paſſengers.

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It was the conjecture of a writer of the ſixteenth century, that Angleſea was once joined to the continent of Wales, but that it had been ſeparated by the continual working of the ocean. He ſays alſo that, for ſome time after the disjunction, the inhabitants of Wales and Angleſea probably had a communication, by means of a bridge, till the breach became too wide for ſuch a paſſage to be any longer maintained *. If this ever was the caſe, and it is by no means improbable, the laſt point of ſeparation ſeems to have been near Bangor Ferry, for there the channel is at preſent much more narrow than in any other part, and at this place there is ſtill to be ſeen a trace of ſmall rocks jutting out in a line acroſs the channel. Beſides theſe, there are alſo other great ſplinters of rocks tumbled down, and really appearing as if the ſea had conſumed the ſoil in which they had once been bedded.—In the hollows and cavernous interſtices of theſe fallen and broken rocks, during an hour or two at the beginning of the flood, from the tides flowing in at each end of the ſtraits, and meeting here, the ſea violently boils and fluctuates, making it for that time a dangerous whirlpool. This part of the channel is called *Pool Ceris*, and is a place very difficult to be navigated by large veſſels, which muſt not only be conducted by a ſkilful pilot, but muſt alſo embrace the critical moment.

* Deſcriptio Britanniæ, a Paulo Jovio, p. 10.

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FERRIES.

There are ſix ferries from Caernarvonſhire into Angleſea; *Abermenai*, about three miles ſouth-weſt of Caernarvon; *Tal y Voel*, from Caernarvon; *Moel y Don*, about half way betwixt Caernarvon and Bangor Ferry; Porthaethwy, or *Bangor Ferry*; that from the promontory of *Garth*, near the town of Bangor; and from *Aber*, acroſs the Lavan Sands to Beaumaris.—Several accidents have at different times happened at theſe ferries.

1664. The Abermenai ferry-boat (which is ſometimes brought to take paſſengers from Caernarvon to the Abermenai houſe, in Angleſea), had arrived at the Angleſea ſhore from Caernarvon, the oars were laid aſide, and the paſſengers were about to land, when a miſunderſtanding occurred concerning a penny more than the people were willing to pay. During the diſpute the boat was carried into a deep place, where it upſet, and although it was at that time within a few yards of the ſhore, *ſeventy-nine* of the paſſengers periſhed, one only eſcaping.—The country people believed that this was a viſitation of heaven, becauſe the boat was built of timber that had been ſtolen from Llanddwyn abbey.

1723. The Tal y Voel boat was upſet on the thirteenth of April, and *thirty* perſons periſhed. A man and a boy only eſcaped, the former by floating on the keel of the boat, and the other by laying hold of the tail of one of the horſes, was dragged to the ſhore.

1726. The Bangor ferry-boat was ſo overloaded with people in their return from Bangor fair, that it ſunk, and all the paſſengers (the number not known) were drowned, except one man and a woman. The latter floated on her clothes till ſhe was taken up by another boat.—She was alive in the year 1798.

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1785. In the month of December, the Abermenai boat in going from Caernarvon was ſwamped in the oppoſite ſand-bank, and all the paſſengers periſhed except one, Mr. Hugh Williams, a reſpectable farmer now living at Tyn Llwydan near Aberffraw in Angleſea.

Loss of the Abermenai Ferry-Boat.

The unaffected narrative of the latter melancholy event I received from Mr. Williams himſelf, and his ſtory is too intereſting and too ſimple to be related in any other than nearly his own words:

" The Abermenai ferry-boat uſually leaves Caernarvon on the return of the tide, but the 5th of December being the fair-day, and there being much difficulty, on that account, in collecting the paſſengers, the boat did not leave Caernarvon that evening till near four o'clock, though it was low water at five, and the wind, which blew ſtrong from ſouth-eaſt, was right upon our larboard bow. It was neceſſary that the boat ſhould be kept in pretty cloſe to the Caernarvonſhire ſide, not only that we might have the benefit of the channel, which runs near the ſhore, but alſo that we might be ſheltered from this wind, which blew directly towards two ſand-banks, at that time divided by a channel, called Traethau Gwylltion, *The ſhifting Sands*. Theſe lay ſomewhat more than half-way betwixt the Caernarvonſhire and the Angleſea coaſts.—It was not long before I perceived that the boat was not kept ſufficiently in the channel, and I immediately communicated

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municated to a friend * my apprehenſions that we were approaching too near the bank. He agreed in my opinion, and we accordingly requeſted the ferry-men to uſe their beſt efforts to keep her off. Every poſſible exertion was made to this purpoſe, with the oars, for we had no ſail, but without effect, for we ſoon after grounded upon the bank; and the wind blew at this time ſo freſh as at intervals to throw the ſpray entirely over us.

" Alarmed at our ſituation, as it was nearly low water, and as there was every proſpect, without the utmoſt exertion, of being left on the bank, ſome of the talleſt and ſtrongeſt of the paſſengers immediately leapt into the water, and, with their joint force, endeavoured to thruſt the boat off. This, however, was to no purpoſe, for every time they moved her from the ſpot, ſhe was with violence driven back.—In this diſtreſſing ſituation the boat half filled with water, and a heavy ſea breaking over us, we thought it beſt to quit her, and remain on the bank in hopes, before the riſing again of the tide, that we ſhould receive ſome aſſiſtance from Caernarvon. We accordingly did ſo, and almoſt the moment after we had quitted her, ſhe filled with water, and ſwamped.—Before I left her I had however the precaution to ſecure the maſt, on which, in caſe of neceſſity, I was reſolved to attempt my

* Thomas Coledock, gardener to O. P. Meyrick, Eſq. of Bodorgan.

eſcape:

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eſcape: this I carried to a part of the bank neareſt to the Angleſea ſhore, where I obſerved my friend with one of the oars, which he had alſo ſecured for a ſimilar purpoſe.

"We were at this time, including men, women, and children, *fifty-five* in number, in a ſituation that can much better be conceived than deſcribed. Expoſed, on a quick-ſand, in a dark cold night, to all the horrors of a premature death, which, without aſſiſtance from Caernarvon, we knew muſt be certain on the return of the tide, our only remaining hope was that we could make our diſtreſs known there. We accordingly united our voices in repeated cries for aſſiſtance, and we were heard. The alarm bell was rung, and, tempeſtuous as the night was, ſeveral boats, amongſt which was that belonging to the cuſtom-houſe, put off to our aſſiſtance. We now entertained hopes that we ſhould ſhortly be reſcued from the impending danger;—but how were we ſunk in deſpair when we found that not one of them, on diſcovering our ſituation, dared to approach us, leſt a ſimilar fate ſhould alſo involve them. A ſloop from Barmouth, lying at Porth Leidiog, had likewiſe ſlipt her cable to drop down to our aſſiſtance, the only effectual relief we could have received;—but before ſhe floated the ſcene was cloſed.

"Finding that our danger was now every moment increaſing, and no hopes of help whatever could be entertained, I determined to continue no

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longer on the bank, but to truſt myſelf to the mercy of the ſea. Being a tolerably good ſwimmer, I had full confidence that, with the maſt, I ſhould be able to gain the Angleſea ſhore. I accordingly went to the ſpot where I had depoſited it, and found my friend there, with the oar in his hand. I propoſed to him that we ſhould tie the maſt and oar together with two ſtraw ropes, which he alſo had along with him, and endeavoured to perſuade him to truſt ourſelves upon them. I faſtened them together as ſecurely as poſſible, and finding, after repeated endeavours to prevail on him to accompany me, that he had not fortitude enough to do it, I was determined to make the effort alone. I pulled off my boots and great coat, as likely to impede me in ſwimming: he committed his watch to my care, and we took a laſt farewell. I puſhed the raft a little off the bank, and placed myſelf upon it, but at that moment it turned round, and threw me underneath.—In this poſition, with one of my arms ſlung through the rope, and exerting all my endeavours to keep my head above water, overwhelmed at intervals with the ſpray which was blown over me with great violence, I was carried entirely off the bank. When I had been in the water, as near as I could recollect, about an hour, I perceived, at a conſiderable diſtance, a light. This I believed to be (as it afterwards proved), in Tal y Voel ferry-houſe: my drooping ſpirits were revived, and I made every exertion to gain the ſhore, by puſhing

puſhing the raft towards it, at the ſame time calling out loudly for help. But judge of my diſappointment when, in ſpite of every effort, I was carried paſt the light, and found myſelf driving on rapidly before the wind and tide, deprived now of every hope of relief. Dreadful as my ſituation was, I had, however, ſtill ſtrength enough to perſevere in my endeavours to gain the ſhore. Theſe, after being for ſome time beaten about by the ſurge, which ſeveral times carried me back into the water, were at length effectual. After having been upwards of two hours toſſed about by the ſea, in a cold and tempeſtuous night, ſupported only by clinging hold of the maſt and oar of a ſmall boat, I was thus providentially retrieved from otherwiſe inevitable death. —I now felt the dreadful effect of the cold I had endured, for, on endeavouring to riſe, that I might ſeek further aſſiſtance, my limbs refuſed their office. Exerting myſelf to the utmoſt, I endeavoured to crawl towards the place where I had ſeen the light, diſtant at leaſt a mile from me, but at laſt was obliged to deſiſt, and lie down under a hedge, till my ſtrength was ſomewhat recovered. The wind and rain ſoon rouſed me, and after repeated ſtruggles, and the moſt painful efforts, I at length reached the Tal y Voel ferry-houſe. I was firſt ſeen by a female of the family, who immediately ran ſcreaming away, under the idea that ſhe had encountered a ghoſt. The family, however, by this means were rouſed, and I was taken into the houſe. They put me into

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into a warm bed, gave me ſome brandy, and applied heated bricks to my extremities: this treatment had ſo good an effect, that on the following morning no other unpleaſant ſenſation was left than that of extreme debility.—Having been married but a very ſhort time, I determined to be the welcome meſſenger to my wife of my own deliverance. I therefore haſtened home as early as poſſible, and had the good fortune to find that the news of the melancholy event had not before reached my dwelling.

"This morning preſented a ſpectacle along the ſhore which I cannot attempt to deſcribe. Several of the bodies had been caſt up during the night. The friends of the ſufferers crowded the banks, and the agitated inquiries of the relatives after thoſe whoſe fate was doubtful or unknown, and the affliction of the friends of thoſe already diſcovered, to this day fill me with horror in the recollection:—I, alas, was the only ſurviving witneſs of the melancholy event.—Beſides thoſe bodies thrown upon the ſhore by the tide, ſo many were found in various poſitions, ſunk in the ſand-bank, that it was not till after ſeveral tides that they could all be dug out.—My boots and great coat were found under the ſand, nearly in the place where I had left them. The boat was never ſeen afterwards, and it is ſuppoſed to be even yet lodged in the bank."

TAL

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TAL Y MOEL FRE,

Or, Tal y Voel Fre, *The End of the Hill*, where I landed in Angleſea, is ſo called, from the coaſt being ſomewhat more ſteep there than any where elſe in its immediate neighbourhood. The river Menai, ſomewhere off this place, was the ſcene of a ſea-fight about the middle of the twelfth century, that has been celebrated in Welſh verſe by a bard of the name of Gwalchmai. His poem was that which Gray has given us in an Engliſh dreſs in,

Owen's praiſe demands my ſong, &c.

A combined fleet of Iriſh, Danes, and Normans, lay at anchor near this place; and at the ebb of tide Owen Gwynedd came ſuddenly upon them with his forces, and defeated them before they had time even to arrange themſelves in order of battle. Beſides this poem of Gwalchmai, there is another Welſh poem deſcribing the event, written by prince Howel, the ſon of Owen Gwynedd, who was both a bard and a warrior. He ſeems to have at leaſt had one of the indiſpenſible requiſites of a good poet, the inclination to enlarge the magnitude of an event; otherwiſe I preſume he muſt have viewed the enemy's forces through a multiplying glaſs, for he deſcribes the defeat of *three hundred ſhips of war!*

ANGLE-

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ANGLESEA,

Prior to the invaſion of the Romans, had the name of *Môn*, which ſignified merely an inſulation from the continent of Wales; this name they latinized into Mona. It received its firſt appellation of *Angleſea* on its reduction to the Saxon yoke.

It is denominated "The Mother of Wales" by Giraldus Cambrenſis, for, he ſays, when all the other parts of the principality failed in their crops of corn, this alone, from its fertile ſoil and high ſtate of cultivation, was able to ſupply them. This may have been the caſe in the twelfth century, when Giraldus viſited the country, and when the ſtate of population throughout the whole kingdom was very different from what it is at preſent. The interior of the iſland appeared to me to be very ill attended to in this reſpect: and in addition, much of the land lies in peat-bogs, or is full of low rocks, which cannot be cleared but by blaſting, and that at an enormous expence. There are, indeed, ſome farms in the interior, but it is about the coaſt that the iſland is ſeen in the richeſt ſtate, and particularly about that part which is oppoſite to Caernarvonſhire.—The general face of the country is low, flat, and unpleaſant; and although it has been repreſented as nearly covered with wood in the time of the Druids, there is now ſcarcely any other than what is found in the plantations on the ſouth-eaſt coaſt.

The

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The princes of North Wales had their entire reſidence in this iſland, except when driven out for two centuries by the Iriſh and Picts, till the cloſe of the reign of their laſt prince. The palace was at Aberffraw; and I have been informed that ſome few fragments of the walls are yet ſtanding, forming now part of the walls of a barn.

MEMORANDA OF DAFYDD AP GWILYM.

While I am ſpeaking in general terms of the iſland of Angleſea, it may not be improper to introduce to the Engliſh reader a few biographical anecdotes of this celebrated Welſh bard.

Dafydd ap Gwilym began and ended his life in the fourteenth century. He died about the year 1398, and there is great reaſon to ſuppoſe that at this time he was upwards of ſixty years of age. The iſle of Angleſea, and the county of Cardigan, alike claim the honour of his birth, and there are no documents ſufficiently authentic to decide the contention.

His father, Gwilym Gam, was a lineal deſcendant from the Welſh princes. The traditionary and written accounts extant concerning our bard, ſeem to prove, that on his mother's friends diſcovering her to be pregnant, ſhe was turned out of doors: in this dilemma ſhe put herſelf under the protection of her lover, who immediately married her.—On a ſubſequent reconciliation with her parents, the

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boy was taken into the family of one of his uncles, who had him inſtructed in every kind of learning conducive to a knowledge of poetry.

At the age of fifteen, Dafydd returned to his parents, but being an untractable youth, of wild and ungovernable ſpirits, he ſo often lampooned them in his poetical compoſitions, that he was at length compelled to quit his home, and ſeek for refuge under the roof of Ifor Hael, a relation of his father, in Cardiganſhire.

Ifor employed Dafydd as his ſteward, and aſſigned his daughter to his tuition. He had not occupied this ſituation long before it was diſcovered that a mutual attachment had taken place between the youthful tutor and his pupil. The conſequence to her was an immediate conſignment to a nunnery in Angleſea. Her bard followed her to the iſland, and, diſguiſed as a ſervant, hired himſelf to the abbot of a neighbouring monaſtery, in the hopes of once more obtaining a ſight of the object of his wiſhes, and probably of perſuading her to elope with him. Finding, however, that all his endeavours were fruitleſs, his ardour at length gave way to reflection. He ſoon after returned to South Wales, and was again received by his generous patron, whoſe houſe he found an agreeable aſylum for many years.—During his reſidence here he was elected to the chair of the Eiſteddfod, the higheſt bardic honour that he could attain.

Dafydd

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Dafydd poſſeſſed an elegant perſon, and this, with his numerous accompliſhments, rendered him a great favourite with the fair ſex. He is deſcribed to have been tall and ſlender; and to have had yellow hair, which flowed in beautiful ringlets over his ſhoulders. His dreſs, according to the manners of the age in which he lived, conſiſted of a pair of long trowſers; a cloſe jacket, tied round his waiſt with a ſaſh, that ſuſpended a ſword of no inconſiderable length; and a looſe gown, trimmed with fur, which he wore over the whole. On his head he had a round cap, or bonnet. He was one of the greateſt beaus of his age; and his conduct towards the women brought him into many unlucky ſcrapes, which he has occaſionally mentioned in different parts of his works.

He is ſaid to have had no fewer than twenty-four miſtreſſes, and he one day made an aſſignation with each of them under a neighbouring oak tree. The merry bard took care to be on the ſpot before the time appointed, and, climbing the tree, ſat there perfectly concealed from view. Every one was punctual to the time, and a ſingular ſcene occurred. They gazed in aſtoniſhment at one another, each ſecretly provoked at ſo ſtrange and ſo unlucky an accident. Explanations, however, ſoon took place, and in the firſt burſts of their paſſion the univerſal cry was, "We will be the death of the villain."—"Indeed!" ſays the bard, peeping from among the branches, "it is neceſſary then that I

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ſhould explain;" and he addreſſed them with ſo much ingenuity, that each began to queſtion the other's purity, and a fight commenced, in the heat of which he deſcended, and quietly decamped, leaving them to terminate the diſpute among themſelves.

Notwithſtanding the libertine principles of Dafydd ap Gwilym, he is believed to have entertained a firm and conſtant attachment to Morfydd, the daughter of Madoc Lawgam, whom he firſt ſaw at Rhoſyr, in Angleſea. Their hands were joined by one of the bards, and they reſided together for ſome time. The relations of Morfydd not concurring in her choice, ſtole her from her lover, and united her, according to the ceremonies of the church, to a wealthy, but decrepid old man, whom Dafydd ridicules in his poems under the name of Bwa Bach, *The little Hunchback*. The remainder of the old man's life ſeems to have been ſpent in watchings and jealouſy, for Dafydd omitted no opportunity to perſuade her to elope from him, and he at length accompliſhed his wiſhes. After ſtrict ſearch the fugitives were diſcovered: the bard was proſecuted by the huſband, and fined in a heavy penalty. Not being able to ſatisfy this, he was taken to priſon, whence, however, he was ſoon releaſed by ſome of his countrymen, who raiſed the money among themſelves, and diſcharged the fine. He made a ſecond attempt, which failed, but his attachment was ſo lively and unremitted, that he wrote

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wrote in her praiſe *a hundred and forty-ſeven* poems, ſome of which are by no means ſhort compoſitions.

Between Dafydd ap Gwilym and Gryffydd Grûg, an Angleſea bard, a man of conſiderable genius and learning, there was a rivalſhip for fame, which produced many maſterly compoſitions on each ſide. This contention had been carried on for a long time, and, with great animoſity, when a Welſhman of the name of Bola Bauol offered a wager, which was immediately accepted, that he would effect their reconciliation. He ſhortly afterwards went into North Wales, and induſtriouſly circulated a report of the death of Dafydd ap Gwilym. This ſo much affected his rival, that, laying aſide every other feeling, in the poignancy of his grief, he wrote an elegy bewailing the loſs of his *friend*, in the moſt affectionate terms. Bola, having in the mean time contrived to circulate a ſtory of the ſame nature in South Wales, of the death of Gryffydd Grûg, was much pleaſed, on his return, to find that Dafydd had alſo written a pathetic elegy on his opponent. He thus ſucceeded according to his expectations, for, on diſcovering to each the real ſentiments of the other, they forgave the frolic, and ever afterwards remained firm friends.

Dafydd ap Gwilym ſeems to have little further concerned himſelf with religion, or in religious opinions, than in abuſing the monks, and the prieſthood in general; and he never omitted any opportunity of holding them up to ridicule. In his old

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age, however, he confeſſed his conduct towards the miniſters of religion to have been reprehenſible; and on his death-bed he compoſed ſome verſes beautifully expreſſive of his reſignation, and of the hope with which he awaited his approaching diſſolution.—He ſurvived his relations, his patrons, and his fair Morfydd, many years. He was buried in the monaſtery of Y Strad Flur in Cardiganſhire.

From his writings it evidently appears that the conduct of Dafydd ap Gwilym bordered altogether on an extreme of licentiouſneſs; he deſpiſed all rules that contracted his pleaſures, and broke through every barrier that tended to reſtrain his inclinations. He has been repreſented as eminent for ſobriety, for uniform good conduct, gentle manners, and great reſervedneſs in converſation; and in the ſketch of his life prefixed to his poems, it is ſaid that, "in his works we diſcover the flights of imagination, and the playfulneſs of his muſe, and not the diſpoſition of the man." But to this I can by no means aſſent: no man would be inclined to repreſent himſelf in an unfavourable light; and as Dafydd has recounted many of his adventures, and brought forward there many opinions altogether inimical to uniformity of right conduct, we are neceſſarily induced to ſuppoſe, that in ſtating them he not only was altogether careleſs of his own manners, in the anxiety to gratify his inclinations, but that he deſpiſed every opinion that might be formed by the world reſpecting them.

His

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His works poſſeſs harmony, invention, elegance, and perſpicuity. The powers of his mind roſe greatly ſuperior to all the diſadvantages of the period in which he lived. In harmony of verſification, his works even now ſtand as a model of perfection, although at the time when he wrote, moſt of the laws of compoſition were in a ſtate of fluctuation, and others were altogether unknown. It ſeems, indeed, very probable that ſome of his verſes might form the idea for many rules which were afterwards ſettled. He had both feeling and judgment; in his love poems there is a peculiar ſoftneſs and melody in all their variations; and this, in a greater or leſs degree, may be traced through all his works, from the ſlighteſt efforts of his muſe, to the moſt grand and ſublime parts of his imagery.

Llanddwyn Abbey.

In deſcribing the places which I have viſited in the iſland of Angleſea, I ſhall begin with the Llanddwyn rocks and abbey, at the extreme ſouth point, diſtant from Caernarvon in a direct line about ſix miles. It was ſome days after my excurſion through the iſland that I came here, in the cutter belonging to the hotel, but as it lies out of every other direction, its deſcription will fill this place more appropriately than any other.

The ruins of Llanddwyn abbey are ſituated about the middle of a ſandy flat ſurrounded by rocks, and

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alſo, except on one ſide, by the ſea. Some of the walls are yet ſtanding, but they poſſeſs nothing of gothic elegance. If I could judge from the preſent traces of its ſite, the erection altogether has never been of any conſiderable magnitude.

This church was dedicated to the Welſh Venus, *Dwynwen*, the daughter of Brychan Urth. As the tutelary ſaint of lovers, her ſhrine was much reſorted to in the ages of ſuperſtition and ignorance. She was well ſupplied with offerings, by lovers, to induce her good offices in ſoftening the otherwiſe impenetrable hearts of the objects of their affection. Dafydd ap Gwilym, in one of his poems, addreſſes her: "Dwynwen, fair as the hoary tears of morning, thy golden image in its choir, illumined with waxen torches, well knows how to heal the pains of yonder croſs-grained mortals.—A wight that watches within thy choir, bleſt is his happy labour, thou ſplendid beauty! With afflictions, or with tortured mind, ſhall none return from Llanddwyn!"

This place, I have been informed, is a noted reſort of ſmugglers, and their traces are indeed ſufficiently evident in ſeveral large and deep holes dug in the ſand for concealing the cargoes. I have ſeen few places more inviting to this ſpecies of illicit commerce. Several narrow entrances between the rocks, with a fine ſandy bottom, ſeem particularly calculated to hide their little veſſels from the careleſs eye of the revenue officers of this diſtrict. Here they can run in, and (being four or five miles from

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from any inhabited place, and ſurrounded by eminences,) unload and deliver their cargoes to their emiſſaries without apprehenſion.

From the Angleſea coaſt, near the Tal y Voel ferry-houſe, the town of Caernarvon, with the ſtraits of Menai in front, and the high grand mountains in the back ground, were ſtrikingly beautiful. Snowdon was, the day I was here, perfectly unclouded, and his red ſides, brightened by the ſun, were ſeen gradually ſloping till they ended in a point far above the tops of all the adjoining mountains; each of which had its beauty in the diſpoſition of its lights and ſhades, and of its prominences and hollows.

It was my original intention to have proceeded entirely round the iſland, by Newborough, Aberffraw, and Holyhead. But on inquiry into the practicability of this ſcheme, I found that I ſhould meet with conſiderable difficulty, from the circumſtance of a bank having been burſt by the ſea, near Aberffraw, and ſeveral hundred acres of land being conſtantly flooded at high water. My route was therefore neceſſarily changed, and inſtead of making the circuit I had intended, I botanized along the Angleſea coaſt as far as Moel y Don ferry, from whence I took the direct road to Holyhead.

About three miles from the place where I landed, I paſſed *Llanedwen*, a village now celebrated principally

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cipally from its being the place of interment of Henry Rowlands, the learned author of "Mona Antiqua Reſtaurata." He was inſtituted to this vicarage in October 1696, and he died in the year 1723. A black ſlab, near the ſouth end of the church, contains a Latin inſcription to his memory: this was his own compoſition, but it is now nearly obliterated.—The Welſh people have a ſtrange tradition, that the body of a woman *ſixteen feet* long, lies buried acroſs the path leading to the ſouth door of the church. The preſent gardener at Plâs Newydd, to ſatisfy ſome inquirers, was induced to dig up the place a few years ago, but no bones, or any other evidence occurred that could ſupport ſo ridiculous a ſtory.

The place where the Roman general Suetonius Paulinus firſt landed, when he invaded this iſland, is not far from Llanedwen. About two hundred yards from the Menai there is a field yet called Maes Mawr Gâd, *The Field of the Great Army*, and at a little diſtance eaſtward, juſt on the ſhore, a place ſtill retains the name of Rhiedd, or *The Chief Men's Poſt*. The foot ſoldiers are recorded to have paſſed the ſtraits in flat-bottomed boats; and the horſemen by fording, where the depth of the water would allow it, and by ſwimming over the middle of the channel. This ſeems to have been perfectly practicable, for the ſtream at low water is here very narrow, and ſo ſhallow, as in few places to be more than a fathom, or a fathom and a half, in depth.

MOEL

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Moel y Don,

The Hill of the Wave, is celebrated as being the place where, in the year 1282, part of the Engliſh army experienced from the Welſh a ſevere defeat, attended with great ſlaughter. Edward I. had led out his men to contend with the Welſh ſoldiers in the open plains, but, on their retiring to the mountains, he did not dare an attack in their faſtneſſes. He therefore ſent over a party of men into Angleſea, and ordered them to encamp on the bank of the Menai, near Moel y Don; at the ſame time giving directions for a bridge of boats, of width ſufficient for ſixty men to march abreaſt, to be built acroſs the ſtraits. He retired to Conwy caſtle with the remainder of his army; and the workmen proceeded in their operations. The bridge was ſo far finiſhed, that part of it only wanted boarding over, when, at the ebb of the tide, ſeveral of the Engliſh nobility, and about three hundred ſoldiers, raſhly croſſed it, and remained on the oppoſite ſide till the tide had cut off their acceſs to the bridge. The Welſh ſoon received information of this circumſtance, and, deſcending in a body from the mountains, ruſhed with ſuch fury upon the affrighted Engliſhmen, that every one of them, except ſir William Latimer, who, from the excellence of his horſe, got back in ſafety, was either put to the ſword, or periſhed in the water. The hiſtorians inform us that, beſides the common ſoldiers, the Welſh ſlew, in this en-

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counter, thirteen knights, and ſeventeen young gentlemen, probably officers commanding in the Engliſh army *.

Plas Newydd.

I deviated from the Holyhead road about a mile at Moel y Don, to examine the houſe and grounds of lord Uxbridge at Plâs Newydd, *The New Manſion.* The houſe is a very elegant building. It ſtands upon the bank of the Menai, is almoſt ſurrounded by woods, and commands from the front windows a beautifully pictureſque and extenſive proſpect of thoſe Britiſh Alps, the mountains of Caernarvonſhire.

At a little diſtance are ſome druidical remains, a large and a ſmall *cromlech*, which ſtand cloſe together. The former of theſe is about thirteen feet long, and twelve broad. The upper ſtone, which, in ſome parts, is about four feet in thickneſs, till very lately reſted on five upright ſupporters of ſtone; but, about two years ago, after ſome heavy rain, the one at the back ſuddenly ſplit, ſince which time it has been neceſſary to prop it with ſupporters of wood.

The original deſign of the cromlech, notwithſtanding the contrary opinion of various antiquaries, ſeems only to have been as a ſepulchral monument;

* Powel, 372. Holinſhed, ii. 281.

for,

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for, under ſeveral cromlechs in Cornwall and other parts of England, bones have been found depoſited, It appears to have been the original of our preſent altar tombs, which are but a more diminutive and elegantly formed cromlech *.

That theſe erections ſhould have been intended as altars for the druidical ſacrifices, ſeems altogether impoſſible. The upper ſtones are, in general, too ſmall, and much too high for a fire to be kindled on them, ſufficient to conſume the victim, without burning the officiating prieſt. In addition to this, the horrid rites with which the Druid ſacrifice was attended, could not poſſibly have been performed on ſo ſmall and ſo perilous a ſtation. The upper ſtones of ſeveral of them were alſo ſo thin, that the intenſeneſs of the ſacrifical fire would have cracked and broken them.—Some antiquarians have aſſerted that they were deſigned as places of worſhip; but there ſeems as little reaſon for this ſuppoſition as the former. In many of them, the ſpace beneath is ſo ſmall, as ſcarcely to admit a man even to creep into them; and, beſides this, great numbers of them were erected on barrows, or heaps

* The word *cromlech* is Britiſh, and ſignifies a ſtone that is of a flat or concave form, or that inclines or bends downwards. Rowlands, without any other apparent reaſon, than to ſupport his hypotheſis of the cromlech being conſtructed and uſed for the druidical ſacrifices, derives it from the Hebrew *Cærem Luach*, a devoted ſtone or altar. Mona Antiqua, 207.

of

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of looſe ſtones;—a very uneaſy, and therefore very unlikely, ſituation for devotional offices *.

An attempt has been made to prove that by means of only a lever and an inclined plane, it would be poſſible to erect ſome of the largeſt ſtone monuments that we have in this iſland. To do this, we are to imagine that the founders of theſe erections firſt formed ſmall mounts of firm and ſolid earth for inclined planes, which they flatted and levelled at the top. Up the ſloping ſides of theſe they might, by means of ſtrong levers, upon fixed fulcra, with heavy weights at the ends, and hands ſufficient to guide and manage them, by little and little heave up to the top the ſtones they intended to erect. Theſe, we are to ſuppoſe, they laid down there; then, digging a hole at the end of every ſtone intended for a column or ſupporter, as deep as the columns were long, they again applied their levers, raiſed the ſtones on end, and let them ſlip into the holes. Theſe ſtones being now well cloſed about with earth, and their tops made exactly level with the top of the mount, the flat croſs-ſtones might then be rolled up to them in the ſame manner as the columnar ones had been done before. As ſoon as theſe were all ſecurely placed acroſs their ſupporters, the earth was cut away nearly to the bottom, and there would then appear what are called Stonehenge, Rollrick, and

* See Borlaſe's Antiquities of Cornwall, p. 210.

the

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the Britiſh cromlech; or, where no incumbent ſtone was wanted, the upright columns, or pillars, which we now find in many different parts of the kingdom.—This ſeems the moſt ſimple and natural mode that can be conjectured for the erection of thoſe ſtupendous monuments of antiquity; and it is more than probable that it actually was the mode adopted by the Britiſh mechanics, who obtained their knowledge of ſcience from the Egyptians and Phœnicians, with whom they had very early communication *.

The following is a liſt of twenty-eight cromlechs, which, I believe, are yet to be found in the iſland of Angleſea:

Two at Plâs Newydd, in the pariſh of	Llan Edwen.
One at Bodowyr,	Llanidan.
One at Trevor,	Llanſadwrn.
Two at Rhôs Fawr,	Llanfair yn Mathafarn.
One at Marian Pant y Saer,	Ibid.
One at Llugwy,	Penrhôs Llugwy.
One at Parkiau,	Ibid.
Three on Bodafon mountain,	Llanvihangel Tre'r-beirdd.
Three at Boddeiniol,	Llanbaleo.
One at Cromlech,	Llanfechell.
One at Henblas,	Llan Griſtiolis.
One at Tynewyddland,	Llanfaelog.
One, partly demoliſhed, on Mynydd y Cnwe,	Ibid.
Three ſmall ones near Cryghyll river,	Ibid.
One near Towyn Trewen,	Llanfihangel Yneibwl.
One near Llanallgo,	Llanallgo.
One at Cremlyn,	Llandone.

* Rowlands, 95, 96.

One

One at Myfyrian, in the parish of Llanidan.
One at Bodlew, and
One at Rhôs y Ceryg.

In returning from the house at Plâs Newydd, to the Holyhead road, I observed, at a little distance from the path, a large *tumulus*, which, on subsequent inquiry, I was informed, is generally believed by the country people to have been a druidical place of interment, and to have originally had some connexion with the cromlech. A large upper stone is now exposed, and beneath this, I found a low entrance into a subterraneous recess, apparently ten or twelve feet long, and four wide and high. The sides are formed by flat upright stones, one of which, opposite to the entrance, is said to close the passage into a vault considerably larger than this. This place was first exposed in the time of sir Nicholas Bailey, about seventy years ago; and, when the workmen had opened the entrance into the larger recess, he ordered them to discontinue their operations, as it seemed to contain nothing but bones. A servant of the present earl of Uxbridge, at the request of some gentleman who visited the place about eighteen years ago, dug to the depth of about twelve feet in the bottom of the smaller vault, and discovered a few human bones, and a very old clasp knife, which might probably have been lost by the men who before dug in the same place, for the man could give me no satisfactory description of it.

Having

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Having finiſhed my examination of this ancient place of interment, I purſued my journey towards Holyhead; and, evening coming on, I took up my abode for the night at

GWYNDY,

The Wine Houſe, an inn ſtanding nearly equi-diſtant from Bangor and Holyhead.—About the reign of Edward IV., and for ſome years ſubſequent to that period, the gentlemen of Wales frequently invited their friends in large parties to exerciſe in wreſtling, tournaments, and other feats of activity: but, as theſe meetings, in conſequence of the numbers invited, were uſually attended with great expence, they were always held in the houſe of ſome neighbouring tenant, who was ſupplied with wine from his lord's cellar, and this was ſold to the viſitors, and his maſter received the profits. Theſe houſes were denominated *Gwyndu*, or wine houſes; and from this circumſtance the preſent place had its name.

HOLYHEAD.

In the morning I proceeded towards this place, diſtant about thirteen miles. Holyhead is ſituated on an iſland, at the extreme weſt point of Angleſea, but, except at high water, the dividing channel is paſſable without boats. The iſland is ſeven or eight miles long, and, in moſt parts towards the ſea, ſo rocky, as to be inhabited only by the various ſpecies

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of ſea-fowl, which breed among the cliffs.—From being the neareſt point of this kingdom that lies towards Dublin, it has always been much reſorted to by company paſſing to and from Ireland. In itſelf, however, it poſſeſſes but few attractions for the touriſt on pleaſure.—The diſtance from Holyhead to Dublin is about twenty leagues, which the packets generally make in about twelve hours. They have been known to ſail over in ſix, and in ſtormy weather, on the contrary, they have been kept at ſea for two or three days. The paſſage, both from Parkgate and Liverpool to Dublin, has been found extremely dangerous, on account of the Welſh coaſt, along which the packets have to run for more than half way. On this coaſt, in heavy gales of wind from north-eaſt, they have often been wrecked. The great advantage in ſailing from the Head ariſes from the veſſels being able in a ſhort time entirely to clear the land; and alſo in the length of the paſſage by water being very conſiderably leſſened.

The name that the Welſh have given to this place is Caer Cybi, *The Fort of Cybi.* They ſay that it was the reſidence of Cybi, the ſon of Solomon, duke of Cornwall, who, being conſecrated a biſhop for his diſtinguiſhed zeal againſt the Arians, ſettled here about the end of the fourth century, and founded a ſmall monaſtery. Its name of Holyhead is ſuppoſed to have been acquired from its having been, at different times,

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the place of interment of a great number of holy men *.

The church-yard is on a rock directly above the ſea: it forms a quadrangle of about ninety yards, by forty. Three ſides are incloſed by ſtrong walls, and the fourth is nearly open to the ſea, having only a parapet defended by ſteep rocks.—It is aſſerted by ſome writers, that the ſite of this church-yard was fortified in the ſixth century by Caſwallon Law Hîr, *Caſwallon the Long Handed*, at that time prince of Wales. He had been ſent by his father, the king of Cumberland, into Angleſea, to contend with an army of Iriſh Picts under their chieftain Sirigi, who had, not long before, landed in the iſland, and put the inhabitants to flight. Sirigi had his fleet at anchor near Holyhead, and not far from hence the two parties met. A ſevere conflict enſued, which ended in the death of the Iriſh leader by the prince's own hand, and the entire deſtruction of his forces †.

The church is a handſome embattled edifice, built in the form of a croſs. It is ſuppoſed to have been once a college of prebendaries, founded by Hwfa ap Cyndelw, lord of Llys Lliven in Angleſea, and one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, who lived in the twelfth century. The exact number of the prebendaries is not now known; there is evidence,

* Holinſhed. Tanner.

† Rowlands, 147. Carte, i. 187.

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however, that they were at leaſt twelve. The preſident of this church was one of the three ſpiritual lords of Angleſea. In the reign of Edward III., the whole of the church, except the chancel, was rebuilt; and this was repaired in the beginning of the laſt century. This church became the property of Rice Gwynne, eſq., who, in 1648, gave the great tythes to Jeſus college, Oxford, for the maintenance of two fellows and two ſcholars. Since that time it has been ſerved by a curate nominated by the college *.

A number of croſs-roads, ſufficiently diſagreeable, led me, over a moſt unintereſting country, to

Amlwch,

Near the Lake †, a ſmall market town about a mile from the *Paris mountain*, that inexhauſtible mine of copper, a mine of wealth to all its proprietors. Amlwch ſeems entirely dependent, for its proſperity, on the copper mines, for moſt of its inhabitants have ſome concern in them, either as miners or agents.—The church, dedicated to St. Elaeth, a ſaint of the Britiſh calendar, is a neat modern ſtructure. Of the town itſelf, I obſerved nothing remarkable,

* Tanner. Groſe.

† This loch, or lake, from which the town has its name, was ſituated betwixt the church and the port. It has been long drained, and is now in a ſtate of cultivation.

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markable except that it was in general a moſt black, and diſmal place, from the ſcoria of the metal, of which all the roads are formed. On the exterior of the town there ſeems the utmoſt deſolation. The ſulphureous fumes from the mine have entirely deſtroyed the vegetation for a conſiderable ſpace around, and little elſe than earth and rock are to be ſeen even within a ſhort diſtance of Amlwch. On the Paris mountain, there is not even a ſingle moſs or lichen to be found.—When the wind has blown over the mountain, in the direction where I have been walking, I have more than once found the fumes exceedingly oppreſſive at the diſtance of at leaſt a mile from the works.

Anglesea Copper Mines.

The town of Amlwch is, as I have ſaid, about a mile from the ſummit of the Paris mountain; and on the morning after my arrival, I walked up to this celebrated place. Having aſcended to the top, I found myſelf ſtanding on the verge of a vaſt and tremendous chaſm. I ſtepped on one of the ſtages ſuſpended over the edge of the ſteep, and the proſpect was dreadful. The number of caverns at different heights along the ſides; the broken and irregular maſſes of rock which every where preſented themſelves; the multitudes of men at work in different parts, and apparently in the moſt perilous ſituations; the motions of the whimſies, and the raiſ-

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ing and lowering of the buckets, to draw out the ore and the rubbiſh; the noiſe of picking the ore from the rock, and of hammering the wadding, when it was about to be blaſted; with at intervals, the roar of the blaſts in diſtant parts of the mine, altogether excited the moſt ſublime ideas, intermixed, however, with ſenſations of terror. I left this ſituation, and followed the road that leads into the mine; and the moment I entered, my aſtoniſhment was again excited. The ſhagged arches, and overhanging rocks, which ſeemed to threaten annihilation to any one daring enough to approach them, fixed me almoſt motionleſs to the ſpot. The roofs of the work, having in many places fallen in, have left ſome of the rudeſt ſcenes that imagination can paint: theſe, with the ſulphureous fumes, from the kilns in which the ore is roaſted, rendered it to me a perfect counterpart to Virgil's entrance into Tartarus *.

Hac iter Elyſium nobis; at læva malorum
Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartarus mittit.

'Tis here in different paths the way divides,
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus deſcends;
The ſeat of night profound, and puniſh'd fiends.

* I am informed that the appearance of this part of the mine has lately been much changed, from ſome of the inſulated rocks, &c. having been cleared away.

To

To look up from hence, and obſerve the people on the ſtages, a hundred and fifty feet above one's head; to ſee the immenſe number of ropes and buckets, moſt of them in motion; and to reflect, that a ſingle ſtone caſually thrown from above, or falling from a bucket, might in a moment deſtroy a fellow creature, a man muſt have a ſtrong mind, not to feel impreſſed with many unpleaſant ſenſations. A few days before I was laſt here, a bucket caught againſt the point of a rock, emptied its contents on the head of a poor fellow, and killed him on the ſpot. The ſides of this dreadful hollow are moſtly perpendicular. Along the edges, and in general ſlung by ropes over the precipices, are the ſtages with windlaſſes, or *whimſies*, as they are here termed, from which the buckets are lowered; and from which thoſe men deſcend, who work upon the ſides. Here, ſuſpended in mid air, the fellows pick, with their iron inſtrument, a ſmall place for a footing, cut out the ore in vaſt maſſes, and tumble it with a thundering craſh to the bottom. In theſe ſeemingly precarious ſituations they make caverns, in which they work for a certain time, till the rope is again lowered to take them up.

Much of the ore is blaſted by gunpowder, eight tons of which, we are told, was ſome time ago annually uſed for this purpoſe *. The manner of preparing for the blaſting was entirely new to me, and

* Pennant.

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may be ſo to ſome of my readers. A hole is bored in the rock of about the diameter of a very wide gun barrel, and of depth in proportion to the quantity of matter to be thrown up. At the bottom is lodged the gun-powder, and the man then taking a thin iron rod, tapering to a point, and about two feet in length, he places it perpendicularly in the middle of the hole, and fills it up on all ſides with ſtones, clay, &c. ramming theſe hard down by means of an iron projecting at the bottom, with a nick in it, that it may paſs freely round the rod. When this is prepared the rod is taken out, and a ſtraw filled with gunpowder is ſubſtituted. A match is then put to it, that will burn ſo long, before it communicates the fire to the powder, as to allow all the workmen within reach, to eſcape into different retreats from the danger attendant on the exploſion. Several blaſts are generally ready at the ſame time, and notice is given to the workmen to run into ſhelter, by a cry in Welſh of *fire*. Whilſt I was in the mine, the cry was ſeveral times given, and I, with the reſt, crept into ſhelter. In one inſtance ſix or ſeven blaſts went off in different parts ſucceſſively, one of which was within thirty yards of my ſtation, and the ſplinters of the rock daſhed furiouſly paſt me. I am ſcarcely a judge of the noiſe they made, for I took the liberty of ſtopping my ears, which the men ſeemed to think a pleaſant *joke*, for they laughed very heartily at what they conjectured a mark of my timidity. When the whole

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whole is exploded, information is given to the workmen, and they return to their work. The proceſs of blaſting is frequently attended with danger, from the careleſſneſs with which the men retire to their hiding-places: And it ſometimes happens that, in ramming down the wadding, the iron ſtrikes againſt the ſtone, and fires the gunpowder, which is often fatal to the man employed. During the ſhort time I remained here, I obſerved upwards of forty men in different places, occupied in preparing for blaſting; and I felt ſomewhat uncomfortable under the idea that in ſuch a number, ſome one might be careleſs enough to have his gunpowder take fire before he was aware of it.

There are in the Paris mountain two mines: of theſe, the one on the eaſt ſide is the *Mona mine*, the entire property of the earl of Uxbridge. The *Paris mine* is the joint property of the earl of Uxbridge and the rev. Edward Hughes of Kinmael, near St. Aſaph. Thomas Williams, eſq. of Llanidan, the member for Marlow, has a leaſe of half the earl's ſhare in theſe mines; and they work conjointly *. Mr. Hughes works his ſhare of the Paris mine alone.

It is generally believed that the Romans got copper ore from this mountain; for veſtiges are yet left of what have been taken for their operations;

* Since this tour was ready for the preſs, I have received information of the death of Mr. Williams.

and

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and ſome very ancient ſtone utenſils have, at different times, been found here.—From the time of the Romans, till the year 1764, theſe mines ſeem to have been entirely neglected. Copper had, about two years before this period, been found here, and Meſſrs. Roe and Co. of Macclesfield, had, with a mine in Caernarvonſhire, a leaſe of part of the Paris mountain from ſir Nicholas Bailey, the father of the earl of Uxbridge, which expired about nine years ago. They ſpent conſiderable ſums of money in making levels to drain off the water, without any great ſucceſs, and were about to give up any further attempts, when their agent requeſted that a final experiment might be tried in another part of the mountain. This ſucceeded, for in leſs than two days, ore of almoſt pure copper was diſcovered not two yards from the ſurface, which proved to be that vaſt bed which has ſince been worked to ſuch advantage. The day of this diſcovery was the ſecond of March, 1768, and it has ever ſince been obſerved as a feſtival by the miners.—The rev. Edward Hughes, who was the owner of the remainder of the mountain, was roufed by this ſucceſs to attempt a ſimilar adventure, which has alſo ſucceeded beyond the moſt ſanguine expectations of the time.

The bed of ore is in ſome places more than ſixty feet in thickneſs; and the proprietors are ſaid to ſhip annually about 20,000 tons. The number of hands employed is upwards of a thouſand. The ore has lately been ſuppoſed to be faſt decreaſing, but the diſcovery

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covery of a new vein in the Mona mine, will keep that property ſtill in a flouriſhing ſtate for many years.

The ore, as I have already remarked, is got from the mine partly by picking and partly by blaſting. It is then broken with hammers into ſmall pieces by women and children, armed with iron gloves. After this operation it is piled in kilns of great length, and about ſix feet high, where it is ſet on fire in different places to undergo the proceſs of roaſting; for as the ore in its natural ſtate contains a great quantity of ſulphur, it is neceſſary that this ſhould be ſeparated (which can only be done by means of fire,) before it is fluxed into copper. The ſulphur goes off in the form of vapour, and is conveyed by means of a flue, connected with the kiln, to the ſulphur chamber, a place built to receive it, where it ſublimes, and becomes the flower of ſulphur of the ſhops. It is afterwards taken from hence, melted in large copper pans, and caſt in moulds for ſale.

After the ore has been thus roaſted, which is rather a tedious operation, occupying from three to ten months, according to the quantity in the furnaces, (which is generally from three hundred to a thouſand tons) it is taken to the ſlacking pits, places conſtructed of ſtone, about ſix yards long, five wide, and two deep, to be waſhed, and made merchantable. The pooreſt of this, that is, ſuch as contains from 1½ to 2 *per cent.* of metal, is then conveyed to the ſmelting houſes at Amlwch port; the reſt is ſent to the company's furnaces at Swanſea

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ſea and Ravenhead. By the proceſſes of roaſting and waſhing, though the ore is much reduced in quantity, it is conſiderably improved in quality: And the water is ſo richly impregnated with copper, which is diſſolved by the acid quality of the ſulphur, that, by means of old iron immerſed in it, according to the German method, it produces ſuch quantities of fine copper, that the proprietors have obtained in one year, upwards of a hundred tons of the copper precipitated from the water. Their average export of precipitate is ſixty tons *per annum*.

The proprietors alſo turn the water drawn from the beds of copper, which is highly impregnated, through rectangular pits ſimilar to thoſe uſed in the above proceſs. Theſe are each about thirty feet long, twelve broad, and two deep. Any kind of iron, either old or new, is uſed, but in general, for the ſake of convenience, they procure ſmall plates of caſt iron. The iron becomes diſſolved by the acid, and is ſuſpended in the water, whilſt the copper is precipitated. Care is taken to turn the iron every day, in order to ſhake off the incruſtation of copper formed upon it, and this is continued till the iron is perfectly diſſolved. The workmen then drain off the water, and rake together the ore in the form of mud, which, when it is become, by drying, of the conſiſtency of a ſoftiſh paſte, they bake in ovens conſtructed for the purpoſe. After this proceſs it is exported with the other ore, to Ravenhead or Swanſea. One ton of iron thus immerſed

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merſed, produces near two tons of copper mud, each of which when melted will yield ſixteen hundred weight of copper; and this ſells at a conſiderably higher price than the copper which is fluxed from the ore. An attempt was made not long ago by Monſ. Valley, of Holywell, to precipitate the copper by means of lime; and another by ſome gentlemen from London, to do the ſame by tin, but both the experiments were unſucceſsful.

This method of obtaining copper by means of iron, has long been adopted in Germany, but has only been known in this country a few years; and its firſt diſcovery was owing entirely to accident. From the copper mines at Arklow, in the county of Wicklow in Ireland, a great quantity of water conſtantly iſſues, which is ſtrongly ſaturated with the vitriol of copper. One of the workmen by chance left his iron ſhovel in this water, and when he found it, which was not till ſome weeks afterwards, it was ſo encruſted, that he fancied it had been changed into copper. The proprietors of the mines took the hint. They immediately had proper pits and receptacles formed for containing the copper water, and have obtained, by means of bars of iron immerſed in them, ſuch quantities of copper mud, that theſe ſtreams are now become of as much importance as the mines themſelves.

Several of the ſhafts which have been formed for taking off the water, are driven very deep. One that I ſaw was upwards of a hundred and ſixty feet in

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in depth, below the open bottom of the mine. One of the miners, whilſt I was looking at it, brought a lighted candle, and fixed it on the rim of one of the buckets in which they draw up the water. It was curious enough to watch it in its dark and confined deſcent, till it became a mere ſpeck of light, when, ſuddenly immerſing in the water, it was loſt.

The men employed about theſe mines ſeemed much more healthful than, from being conſtantly in the midſt of the noxious exhalations from the kilns, it would be natural to expect.—Their complexions are in general ſomewhat ſallow, but much leſs ſo than I expected to have found them. Their average wages are about eighteen-pence a day. Some of them get the ore for a certain ſum per ton. Theſe are called *bargain-takers*, and if the work is eaſily wrought, and the ore of good quality, they will frequently earn four or five ſhillings, whilſt the reſt earn only their eighteen-pence. The mine companies ſeem to take great care in providing for all the perſons that have any concern whatever in the works. Beſides ſupporting the poor by their own voluntary donations, which now amount to betwixt ſeven and eight hundred pounds a year, they prevent a great number of the infants, of the aged and infirm from applying for relief, by giving them light and eaſy employment. This alone is an average expence of more than three hundred pounds a year; and their ſurgeons and apothecaries bills are generally more than double this ſum.

The

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The mines have increaſed the value of lands in the pariſh of Amlwch from about fourteen hundred to five thouſand pounds *per annum*, and upwards; the number of houſes from two hundred to upwards of a thouſand; and the population from nine hundred to about five thouſand.

VITRIOL AND ALUM WORK.

At a little diſtance from the mine is a building appropriated to the making of vitriol and alum. The proprietor is Dr. Joſhua Parr, who reſides in Carmarthenſhire. The argillaceous earth from which the alum is extracted, is found on the ſpot, in a ſtratum about ſix feet beneath the ſurface of the ground. About one ton a week was the average quantity manufactured here, and this ſold for ſomewhat more than twenty pounds. A ſmall quantity of white vitriol continues to be made; but the attempts to prepare green and blue vitriol have been attended with no ſucceſs. Indeed the whole concern has anſwered ſo exceedingly ill, that, when I was here, I was informed, it would probably be altogether given up in the courſe of a very ſhort time.

SMELTING HOUSES AND PORT.

Theſe are about a mile from Amlwch. The former contain thirty furnaces: each capable of holding ten hundred weight of roaſted ore, which produce

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duce not quite one hundred weight of metal. As it is the refuſe ore only that is ſmelted here, it is neceſſary when it arrives at Swanſea, to have it ſmelted again four or five times before the metal is ſufficiently pure.

The port is very ſmall, but excellently adapted to the buſineſs of exportation. It is a chaſm between two rocks, running far into the land, and has in a great meaſure been formed by art: Its width is not more than to allow two veſſels to ride abreaſt; it is however ſufficiently long and deep to receive thirty veſſels of two hundred tons burthen each. This port was firſt made at the expence of the copper companies, for the convenience of their ſhipping, and is not therefore frequented by any others than veſſels concerned with them.

About two miles eaſt of Amlwch, and not at a great diſtance from the coaſt, is the village of

LLANELIAN.

The church is by no means an inelegant ſtructure; and adjoining to it is a ſmall chapel of very ancient foundation, that meaſures in its interior, twelve feet by fifteen, called Myfyr, *the confeſſional* *. —A curious cloſet of wood, of an hexagonal form,

* The founder of this chapel was Elian Cannaid, uſually called the Britiſh Hilary, to whom the church is dedicated.—He reſided here about the year 540; and Caſwallon Law Hir granted to him many lands and franchiſes about this place, which are even yet held by the freeholders in his name. Rowlands, 156.

called

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called *St. Elian's cloſet*, is yet left in the eaſt wall, and is ſuppoſed to have ſerved both the office of a communion table, and as a cheſt to contain the veſtments and other utenſils belonging to the chapel. There is a hole in the wall of the chapel, through which the prieſts are ſuppoſed to have received confeſſions: the people believe this hole to have been uſed in returning oracular anſwers, to perſons who made inquiries of the ſaint reſpecting future events.—Near the door is placed Cŷff Elian, *Elian's cheſt*, or poor box. People out of health, even to this day, ſend their offering to the ſaint, which they put, through a hole, into the box. A ſilver groat, though not a very common coin, is ſaid to be a preſent peculiarly acceptable, and has been known to procure his interceſſion, when all other kinds of coin have failed! The ſum, thus depoſited, which in the courſe of a year frequently amounts to ſeveral pounds, the churchwardens annually divide among the poor of the pariſh.

The wakes of Llanelian were formerly held on the three firſt Friday evenings in Auguſt; but they are now confined to only one of thoſe days. Young perſons from all parts of the adjacent country, and even from diſtant counties, aſſemble here, moſt of whom have along with them ſome offering for the ſaint, to enſure their future proſperity, palliate their offences, and ſecure bleſſings on their families, their cattle and corn.

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The miſguided devotees aſſemble about the chapel, and having depoſited their offerings, many of them proceed to ſearch into their future deſtiny, in a very ſingular manner, by means of the wooden cloſet. Perſons of both ſexes, of all ages, and ſizes, enter the ſmall door-way, and if they can ſucceed in turning themſelves round within the narrow limits of the place, (which meaſures only betwixt three and four feet in height, about four feet acroſs the back, and eighteen inches wide,) they believe that they ſhall be fortunate till at leaſt the enſuing wake. But if they do not ſucceed, in this difficult undertaking, they eſteem it an omen of ill fortune, or of their death within the year.—I have been told, that it is curious enough to ſee a ſtout luſty fellow, weighing ſixteen or eighteen ſtone, ſtriving to creep into theſe narrow confines, with as much confidence as a ſtripling a yard high; and when he fails in the attempt, to ſee him, contrary to all reaſon, fuming and fretting becauſe his body, which contains in ſolid bulk more than the place could hold, were it crammed into all corners, cannot be got in. But when we conſider, that ſuperſtition and enthuſiam have generally little to do with reaſon, we muſt not wonder at this addition to the heap of incongruities that all ages have afforded us.

Llanelian was formerly a ſanctuary, or place of refuge for criminals. This was confirmed by a charter from Caſwallon Law Hîr, of which there are copies yet extant.—In digging a grave in the church

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church yard, about ſix years ago, a deep trench was diſcovered, which extended about twenty yards in a tranſverſe direction acroſs. It was found to contain a great quantity of human bones; and is ſuppoſed to have been the place of interment of a number of ſailors who periſhed in a ſtorm that drove them upon this coaſt.

The diſtance betwixt Amlwch and Beaumaris, by Dulas and Red-wharf bays, is about ſixteen miles, and the country, the whole way, was ſufficiently pleaſant to render the walk very agreeable; but it ſo greatly reſembles the country in many parts of England, that the traveller will not obſerve its character to be either new or particularly intereſting.—I paſſed, at the diſtance of about a mile on the right, the village of Llanfair, celebrated as the birth-place of

GORONWY OWEN,

A man inferior in talent and genius to none which Wales has produced. He was born in the year 1722; and his father having only a ſmall farm to ſupport his family upon, the principal of Goronwy's ſchooling was acquired in the neighbouring village of Llanallgo. During his early years, he exhibited ſuch marks of application and abilities, that at the age of fifteen he was taken as an aſſiſtant in the grammar ſchool at Pwllheli.

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Here he found employment for ſome time. In 1741 he went to Oxford; but, from the poverty of his parents, he was ſupported in that univerſity by the munificence of Mr. Lewis Morris. Four years afterwards he received holy orders at Bangor, and became curate to the biſhop, at Llanfair. The biſhop ſoon removing him, to make way for one of his own friends, he accepted the curacy of Oſweſtry, and in the ſame year received prieſt's orders at St. Aſaph. In the year following he married, and in 1748 he removed to Donnington, near Shrewſbury, where he ſerved a church, and taught a ſchool, for about twenty-ſix pounds a year. He changed his reſidence in 1753, (with his wife and two children,) to ſerve the curacy of Walton, near Liverpool, for which, and the care of a ſchool, he was allowed forty pounds and a houſe. Here he found all the articles of life ſo expenſive, that, in a letter to his intimate friend, Mr. Richard Morris, of the navy office, the brother to Lewis Morris, he expreſſes a wiſh that he could obtain in Wales, in exchange for it, a curacy of only thirty pounds.—On this ſlender, and hard earned pittance, his family was almoſt ſtarving, when, two years afterwards, he was induced to remove to London, in ſearch of ſomething more valuable. His friend, Lewis Morris, applied for preferment to Lord Powys, but his application was unſucceſsful, and poor Goronwy was compelled to accept, for a ſhort time, the curacy of North-holt in Middleſex.

Here

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Here he was once more on the point of ſtarving, when the rectory of St. Andrews, in the county of Brunſwic, in Virginia, worth about 200 pounds *per annum*, was obtained for him; and, in the month of November 1757, he ſailed from this country to take poſſeſſion of it. Here his ſituation ſeems to have been ſtill diſtreſſing. He had to live among men whoſe whole conduct he deteſted, and whoſe intereſt he found, was purſued at the expence of every thing worthy and honourable. In only two letters that have been received by his friends in this country, of the great number that he wrote, he complains, that all his letters from hence were opened before they came to his hands. With one of theſe letters he himſelf travelled ſeventy miles, and with the other nearly as far, to ſecure them a paſſage, by delivering them himſelf to captains of veſſels. In one of them, dated July 1767, he ſtates the loſs of all his family, except one boy.

Thus had this poor fellow, though a man of the higheſt talents, to ſtruggle with misfortune through every part of his life; and the cloſe attention that, in England, he had paid to the duties of his ſtation as a ſchoolmaſter, and his application to the ſtudy of languages and general literature, during what ought to have been hours dedicated to reſt, with the neceſſary anxieties for his family, tended greatly to undermine his health. His character throughout appears to have been free from ſtain. He was not ambitious; a comfortable ſub-

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ſiſtence ſeems to have been the utmoſt limits of his wiſhes, yet his country did not give it; and with every qualification that could render him of uſe to ſociety, he was baniſhed from his native home, to ſeek an aſylum, for a mere exiſtence, in a voluntary tranſportation from every thing he held dear and valuable.

The acquirements of Goronwy Owen were very extenſive. To a perfect acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages, he added a knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, and Syriac. His Latin odes have been univerſally admired for the purity of their language, and for the elegance of their expreſſion.—As a Welſh poet he ranks ſuperior to all ſince the days of Dafydd ap Gwilym. Thoſe parts of his works that have been printed, are conſidered as perfect models of Welſh poetry. He tranſlated ſome of the Odes of Anacreon into Welſh verſe; of this attempt he modeſtly ſays, in a letter to Mr. R. Morris, in his peculiarly playful manner, "I have lately taken a fancy to my old acquaintance Anacreon; and as he had ſome hand in teaching me Greek, I have endeavoured to make him talk in Welſh, and that in metre too."—His poetry conſiſts chiefly of odes, moral, ſerious, and religious; but his moſt celebrated performance is a poem on the Day of Judgment, "Cywydd y Farn fawr." The ideas in this are ſo grand, and it is throughout ſo crowded with poetic images, as deſervedly to raiſe it ſuperior to the works of any but a few of the moſt

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moſt eminent bards,—He had alſo a general knowledge of antiquities, which, from his various letters that are extant, he ſeems to have purſued with conſiderable ardour.

A full character of the talents and poetry of Goronwy Owen, was written by Mr. Lewis Morris to Mr. Vaughan of Nannau, in the hopes of obtaining for him ſome preferment in the church. "I wrote to you ſome time ago in behalf of poor Goronwy Owen, the greateſt genius either of this age, or that ever appeared in our country; and perhaps few other countries can boaſt his equal for univerſal knowledge."—"I have two or three of his poems, the beſt that ever were written in our language (the Welſh), and ſuch as will endure ſo long as there is good ſenſe, good nature, and good learning in the world. It is a pity, and the greateſt of pities, that ſuch a man as this, who is not only the greateſt of poets, but a great maſter of language, ſhould labour under the hardſhip of keeping a ſchool, and ſerving a curacy, in the middle of *Carn Saeſon* (*Saxon heap*, the Engliſh people,) and all for the paltry income of twenty-ſix pounds a-year."—"I ſhould like of all things to have him in Merionethſhire; but he wiſhes to be in Angleſea, his native country. I am told you have ſome intereſt with the Biſhop of Bangor: if you can get this man a living, you will not only make him immortal, but you will make me immortal too; and if you are hard hearted enough to refuſe me im-

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mortality, when to be had on ſuch eaſy terms, I ſhall think you very cruel.—My next letter ſhall bring you "*Cywdd y Gem*," which is the laſt poem he has written: the ſubject is a ſearch for happineſs. Dedwyddyd (happineſs) is the gem he has ſearched for in all corners of the world, and after a great many fine deſcriptions, and reſearches with the help of learning and philoſophy, after conſulting the writings of Solomon and ſome others, he finds that the gem is not among thoſe on crowns, mitres, and caps, nor, in ſhort, does he diſcover it any where in the world. He then finds a book written by another ſon of David, which directs him where it is to be found, and he gives a lively deſcription of the country (heaven). This is the ſubject, but nothing can equal the beautiful turns and expreſſions throughout the whole poem, which renders the writer worthy not only of a paltry rectory, but of the favour of all the men of ſenſe in our country; and the performance itſelf is not only an honour to the ancient Britons, but to human nature in general."—After giving ſome ſpecimens of his poetry, Mr. Morris goes on: "Theſe lines will laſt for ever, in ſpite of enemies—Neither fire nor water can deſtroy them, nor will they periſh till the world falls to pieces, and man is no more."—After another ſpecimen from one of his poems, of the ſong ſung by the morning ſtars on the creation of the world, he concludes; "When I ſee in Milton, in Dryden, or in Pope, ſuch nervous lines as theſe, and ſuch

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ſuch grand expreſſions as this poem contains, I ſhall admire them as much as I do Goronwy Owen, and not till then *."

It is to be remarked that in one of Goronwy's letters to his friends, previous to his departure from this country, he laments that his friend Lewis Morris had taken ſome offence at his conduct, and had not only withdrawn his attentions, but had even ſpoken of him in very diſreſpectful terms. He was himſelf, however, ſuperior to pique, and continued to expreſs his gratitude and friendſhip to the laſt: on the death of his friend he compoſed an elegy, beautifully expreſſive of his ſenſe of the loſs of ſo good and uſeful a man.—Goronwy Owen died in Virginia, but the time of his death I have not been able to aſcertain.

About a mile from Red-Wharf bay, I paſſed the village of Pentraeth, *The End of the Sands*. It is pleaſantly ſituated, and its little church is ſo pictureſque, that from this circumſtance only, Mr. Groſe was induced to inſert a print of it in his Antiquities. The aſh and ſycamore trees around ſeem to ſhelter it from the obſervation of the world. —It is the place of interment of the Panton family, whoſe ſeat, Plâs Gwynn, *The White Manſion*, is about half a mile diſtant.

* Letter dated 7th October 1752. It is depoſited among the Plâs Gwynn MSS.

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In a field near the porter's lodge of Plâs Gwynn there are two ſtones, at a conſiderable diſtance from each other, which were pointed out to me, with what truth I know not, as the place where tradition ſays Einion ap Gwalchmai, ſome centuries ago, obtained his wife by an uncommon exhibition of activity, in leaping *fifty feet!* There were two competitors, and the female decided their claims by taking the man who could leap fartheſt. Einion, it is ſaid, ſome time afterwards, went to a diſtant part of the country, where he had occaſion to reſide ſeveral years, and he found, on his return, that his wife had, on that very morning, been married to another perſon. He took his harp, and, ſitting down at the door, explained in Welſh metre who he was, and where he had been reſident. His wife narrowly ſcrutinized his perſon, unwilling to give up her new ſpouſe, when he exclaimed:

Look not, Angharad, on my ſilver hair,
Which once ſhone bright of golden lively hue:
Man doth not laſt like gold,—he that was fair
Will ſoon decay, though gold continue new.

If I have loſt Angharad, lovely fair!
The gift of brave Ednyfed, and my ſpouſe,
All I've not loſt, (all muſt from hence repair,)
Nor bed, nor harp, nor yet my ancient houſe.

I once have leap'd to ſhew my active power,
A leap which none could equal or exceed,
The leap in Aber Nowydd, which thou, fair flower!
Did once ſo much admire, thyſelf the meed.

Full

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Full fifty feet, as ſtill the truth is known,
And many witneſſes can ſtill atteſt,
How there the prize I won, thyſelf muſt own,
This action ſtamp'd my worth within thy breaſt.

BEAUMARIS.

From Plâs Gwynn I had a walk of about five miles to Beaumaris. The entrance into the town was pretty: the bay and caſtle, with Penmaen Mawr, and the Ormes Head at a diſtance, are ſeen in a direct line in front; and the road, which lies down a ſteep hill, is ſhaded on each ſide with trees. The town itſelf is, finely ſituated on the weſtern bank of the Menai, juſt where it opens into an extenſive bay. The houſes are in general neat, and well built, and one of the ſtreets is very good. —On examining the church and church-yard, I found nothing worth notice, except a whimſical inſcription on Meredith Davies,

Who has been our pariſh clark
Full one and thirty years, I ſay;
But here, alas! lies in the dark,
Bemoan'd for ever and aye.

BEAUMARIS CASTLE

Is ſituated cloſe to the town, within the grounds of Baron Hill, the ſeat of lord Bulkeley. It covers a conſiderable ſpace of ground, but its walls are at preſent ſo low, that it does not excite much attention. When it was in a perfect ſtate, it conſiſted of an

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an outer ballium, or envelope, ſurrounded by a broad ditch flanked by ſeveral round towers; and it had on the eaſt ſide an advanced work, called the gunner's walk. Within theſe was the body of the caſtle, which was nearly ſquare, having a round tower at each angle, and another in the centre of each face. The area is a ſquare, with the corners cut off, and meaſures about ſixty yards on each ſide. In the middle of the north ſide is the hall, which is twenty yards long, and twelve broad, and has had five elegant windows in front *.—There has been a communication round the buildings of the inner court by means of a gallery ſomewhat more than a yard wide, which is yet in a great meaſure entire. In receſſes in the ſides of this gallery are ſeveral ſquare openings, which ſeem to have been furniſhed with trap doors, entrances to dungeons beneath. The uſe of theſe I have not been able to learn: they muſt have been deſcended by ladders, for there are no remains of ſteps to be diſcovered in any of them. The two eaſtern towers of this building ſerved the purpoſe of dungeons for the confinement of priſoners.—On the eaſt ſide of the area are the remains of a very ſmall chapel, arched and ribbed with pointed and interſecting arches. Between each of the gothic pilaſters is a narrow window, and, behind ſome of them, there have been ſmall cloſets, gained out of the thickneſs of the wall.

* Groſe.

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History of the Castle.

After Edward I. had ſecured his conqueſts in Caernarvonſhire by the erection of the caſtles of Caernarvon and Conwy, he found it was alſo neceſſary to have a fortreſs of ſome ſtrength in the iſland of Angleſea, to prevent the Welſh from taking refuge there, and becoming ſufficiently collected and powerful to harraſs his forces in other parts. Beaumaris caſtle was therefore founded for this purpoſe about the year 1295: it was built on private property, but Edward made full ſatisfaction to the proprietors of the ground, by beſtowing on them other lands free from rent and ſervice. The name of the town, which before had been Bonover, was now changed to Beaumaris, indicative, ſays Holinſhed, of its pleaſant ſituation in a low ground: it may, however, have been derived from *Bimaris*, the place of the meeting of two tides, or ſeas. From the lowneſs of its ſituation, and from its being near the bay, an opportunity was afforded of forming a foſs round it, and having this filled with water from the ſea. A canal alſo was cut in order to permit veſſels to approach and diſcharge their lading beneath the walls; and it is not many years ſince the iron rings remained that had been uſed for mooring the veſſels.

From the time of the foundation of the caſtle, to the reign of Charles I., I have been able to find

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no incident recorded of any material importance. It is ſaid to have been extremely burthenſome to the country, on account of the frequent quarrels that took place betwixt the garriſon and the people of the neighbourhood. The garriſon uſually conſiſted of only twenty-four ſoldiers, who were paid four-pence a day each: the conſtable of the caſtle had ſometimes forty pounds *per annum*, and ſometimes only forty marks *.

In the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., Beaumaris caſtle was garriſoned for the king by Thomas lord Bulkeley; and, in the year 1648, the people of the whole iſland roſe, in imitation of thoſe in ſeveral counties of England, to ſet the king at liberty, and reſtore monarchy to the oppreſſed kingdom. Multitudes of royaliſts, from different parts of North Wales, reſorted here, and a general muſter was made, under the direction of lord Bulkeley, in the middle of the iſland. The parliament, determined to bring them to ſubmiſſion, ſent againſt them a diviſion of their army, under the command of general Mytton. Some of the loyaliſt officers conducted themſelves with bravery and ſpirit, but the iſlanders in general proved cowards. An Angleſea captain was directed to keep the church of Beaumaris: he poſted his men in it, locked them ſafely up, and then ran away, with the key in his pocket. In conſequence of this he was ever after-

* Cotton MSS. in the Britiſh Muſeum; *Vitellius*, C. i.

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wards ſtigmatized with the title of captain Church. —When the enemy were ſeen marching over the heights of Penmaen-Mawr, at leaſt four miles diſtant, the Angleſea people began to buſtle about, drums were beat, trumpets ſounded, and vollies of both ſmall and great ſhot were diſcharged. The parliament's army, ſomewhat more accuſtomed to fighting than to be alarmed at an enemy who could fire ſmall ſhot at them when four miles off, approached the place, and with little difficulty put the whole to flight. The garriſon ſurrendered on honourable terms, and Mytton was immediately made governor.—The caſtle is now the property of the crown.

When Edward I. built the caſtle, he ſurrounded the town with walls. He alſo incorporated it, and endowed it with great privileges, and lands to a conſiderable value.—It ſends one member to parliament.

The Bay of Beaumaris

Forms a fine opening before the town; and it is ſo ſheltered, that veſſels of conſiderable burthen can lie ſecure in it, even in ſtormy weather. The depth of the water near the town is ſix or ſeven fathoms, even when the tide is out; but this deep channel ſcarcely extends more than a quarter of a mile in width. All the reſt of the bay, for ſeveral

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miles, is left dry at low water, and has the name of the *Lavan Sands*. Theſe are ſuppoſed by the Welſh people to have once formed a habitable hundred of Caernarvonſhire, that was firſt overflowed during the ſixth century. It ſeems by no means improbable that this was the caſe, for there is decided proof of the ſea having incroached very greatly on ſome parts of this coaſt. In the churchyard of Abergeley, a village on the coaſt of Caernarvonſhire, about eighteen miles diſtant, there is the following inſcription:

Yma mae'n gorwedd
Ym monwent Mihangel;
Gwr oedd a'i annedd,
Dair milltir yn y gogledd.

Under this ſtone lieth,
In this church-yard of St. Michael,
A man whoſe dwelling was
Three miles to the northward.

Another evidence ariſes from the bodies of oak trees, tolerably entire, having been diſcovered, at low water, in a long tract of hard loam, far from the preſent banks of the ſea.

Baron Hill.

On an eminence behind the town of Beaumaris ſtands this charming reſidence of lord Bulkeley, commanding a moſt delightful proſpect of all the northern mountains of Caernarvonſhire, of the bay of

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of Beaumaris, and a long expanſe of ſea. The houſe ſtands in front of the woods, and is eſteemed by many touriſts an ornament to this corner of Angleſea. It was built originally in the reign of James I., for the reception of Henry, the eldeſt ſon of that monarch, when on his way to Ireland. But his untimely death ſo much affected ſir Richard Bulkeley, the owner, that he gave up his original and magnificent plan, and uſed the part only that was then completed, for his family ſeat. The houſe has been enlarged, and greatly improved, by its preſent worthy poſſeſſor *. I was ſorry to obſerve the effect of the elegant view of the Welſh mountains from the houſe totally deſtroyed, by the ſmall ſquare building in front, called a *fort*. I cannot conceive how gentlemen ſhould ſuffer themſelves to be ſo much miſled, as to have their agents, without an atom of taſte, conſtruct theſe, ſingularly called, *ornamental buildings*. The preſent is a white, church-like caſtle, an apparent excreſcence evidently uſeleſs, and glaringly unnatural. Lord Uxbridge has one of theſe white *ornamental* ſtructures on the ſide of the Menai, oppoſite to Plâs Newydd: but ſuperior to all that I have ever ſeen of this deſcription, is that of Mr. Thomas of Coed Halen, which provokingly obtrudes itſelf into almoſt every good view of the fine old walls and caſtle of Caernarvon. If any of theſe buildings are to be defended, as

* Beaumaris Bay, p. 11.

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I know ſome of them are, on the ſcore of their being land-marks to the mariner, my objection muſt ceaſe; utility muſt ever be conſidered to ſuperſede elegance. But this is not often the caſe; lord Uxbridge's building is far diſtant from the ſea, and other eminences near Caernarvon might have been adopted beſides the preſent, ſtanding, as it does, almoſt cloſe to the caſtle. A friend of mine remarked, to ſome obſervations that I had made on this ſubject, that, in a tour through South Wales, he had almoſt invariably obſerved that the only rage for ſpoiling the ſcenes by theſe ſtrange monſtroſities, was where the ſurrounding country was more than uſually beautiful. Near old caſtles, or monaſtic remains, he had generally been provoked with a deformed caſtellated pleaſure-houſe, or a lately erected ruin, and invariably in the very place from whence of all others it ſhould have been kept away. The ideas of theſe gentlemen muſt be nearly on a par with thoſe of Mr. Pocklington, which ſtimulated him to improve one of his views by white-waſhing an oak-tree. *De guſtibus, non eſt diſputandum.* A late touriſt to the lakes has whimſically replied, "As the man ſaid when he kiſſed his cow."

About a mile from Beaumaris, near the ſeat of ſir Robert Williams, bart. and not far from the ſhore, are yet to be ſeen, in the walls of a barn, the

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the poor remains of the houſe of Franciſcan friars, founded in the thirteenth century, by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, prince of Wales, called

LLANVAES,

Or *The Friars*. It is at preſent principally known as having been the place of interment of Joan, the wife of Llewelyn, and natural daughter of king John. The ſtone coffin of this princeſs, though now removed, ſerved, not long ago, as a watering trough for horſes. In this church there were alſo interred, at different times, a ſon of one of the kings of Denmark, lord Clifford, and many barons and knights who were ſlain in the Welſh wars *.

The church, and ſome other parts of the buildings, were deſtroyed ſoon after the death of Llewelyn, in an inſurrection of the Welſh againſt the Engliſh forces; and Henry IV. again nearly deſtroyed it, on account of the friars having eſpouſed the cauſe of Owen Glyndwr. His ſon, Henry V., re-eſtabliſhed it, and added a proviſion for eight friars, of which, however, only two were to be Welſhmen †. At the diſſolution the convent and its poſſeſſions were ſold: they are at preſent the property of lord Bulkeley.

* Powel, 293. Stow's Annals, 167.
† Tanner.

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Penmon.

Two miles north of Friars is the priory of Penmon, at preſent conſiſting of little more than the ruinous refectory, and part of the church. This was a priory of Benedictine monks, dedicated to St. Mary, and endowed, if not founded, by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, before the year 1221. In the twenty-ſixth of Henry VIII., the revenues were valued at about forty-eight pounds *per annum* *.

The iſland of Angleſea is celebrated for ſome of its rare marine productions, and particularly for the variety of its ſhells and crabs. The places from whence the latter are principally to be obtained are the rocky coaſts about Llanddwyn, Roſcolin, Holyhead, and Penmon; and the beſt times for diſcovering them are at low water, during the ſpring tides, which ſometimes riſe and fall near twenty feet. The mode is to turn up the ſtones, near low-water mark, under which they will be found to lurk, hidden among the ſea-weed. The ſhells are principally taken in the dredges of the oyſter-catchers betwixt Beaumaris and the iſland of Prieſtholme, and in Red Wharf bay.—The following is a liſt of the principal of theſe productions:

Cancer piſum,	Pea crab.
——— longicornis,	Long-horned crab.
——— velutinus,	Velvet crab.

* Tanner.

Cancer

Cancer platicheles,	Great-clawed crab.
——— phalangium,	Slender-legged crab.
——— pagurus,	Black-clawed crab.
——— mænas,	Common blue crab.
——— gammarus,	Lobſter.
——— ſtrigoſus,	Plated lobſter.
Aplyſia depilans,	Depilatory aplyſia.
Doris electrina,	Amber doris.
Aphrodita minuta,	Little aphrodita.
Actinia ſulcata,	Sulcated actinia.
Aſterias oculata,	Dotted ſtar-fiſh.
——— hiſpida,	Hiſpid ſtar-fiſh.
——— lacertoſa,	Lizard ſtar-fiſh.
——— ſphœrulata,	Bearded ſtar-fiſh.
Echinus eſculentus,	Sea hedge-hog.
Solen vagina,	Scymeter razor-ſhell.
—— pellucidus,	Pellucid razor-ſhell.
—— legumen,	Sub-oval razor-ſhell.
Cardium echinatum,	Echinated cockle.
——— lævigatum,	Smooth cockle.
——— edule,	Common cockle.
Pecten lævis,	Smooth ſcallop.
——— glaber,	Furrowed ſcallop.
Mytilus incurvatus,	Crooked muſcle.
——— pellucidus,	Pellucid muſcle.
——— umbilicatus,	Umbilicated muſcle.
Voluta tornatilis,	Oval volute.
Murex coſtatus,	Ribbed whelk.
Trochus cinerius,	Cinereous top.
——— majus,	Tuberculated top.
Turbo lævis,	Smooth wreath.
—— terebra,	Augur wreath.
—— faſciatus,	Faſciated wreath.
Patella intorta,	Inclining limpet.
Sabella alveolata,	Honey-comb ſabella.

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CHAP. XVIII.

VOYAGE FROM CAERNARVON TO PRIESTHOLME.

The Straits of Menai.—Charming Sail.—Swelly Rocks.—Fortunate Escape from being caſt upon theſe Rocks.—Llandiſilio Church, on a ſmall Iſland in the Menai.—Fine View.—Sea Nettle.—Prieſtholme.—Tradition reſpecting this Iſland.—Extraordinary Flight of Sea-Fowl.—Puffins.—Account of the Manners and Economy of theſe Birds.

ONE day, during my reſidence at Caernarvon, I took the cutter belonging to the hotel, a beautiful little decked veſſel, with accommodations for ten or twelve perſons, and her pilot, and ſailed to the iſland of Prieſtholme, off the Angleſea coaſt, about five miles beyond Beaumaris.

THE MENAI,

As a river, is a remarkably fine piece of water, ſeldom leſs than half a mile, and in ſeveral places near two miles in width; and, to thoſe perſons who are fond of excurſions on the water, the ſail from Caernarvon to Beaumaris on a fine day, with a briſk wind, will be found extremely pleaſant. At different times of the day the ſcenery will be found very different; and a cloudy and denſe, or a tranſ-

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tranſparent and rare atmoſphere, render a material change to the appearance of the various ſcenes that occur in going along this charming water; ſo that how often ſoever excurſions are made, ſome new appearance will always occur. The ſhores, in a few places, are bold and ſteep; in others, the aſcent is gentle and unvaried: ſometimes they are barren and rocky, and ſometimes adorned with woods and cultivated grounds. The dark wooded banks of the iſland of Angleſea, ſloping gently to the water's edge, afford, in many points of view, an elegant contraſt (with the tranſlucent waves between), to the more rude ſhores of Caernarvonſhire. In a briſk ſide gale, tacking acroſs the ſtream affords many beautiful views which are loſt when ſailing before the wind; and when many veſſels are on the water at the ſame time, it is a pleaſing ſight to obſerve them going in different directions, and croſſing each other in the different tacks.

We had proceeded about five miles, when we paſſed the front of Plâs Newydd, the ſeat of the earl of Uxbridge; ſoon after which the channel ſtraightened very conſiderably, and the diſtance was terminated on one ſide by an almoſt perpendicular coaſt, and on the other by a ſloping and wooded aſcent. Not far from hence are the well known rocks, called, from the numerous currents that ſet in different directions around them,

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The Swelly Rocks.

At low water many of theſe are to be ſeen, which, at other times, are hidden by the flood; and the channel betwixt thoſe that are always expoſed is very narrow and dangerous. When the lower rocks are covered with water, from the tide running with great rapidity among them, many circling eddies are formed, the vortexes of which the mariners ſometimes find it difficult to avoid. When the wind blows directly acroſs the channel, it is often found neceſſary to row the ſmaller, and tow the larger veſſels through, leſt, in tacking, before they are able to get round, they are caught by an eddy, and thrown upon the rock. When this is the caſe, however, from a ſtrong current ſetting in a different direction immediately round thoſe rocks that are above water, they are frequently ſaved; for this, acting like a cuſhion, breaks the force which would otherwiſe inevitably deſtroy them, and gives ſome little time to the men to get right again. We had a wind directly acroſs, and in one of our tacks, though I had but juſt been talking with the pilot on the ſubject, and every poſſible precaution was uſed, the bow of our veſſel caught one of the eddies, and, in ſpite of every effort, bore us directly on the rocks. I ſeized the helm, and my companion, who was ſtronger than myſelf, ſprang with a boat-hook to the bow of the veſſel, and, before ſhe could touch the rock, ſo

ſtrong

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ſtrong was the ſurrounding current, he puſhed her off. A different current bore us furiouſly againſt the tide, which now caught our bow, and bringing us again round, with conſiderable violence, near the deep of the channel, the veſſel righted, and we had the good fortune, the ſecond time, entirely to clear theſe, the Scylla and Charybdis of the Welſh mariners. The circumſtances altogether threw us into ſome little tremor; for the ſwelling and violent bubbling of the water in ſome places; the rapid and furious tide-way through the deeps; the roaring of the water in conſequence of the ſubmarine rocks, and the daſhing of the foam and ſpray in the various whirlpools, and againſt the rocks that are expoſed, with the noiſe and turbulence around, are, at ſome particular times of the tide, of ſuch a nature as ſcarcely to be deſcribed.

LLANDYSILIO CHURCH.

At a little diſtance beyond the Swellies we paſſed two low rocks, with a flat between them, forming at high water an iſland called *Ben Glas*. This iſland, though it affords only a few acres of ground for the grazing of ſheep, has on it the ſmall church of Llandyſilio. On the Angleſea ſide there is a cauſeway to the iſland, but paſſable only at low water. What ſhould induce the foundation of a church in ſo ſingular and precarious a ſituation, where the ſervice can only be performed when the tide

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tide ſerves, I am not able even to gueſs. I fear, when a ſmart wind blowing in the courſe of the tide during the ſervice, ſets it in ſooner than had been expected, as muſt ſometimes happen, the ſenſations of the congregation are not of the moſt pleaſant nature imaginable. The ſtruggle to eſcape before they were hemmed in by the tide, would be too ridiculous to be compatible with the ſacred duties of public worſhip; and it is much to be lamented that there ſhould be any neceſſity for it.

A little beyond Bangor Ferry a fine expanſive view opened upon us. Penmaen Mawr here forms, in the diſtance, a bold end to the wavy ridge of mountains extending into the interior of Caernarvonſhire. Beyond this are ſeen Penmaen Bach, the little Ormes Head, and the great Ormes Head, all preſenting their ſteep ſides towards the ſea. The town of Beaumaris, appearing juſt above the level of the ſea, on a promontory that forms from hence an extreme point of Angleſea, is obſerved on the other ſide of the water. Under the mountains of Caernarvonſhire, and ſheltered by them nearly on all ſides, we obſerved the town of Bangor; and, a little beyond it, Port Penrhyn, and its numerous veſſels. A gale of wind ſoon drove us paſt the town of Beaumaris, whoſe caſtle appeared, from the water, a large and ſtrong building: theſe received additional beauty from the high woods of Baron Hill riſing behind them.

I hap-

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I happened here to be careleſsly leaning over the ſide of the veſſel, when I obſerved vaſt quantities of a ſpecies of meduſæ, *ſea-blubber*, float paſt. By means of a ſmall net, I got out two or three ſpecimens, and found them to be *meduſa aurita* of Linnæus, the *ſea nettle*. The whole tribe of theſe animals, in their manners and properties, are extremely ſingular. They are generally round, ſmooth, ſemi-tranſparent, and gelatinous; appearing, indeed, at firſt ſight, like a lump of jelly. Their mouth is on the under ſide of the body, and is ſurrounded by ſeveral arms, which ſerve them as ballaſt, and by means of which they ſeize their prey. Their progreſſive motion, when not aided by any current, is obtained by diſplacing the water with alternate motions, which render the body at one time flat, and at another convex. This motion is extremely ſlow, and were not the majority of them preſerved by their cauſtic quality, they would become an eaſy prey to moſt ſpecies of fiſh. When handled, they are found to bliſter and inflame the ſkin in a moſt unpleaſant manner. The fiſhermen, when they find them in their nets, are very careful not to touch them with any expoſed part of their body, but generally kick them out with their ſhoe. I ſaw one man's hand much inflamed in conſequence of laying hold of one of them unawares, and he ſaid it was very painful. An acquaintance of mine irritated his dog to ſeize one of them in his mouth: the animal ſoon left h's hold, and from the circumſtance of his

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his thruſting his noſe into the duſt, and making a whining noiſe, it was evident that he ſuffered much pain. When his mouth was examined, it was found to be conſiderably inflamed. I recollect Pontoppidan ſays, that when ſome of the ſpecies lie on the ſhore, in a ſtate of putrefaction, if a perſon comes within their influence, they cauſe a violent ſneezing; and that a boy was nearly blinded by his father's throwing one of them, in a rage, into his face. The Norwegian peaſantry prepare from them a poiſon, by which they kill vermin: ſome mix them up with clay or mortar, and ſtop crevices in places where there are bugs, which this compoſition is ſaid effectually to deſtroy. A few of the ſpecies have no cauſtic properties.

A tolerably fair wind ſoon brought us under the rocks of the ſouth ſide of

PRIESTHOLME.

This iſland is near three quarters of a mile diſtant from the Angleſea ſhore; and is about a mile in length, and half a mile acroſs. On all ſides, except that towards Angleſea, it preſents ſteep and inacceſſible rocks, inhabited only by various ſpecies of ſea-fowl. Its interior affords feed for a few ſheep. Near the middle of the iſland there is an old ſquare tower, ſuppoſed to have once been an appurtenant to the monaſtery of Penmôn. There is a conſiderable quantity of rubbiſh and ſtones around it,

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it, the remains of other buildings. The iſland is at preſent uninhabited by man. I was much ſurprized, in wandering about it, to find an upright ſtone, with the following inſcription, rudely cut upon it:

Barᵉ. Stout
belonging to the
Salley died in
the ſmall pox
Novr. yᵉ 3d. 1767.
N. B. The ſhip was caſt
away here.

It is called by the Welſh Ynys Seiriol, *Seiriol's iſland* *. This people have a tradition reſpecting Prieſtholme, that when what are now the Lavan ſands formed a habitable part of Caernarvonſhire, their anceſtors had a communication from hence acroſs the channel, by means of a bridge; and they yet pretend to ſhew the remains of an ancient cauſeway, which they ſay was made from this place to the foot of Penman bach near Conwy, for the convenience of the devotees who made pilgrimages to the iſland †.—It is at preſent the property of lord Bulke-

* Seiriol was the ſon of Owen Danwyn, the ſon of Eineon Urdd, who choſe this as a place of retreat from the world. He is believed to have built a chapel here, about the year 630, and ſome have ſuppoſed the preſent tower to be the remains of that foundation: This, however, cannot have been the caſe, as it is comparatively a modern erection.

† Gough's Camden, iii. 697.

ley,

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ley, and is rented of him as a rabbet and puffin warren.

When we had arrived under the rock, and had caſt anchor, we fired a ſwivel gun, to try the effect of the report round the iſland, when ſuch a ſcream of puffins, gulls, and other ſea birds, was heard, as beyond all conception aſtoniſhed me. The immenſe multitudes that in a moment roſe into the air, were unparalleled by any thing I had before ſeen. Here they flew in a thouſand different directions, uttering as many harſh and diſcordant ſcreams: ſome darted into the water, ſome ſcudded about on its ſurface, others were ſeen dipping into the deep, others riſing out, and others again came flapping almoſt cloſe to our heads: in ſhort, the air, the ſea, and the rocks ſeemed alive with their numbers.—We landed, and I clambered up the rocks, and walked alone to the other ſide of the iſland, when I had a ſight that even ſurpaſſed the former. Upwards of fifty acres of land were literally covered with *Puffins* *: I ſpeak much within compaſs, when I declare that the number here muſt have been upwards of 50,000. I walked gently towards them, and found them either ſo tame or ſo ſtupid, as to ſuffer me to approach near enough to have knocked one or two of them down with a ſtick. In their habits and manners, theſe birds remind one very much of the Penguins of the tropical climates. Their

* Alca arctica of Linnæus.

legs

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legs are placed ſo far back, that they ſtand with their heads nearly upright. They are about a foot in length. Their bill forms a triangle, about an inch and quarter long, and ſomewhat more than that in depth at the baſe: It ends in a ſomewhat curved point, is of an orange-red colour, but near the baſe it is lead-coloured, and the baſe itſelf is formed by a yellowiſh ridge. When the birds are three years old, or full grown, the bill has four oblique tranſverſe furrows. The upper parts of the plumage, and a collar round the neck, are blackiſh. The cheeks and chin are of a greyiſh white, and the belly is perfectly white. The tail is ſhort; the legs are orange. The wings are ſomewhat ſhort, and ſo narrow, as to require a very briſk and rapid motion to keep the birds ſuſpended. They have ſome difficulty in riſing from the ground, in conſequence of which they generally alight in ſuch places where they can either run down the ſlope of a hill, or throw themſelves from the rocks. In one or two inſtances, I laughed to ſee them tumble over, when running to take flight, by their bills catching on little eminences that they were not aware of.—Puffins are birds of paſſage, and reſort to this iſland and to ſome other parts of the Welſh coaſt to breed. They arrive in the beginning of April, and remain till about the eleventh of Auguſt. On their arrival they immediately take poſſeſſion of the burrows in the crevices of the rocks, or on the ſloping ground of the iſland; and thoſe that come

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come laſt, if they find all the holes occupied, form for themſelves new ones. It is ſaid that the males take this employment, and that during the time, they are ſo intent on the work as eaſily to be ſeized with the hand. They have nearly expelled the rabbits, by ſeizing on their burrows, for few rabbits are able to reſiſt the ſtrength of their beaks. They put together uſually a few ſticks and graſs, and on this the female lays a ſingle white egg, which is generally hatched in the beginning of July. The males and females are ſaid to ſit alternately, relieving each other at intervals for the purpoſe of procuring food. Both during incubation and while attending on their young, they may without much difficulty be ſeized in their holes; but it is neceſſary to be ſomewhat careful in truſting the naked hand near their beaks, for they have the power of inflicting a moſt ſevere bite. With a glove on I amuſed myſelf by taking out ſeveral of them, in order to obſerve the truth of Mr. Pennant's aſſertion, that from their extreme affection for their young, when "laid hold of by "the wings, they will give themſelves the moſt "cruel bites on any part of their body that they "can reach, as if actuated by deſpair; and when "releaſed, inſtead of flying away, they will often "hurry again into their burrows." They bit *me* with great violence, but none of them ſeized any parts of their own body: a few of them, on being releaſed, ran into the burrows, but not always into

thoſe

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thoſe from whence I had taken them, if it was more eaſy for them to eſcape into a hole, than to raiſe themſelves into the air, they did ſo; but if not, they ran down the ſlope and flew away. The noiſe they make, when along with their young, is a ſingular kind of humming, much reſembling that produced by the large wheels uſed for ſpinning worſted. When I firſt went amongſt their burrows, I heard this noiſe on every ſide of me, and could not conceive from whence it proceeded, till the ſound of my footſteps frightened many of the birds out of their holes, and it was immediately explained. On being ſeized, they emitted the noiſe with greater violence, and from its being interrupted, by their ſtruggling to eſcape, it ſounded not much unlike the efforts of a dumb man to ſpeak. In getting the birds out of their holes, I found it neceſſary to lay down on the ground, and extend my arm into them; and it was only in a few holes that I found the birds within reach. During incubation, they are not eaſily driven from their neſts; but when the young are hatched, they do not ſeem to exhibit towards them, as has been ſaid, any extreme attachment, for, whenever they are diſturbed, they will either run into a deeper hole, or attempt to fly away. When caught, they will ſeize on any thing that is near them. The man who was along with me, ſhot a few of them: One of theſe had only its wing broken, and when he had ſet it down in the ſmall boat belonging to the cutter, it hurried

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to the other end, and bit with great violence ſeveral of the dead ones that were laid there.—The young are entirely covered with a long blackiſh down, and in ſhape are altogether ſo different from the parent birds, that no one could, at firſt ſight, ſuppoſe them the ſame ſpecies. The bill in theſe is long, pointed, and black, with ſcarcely the marks of furrows. Puffins do not breed, till they are three years old; and they are ſaid to change their bills annually.—Their uſual food is ſprats and ſea-weeds, which render the fleſh of the old birds exceſſively rank. The young, however, are pickled for ſale by the renters of the iſland, and form an article of traffic peculiar to this neighbourhood. The oil is extracted from them by a peculiar proceſs, and the bones are taken out, after which the ſkin is cloſed round the fleſh, and they are immerſed in vinegar impregnated with ſpices.—Dr. Caius informs us, that in his days, the puffins were allowed by the church to be eaten in Lent, inſtead of fiſh; and ſays that they were uſually caught by means of Ferrets, as we now ſometimes take rabbits. At preſent, they are either dug out of the burrows, ſeized by the hand, or drawn out by a hooked ſtick.

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CHAP. XIX.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON TO BEDDGELERT; AND THENCE TO PONT ABERGLASLLYN, INTO NANT HWYNAN, AND TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

Glangwna.—Beautiful View.—Aſcent to the Summit of Moel Aelir, and View from thence.—Bettws.—Nant Mill.—Llyn Cwellyn.—Red Char.—Caſtell Cidwm.—Tradition reſpecting the Giant Cidwm.—Llyn y Dywarchen, and its floating Iſland.—Llyn Cadair.—Beddgelert.—Moel Hebog.—Beddgelert Church.—Tradition of Llewelyn and his Dog.—Poem founded on this Story.—Priory.—The old and new Inns at Beddgelert.—Pont Aberglaſllyn.—Tradition reſpecting this Bridge.—Salmon Leap, and Fiſhery.—Scene beyond the Bridge.—Traeth Mawr.—Embankment of Land from the Sea.—Moonlight Scene at Pont Aberglaſllyn.

EXCURSION INTO NANT HYWNAN.

Dinas Emrys.—Account of Merlin and his Prophecies.—Llyn y Dinas.—Cwm Llan.—Fine View.—Llyn Gwynant.—Immenſe Stone.—Waterfall.—Character of Nant Hwynan.

EXCURSION TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

Tremendous Ridge of Rock called Clawdd Coch.—Proſpect from Snowdon.—Cwm Llan.—Liquor prepared from the Mountain-Aſh Berries.

THE diſtance from Caernarvon to Beddgelert, *the grave of Gêlert*, is about twelve miles, and the road

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is in general very excellent; being the great road from Caernarvonſhire into South Wales.

GLANGWNA.

About two miles from Caernarvon, I paſſed, on the left, Glangwna, one of the moſt charming retreats in the principality. The houſe is ſmall, but ſurrounded with wood, and ſo completely ſequeſtered, as ſcarcely to be ſeen from the road. The grounds are not extenſive, but they have an elegant wildneſs; and the walks through the woods and along the banks of the river Seiont, whoſe ſtream daſhes in foam among the rocks of its bed, are ſcarcely exceeded by any on a ſmall ſcale, that I have yet ſeen. This beautiful place is the property of Thomas Lloyd, Eſq. of Shrewſbury.

From an eminence in the road, about four miles from Caernarvon, I was preſented in front with a view extremely fine, along Nant Gwyrfai, *the Vale of Freſhwater*. A range of ſloping rocks formed the middle diſtance. The dark and towering rock of Mynydd Mawr, was ſeen to riſe from behind, on the right of the vale; and, on the oppoſite ſide, this was well contraſted in the ſmooth and verdant mountain Moel Aelir. The vale appeared cloſed at ſome diſtance, by part of the ſide of the lofty Arran. Juſt at this ſtation, there are ſeveral rude, but extremely pictureſque cottages, ſome

ſome of which were half obſcured by trees. The road is at firſt hidden, but it is ſeen at a little diſtance in front, ſloping down into the vale: the latter was interſected by moſs-grown walls, and rude hedge-rows.

I left the road for the purpoſe of aſcending the ſummit of the hemiſpherical mountain, called

MOEL AELIR,

The froſty hill. This I did without much difficulty, and found the proſpect from the top to far ſurpaſs my expectations. The Rival mountains appeared quite near, and beyond them the whole remaining extent of the promontory of Llŷn, as far as Aberdaron, was viſible. Part of Cwellyn Pool (by the road leading to Beddgelert) was ſeen juſt below, from the edge of which the immenſe Mynydd Mawr reared his black and rugged ſides. Beyond this was one of the Nantlle Pools, and near the latter, the ſmall pool of Llyn Cwm Ffynnon. Extending from hence ſouthwards, was a long range of mountain ſummits, and hollows, ſome verdant, and others totally deſtitute of vegetation, but the ſhades and colours of the whole ſtrikingly grand and beautiful. At ſome diſtance was ſeen part of the yellow ſands of Traeth Mawr, peeping in amongſt the rocks. The diſtant mountains of Merionethſhire, cloſed the ſcene in this direction. On the ſouth-eaſt ſide of my ſtation, I obſerved a dreary vale, with nearly per-

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pendicular boundaries, called Cwm Dwythwch, *the hollow of the rapid burrowing river*, containing a ſmall pool, in which the fineſt and beſt flavoured of all the Caernarvonſhire trout are ſaid to be caught. Beyond this, Snowdon is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from his fellow-mountains, by his ſize and appearance. Part of the vale and lakes of Llanberis, with the caſtle of Dolbadarn, were viſible, in a ſomewhat different direction. When I was here, Snowdon was covered with a denſe black cloud, that ſeemed to reſt on its ſides and ſummit, and gave to it the terrible aſpect of a volcano. Duſky intervening clouds paſſed on with conſiderable velocity, which rendered the ſcene as wild as imagination could paint. Heavy ſhowers were pouring into ſome of the adjacent vales; and light vapours ſcudded with the wind along the hollows on all ſides. Snowdon, and the immediately adjacent mountains, alone remained black and terrific. The intervening rocks received a yellow tinge from the refraction of the light of the ſun through the miſt; and various other tints and ſhades were thrown on the vallies and mountains' ſides, by different refractions of the light through the more or leſs denſe mediums.

I deſcended from this mountain, to the road not far from the romantic little village of *Bettws*, or, as it is ſometimes called, for the ſake of diſtinction, Bettws Garmon. Its church is dedicated to St. Germanus, who led on the Britons to the famous "*Alleluia*"

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"*Alleluia*" victory obtained over the Saxons, at Maes Garmon, near Mold.

Nant Mill.

About half a mile beyond Bettws, are a beautiful little caſcade and bridge, at a place called Nant Mill. This waterfall would appear to much greater advantage, in almoſt any other ſituation than the preſent; for here the black and majeſtic mountain of Mynydd Mawr, on the right, and the more ſmooth and regular, though ſtill lofty Moel Aelir, on the left of the vale, attract to themſelves ſo much of the traveller's attention, that the little waterfall appears diminutive, amidſt ſuch ſurrounding grandeur.

Beyond the mill, Snowdon is ſeen on the left, rearing his pointed ſummit into the ſky. His red and precipitous cliffs, and huge bulk, compared with the adjoining mountains, render him eaſily known from all the reſt.

Llyn Cwellyn.

On the right of the road, this pool extends itſelf for about a mile and a half. During the winter ſeaſon, the *Red char* *, a ſpecies of fiſh, which is confined principally to Winander Mere, and Coniſton water, two lakes in the north of England, were formerly caught here in conſiderable quanti-

* Salmo alpinus of Linnæus.

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ties. Theſe fiſh are called by the Welſh Torgoch, or *Red belly*, from the under parts near the tail being of this colour. They only appear about the time of the winter ſolſtice; and continue to be caught but a very little while, not often more than a fortnight. They ſeldom wander out of the pool, but traverſe it from ſhore to ſhore; and they were formerly in ſuch ſhoals, that ſometimes ſo many as twenty or thirty dozen have been caught during one night, by a ſingle net. The catching of them was, however, ſo precarious, that perhaps not above ten or a dozen, in the whole, would be taken during the reſt of the ſeaſon. In the froſts and rigours of December, they ſport and play near the margin of the pools where they are taken, but in the heats of ſummer, they confine themſelves entirely to the deep and central parts of the water, that abound with large ſtones and mud. In the Llanberis pools, before the copper mine was eſtabliſhed, theſe fiſh were ſo numerous, that the average number annually caught, was a hundred dozen.

On the farther edge of the lake, juſt under, and forming part of the mountain of Mynydd Mawr, is

Castell Cidwm.

Cidwm's fort. This is a high and ſteep rock, on the ſummit of which, we are informed, there was once a fortification, one of the guards to the interior of the mountains. This is ſaid to have been

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been founded by the Britons, ſometime prior to the ſixth century. Whether there are any remains of the fort now exiſting, I am not able to ſay: the difficulty of aſcending to it, and the ſmall importance of the object, deterred me from attempting to examine it.—The Welſh people have a tradition reſpecting this rock, that its ſummit was formerly inhabited by a giant, or a warrior, called *Cidwm*. As Conſtantine, the ſon of Helen, was marching in the rear of an army, towards Merionethſhire, he was diſtinguiſhed from his ſoldiers, by the watchful Cidwm, who was on his ſtation; and though the diſtance is many times as great, as our modern, degenerated bows, would twang their arrows, yet he aimed one, that with inſtant celerity, proved fatal. The news of his death was ſoon carried, along the ranks, to his mother, who was in the van of the army, about ten miles diſtant. He was interred in the meadow at the lower end of the lake, in a place now called Bedd y mab, *the grave of the ſon*. On enquiring into the particulars of this unaccountable ſtory, I could neither learn who this Cidwm was, (beyond what I have ſtated,) nor what the Welſh believe to have been the cauſe of his enmity to Conſtantine: in ſhort, it is one of thoſe traditionary legends, that defy all attempts at inveſtigation.

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Llyn y Dywarchen.

Higher up, amongſt the mountains on the right, I viſited a ſmall pool, about the ſize of a good horſe-pond, called Llyn y Dywarchen, *The Pool of the Sod*, firſt celebrated by Giraldus Cambrenſis in the account of his journey through Wales, in the twelfth century, as containing a floating iſland. This is yet in exiſtence, but is not more than eight or nine yards in length; and evidently appears to have been a detached piece of the turbery of which the bank is compoſed. There is a ſmall willow tree growing upon it; and it is carried to and fro by the action of the wind and water. Sometimes it remains near the ſide of the pool for a conſiderable while; and it is ſo large and firm as to bear cattle upon it. When it has been diſlodged by the wind, a ſheep or two have often been borne by it to the other parts of the bank.

I paſſed Llyn Cadair, *The Pool of the Chair, or Eminence*, and, ſhortly afterwards, croſſing a bridge, deſcended through Nant Colwyn, *The Vale of Colwyn*, to

Beddgelert,

A village completely emboſomed in mountains, whoſe rude ſides form a fine contraſt with the meadows of the vale below. Moel Hebog, *The Hill of Flight*, riſes to a point juſt in front of the village. In a deep hollow high up the ſide of this moun-

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mountain, there is a cave in which Owen Glyndwr, on one of his expeditions to haraſs the Engliſh forces, ſought, for ſome time, a ſhelter from his enemies.—The houſes of the village are few and irregular, but the church is one of the neateſt of thoſe among the wilds of Caernarvonſhire. In the church-yard, among many Welſh inſcriptions on the grave-ſtones, I was ſurprized by one in Engliſh;

Thouſand fates on death attends,
Which *brings* poor mortals to their ends.

Llewelyn the Great, prince of Wales, is ſaid to have had a hunting ſeat at this place. Among many others, he poſſeſſed one greyhound, a preſent from his father in law, king John, ſo noted for excellence in hunting, that his fame was tranſmitted to poſterity in four Welſh lines, which have been thus tranſlated:

The remains of famed Gêlert, ſo faithful and good,
The bounds of the cantred conceal,
Whenever the doe or the ſtag he purſued,
His maſter was ſure of a meal.

During the abſence of the family, tradition ſays, a wolf entered the houſe; and Llewelyn, who firſt returned, was met at the door by his favourite dog, which came out, covered with blood, to ſalute his maſter on his arrival. The prince, alarmed, ran into the nurſery, and found his child's cradle overturned, and the ground flowing with blood. In this moment of his terror, imagining that the dog had

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had killed the child, he plunged his ſword into his body, and laid him dead upon the ſpot. But, on turning up the cradle, he found his boy alive, and ſleeping by the ſide of the dead wolf. This circumſtance had ſuch an effect on the mind of the prince, that he erected a tomb over the faithful dog's grave; on the ſpot where afterwards the pariſh church was built, called, from this incident, Bedd Gêlert, or *The Grave of Gêlert.* From this ſtory was derived a very common Welſh proverb; "I repent as much as the man who ſlew his greyhound."

The following beautiful ſtanzas, which the author, the honorable W. R. Spencer, has obligingly allowed me to inſert here, are founded on the above tradition. They were written at Dolmelynllyn, the ſeat of W. A. Madocks, eſq. after a peruſal of the ſtory related in my *Tour round North Wales:*

The ſpearmen heard the bugle ſound,
And cheerly ſmil'd the morn,
And many a *brach*, and many a hound,
Obey'd Llewelyn's horn.

And ſtill he blew a louder blaſt,
And gave a luſtier cheer,
"Come, Gêlert, come; wer't never laſt,
"Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"Oh! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
"The flower of all his race,
"So true, ſo brave, a lamb at home,
"A lion in the chace?"

'Twas

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'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He wateh'd, he ferv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And ſentinell'd his bed.

In ſooth he was a peerleſs hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings riſe,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little lov'd
The chace of hart or hare,
And ſcant and ſmall the booty prov'd,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal ſeat,
His truant Gêlert he eſpied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his caſtle door
Aghaſt the chieftain ſtood,
The hound all o'er was ſmear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gaz'd with fierce ſurprize,
Unus'd ſuch looks to meet,
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guiſe,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haſte Llewelyn paſt,
And on went Gêlert too,
And ſtill where e'er his eyes he caſt,
Freſh blood gouts ſhock'd his view.

O'er-

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O'ertürn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-ſtain'd covert rent,
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood beſprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He ſearch'd with terror wild,
Blood, blood he found on every ſide,
But no where found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's devour'd,"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful ſword
He plung'd in Gêlert's ſide.

His ſuppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But ſtill his Gêlert's dying yell
Paſs'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell
Some ſlumb'rer waken'd nigh:—
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried ſearch had miſs'd,
All glowing from his roſy ſleep
The cherub boy he kiſs'd.

Nor ſcath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the ſame couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous ſtill in death.

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain?
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had ſlain
To ſave Llewelyn's heir.

Vain,

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Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe,
"Beſt of thy kind, adieu!
"The frantic blow which laid thee low,
"This heart ſhall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raiſe,
With coſtly ſculpture deck't,
And marbles ſtoried with his praiſe
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the ſpearman paſs,
Or foreſter, unmov'd;
There oft the tear-beſprinkled graſs
Llewelyn's ſorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and ſpear,
And there as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And ceaſe the ſtorm to brave,
The conſecrated ſpot ſhall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

PRIORY.

On this ſpot there was formerly a priory of Auguſtine monks, of a foundation ſo ancient, that Anian, biſhop of Bangor, who lived in the thirteenth century, aſſerts it to have been the oldeſt religious houſe in Wales, except one. Part of the ſouth walls of the preſent church were evidently formed from the old building: there are here the remains of two very old arches. In the year 1283, this priory was ſo much injured by fire, that, in order

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order to encourage benefactors to come forward and contribute towards the rebuilding of it, the biſhop gave notice that he would remit to all ſuch perſons (who ſincerely repented of their ſins), forty days of any penance inflicted on them. The revenues at the diſſolution amounted to about ſeventy pounds *per annum*. The name of this priory was Abbey de Valle, S. Mariæ Snawdonia *.

The *inn*, or rather public houſe, that I found at Beddgelert in both my journies, was one of the worſt and moſt uncomfortable houſes, in which neceſſity ever compelled me to take up my abode. In my firſt journey I found only one bed in the place that was not wretchedly bad. The room in which I ſlept for three nights (for the other two bed-rooms were occupied), was at the back of the houſe, and partly over the kitchen. The floor, the ceiling, and the boarded partition, were all ſo full of large holes, as to ſeem only an apology for ſeparation from the reſt of the houſe. I was ſo intolerably peſtered by myriads of fleas, bred and harboured among the filth accumulated in every part, that had I not every night been fairly wearied out with my rambles during the day, it would have been altogether impoſſible for me to have taken any reſt. After I had been here one night, I complained to the ſervant of the inexcuſable negligence that had ſuffered theſe animals

* Tanner. Rymer, ii 317.

to

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to become ſo numerous, as now to defy all attempts at their deſtruction: "Lord, ſir, (ſaid ſhe,) if we were to kill one of them, ten would come to its burying."—Nothing, in this ſtate of the houſe, could poſſibly have induced a traveller to remain here through the night, but the exquiſite ſcenery around the place. In my ſecond journey I found ſeveral very material improvements, in conſequence of Mr. Jones of Bryntirion having begun to build a comfortable houſe for the reception of travellers, on the other ſide of the river, at a few hundred yards diſtance. This is now opened, and, I am told, affords excellent accommodations. It is called the *Beddgelert Hotel.* The ſign over the door is of a goat clambering among the mountains of Snowdon, and, underneath it, is the motto "*Patria mea petra.*"—The *guide* from Beddgelert to the mountains is William Lloyd, the village ſchoolmaſter, whoſe boys, during the ſummer, are always engaged in ruſtic employments. He thus explains his ſummer occupations in a bill wafered on the inn door: "William Lloyd, conductor to Snowdon, Moel Hebog, Dinas Emrys, Llanberis paſs, the lakes, waterfalls, &c. &c. Collector of cryſtals and foſſils, and all natural curioſities in theſe regions. Dealer in ſuperfine woollen hoſe, ſocks, gloves, &c."

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Pont Aberglasllyn.

Beddgelert is the place to which travellers uſually reſort who wiſh to ſee Pont Aberglâſllyn, *The Bridge at the Conflux of the Blue Pool*, or, as it is uſually called, *The Devil's Bridge*. It is about a mile and a half diſtant, but, as all travellers muſt croſs it in their journey to Tan y Bwlch, many content themſelves with merely reſting a little while in their progreſs.

About a mile beyond Beddgelert, the rocks on each ſide become incomparably grand. The road winds along a narrow ſtony vale, where the huge cliffs ſo nearly approach, as only juſt to leave width ſufficient at the bottom for the road, and the bed of the impetuous torrent that rolls along the ſide of it. Here theſe lofty rocks, which oppoſe nothing to the eye but a ſeries of the rudeſt precipices, "raiſed tier on tier, high pil'd from earth to heaven," ſeem to forbid all further acceſs, and to frown defiance on the traveller:

> Fled are the fairy views of hill and dale,
> Sublimely throned on the ſteep mountain brow
> Stern nature frowns: her deſolating rage
> Driving the whirlwind, or ſwoln flood or blaſt
> Of fiery air impriſon'd, from their baſe
> Has wildly hurled the uplifted rocks around
> The gloomy paſs, where Aberglâſllyn's arch
> Yawns o'er the torrent. The disjointed crags
> O'er the ſteep precipice in fragments vaſt

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Impending, to th' aſtoniſh'd mind recal
The fabled horrors by demoniac force
Of Lapland wizards wrought; who borne upon
The whirlwind's wing, what time the vext ſea
Daſh'd againſt Norwegia's cliffs, to ſolid maſs
Turn'd the ſwoln billows, and the o'erhanging waves
Fix'd e'er they fell.

It was, probably, from this very ſcene, that Giraldus Cambrenſis aſſerted of Merionethſhire, that it was "the rougheſt and moſt dreary part of Wales, for its mountains were both high and perpendicular, and in many places ſo grouped together, that ſhepherds talking or quarelling on their tops, could ſcarcely, in a whole day's journey, come together *."

In the bridge itſelf my expectations were, I muſt confeſs, conſiderably diſappointed. I had ſomewhere read of an arch thrown acroſs a narrow ſtream, one end reſting on a perpendicular rock in Caernarvonſhire, and the other on another in Merionethſhire. Perhaps alſo in ſome meaſure confounding it, with what I had heard of the Devil's Bridge, near Hafod, in Cardiganſhire, I had formed an idea that I ſhould ſee an arch thrown acroſs a deep narrow valley, and hanging, as it were, in mid air: but how diſappointed to find it a bridge very little out of the uſual form! The grandeur of all the ſurrounding ſcenery rendered it, indeed, an inſignificant object; but even this does not prevent it from forming a

* Itin. Cam. lib. ii. c. 5.

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beautiful addition to the mountain view.—Many of the ignorant people of the neighbourhood believe that this ſtructure was formed by ſupernatural agency. They attribute it to the devil, who, they ſay, propoſed to the neighbouring inhabitants, that he would build them a bridge acroſs the paſs, on condition that he ſhould take the firſt who went over it for his trouble. The bargain was made, and very ſoon afterwards the bridge appeared in its place. But the people were too cunning to adhere to any other than the literal terms of ſo unequal a bargain; and they cheated the devil by dragging a dog to the ſpot, and whipping him over the bridge. This, ſay thoſe who tell the ſtory, was all the recompence this univerſal agent, in difficult undertakings, was able to obtain for his labour. Hence they account for this ſtructure having the name of the "Devil's Bridge."

A few yards above the bridge, the river is thrown over a range of rocks, eight or ten feet from the ſurface of the lower water. This cataract is chiefly noted as a ſalmon leap. Salmon come up the freſh water ſtreams to depoſit their ſpawn on the ſandy ſhallows, and, when impeded in their progreſs by rocks or dams acroſs the water, they have the power of ſpringing to an amazing height above the ſurface, in order to get over them. This place being only a very few miles from the ſea, is frequented by great numbers. In the courſe of an hour

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hour, I have ſometimes obſerved twenty or thirty of them attempt to overcome this barrier; but, on account of a piece of netting which the renters of the fiſhery place there for the purpoſe of preventing them, they do not often ſucceed. Their extraordinary power of leaping out of the water ſeems to be owing to a ſudden jerk which the fiſh give to their body, from a bent into a ſtraight poſition. At this place, when the fiſh are fatigued, from their vain attempts to gain the upper ſtream, they retire to the ſtill waters below, where they are either taken in nets, or are killed with harpoons. In the latter mode, which ſeems very cruel, from the lacerations of their fleſh, the men are always ſo ſure in their aim, that I have ſeen five or ſix fine fiſh killed by one perſon in the courſe of an hour. The general weight of the ſalmon caught near Pont Aberglâſſllyn in Auguſt and September, is from one to eighteen pounds. About the month of October they become much larger.—This fiſhery, I was informed, is the property of Mr. Wynne, who lets it to the fiſhermen at the rent of twelve pounds a year. The fiſh, when ſold on the ſpot, are generally thought worth three-pence or four-pence a pound.—In the reign of Henry IV. this weir was royal property; and it is by no means improbable that, in old times, it might belong to the princes of Wales; for ſalmon was the moſt uſeful, and conſequently the moſt valuable fiſh which the Welſh had. It was even reckoned amongſt the game, and was

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perhaps the only ſpecies of fiſh that was preſerved by their laws *.

I wandered ſeveral times from the bridge to the adjacent arm of the ſea called Traeth Mawr, *The Great Sands*, and was often amuſed by the few goats kept in this vale, chaſing each other, in playful gambols, among the moſt dangerous ſteeps of the rocks. I ſeldom ſaw more than from twenty to forty at a time. The goats in this country are all now private property, none of them, as formerly, running entirely wild: they all return regularly to their folds in the evenings.—The varied ſcene beyond the bridge of wood, rock, and vale, is extremely fine. From ſeveral ſtations

> The mountains huge appear
> Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
> Into the clouds; their tops aſcend the ſky;

And their rugged files ſeem here to cloſe, and oppoſe an invincible barrier into the interior of the country.

Sir John Wynne of Gwydir conceived the vaſt deſign of recovering for cultivation the two arms of the ſea, Traeth Mawr, and Traeth Bach, by embanking out the water. For this purpoſe, in the year 1625, he applied for aſſiſtance to ſir Hugh Middleton, who, in the Iſle of Wight had, not long before, gained upwards of two thouſand acres of

* Memoirs of the Gwydir Family, 387.

land

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land from the ſea. The affair, however, probably from want of money to execute it properly, was never carried into execution. This object has, however, been in a great meaſure attained by W. A. Madocks, eſq. This gentleman has, within the laſt four years, recovered above 1500 acres by embanking out the ſea. The land is found exceedingly good, and has already produced excellent wheat, barley, and oats. Some years, however, will elapſe before every part of it can be put into high cultivation, and before the trees that are planted will have any effect. The name of the place is *Glandwr*, and the whole length of the land recovered is about two miles.

Moonlight Scene at Pont Aberglasllyn.

During the time I was at Beddgelert, I found myſelf one evening in want of employment; and as the moon ſhone beautifully bright, I was tempted to wander alone as far as the bridge. There never was a more charming evening. The ſcene was not clad in its late grand colours, but was now more delicately ſhaded, and arrayed in ſofter charms. The darkening ſhadows of the rocks caſt a gloom around, and the faint rays, in ſome places faintly reflected, gave to the ſtraining eye a very imperfect glimpſe of the ſurfaces it looked upon; whilſt, in others, the moon ſhot her ſilver light through the hollows, and brightly illumined the oppoſite rocks.

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The ſilence of the evening was only interrupted by the murmuring of the brook, and now and then by the ſhrill ſcream of the night-owl, flitting by me in ſearch of food.

> The river ruſhing o'er its pebbled bed
> Impoſed ſilence, with a ſtilly ſound.

The bridge was deſerted, and I hung over its rude battlements, liſtening to the hoarſe fall of the water down the weir, and watching, as the moon got higher, the decreaſing ſhadows of the mountains. The ſolitude gave riſe to reflection, and I indulged almoſt too long; for, when I arrived at the inn, I found I had been abſent near two hours, and from the countenance of the inn-keeper on my appearance, I ſuſpect the family had believed that I ſhould not again return.

Excursion into Nant Hwynan.

I had not been long at Beddgelert before I ſtrolled through this vale, called alſo ſometimes Nant Gwynant, *The Vale of Waters;* and I found it more beautiful than any other amongſt theſe mountains. It is about ſix miles long, and affords, in its whole length, ſuch a variety of ſcenery, of wood, lakes, and meadows, bounded on each ſide by lofty mountains, that one can ſcarcely conceive it to be excelled. The vale of Llanberis is the only one that ſeemed to me to rival it; but the character of the two are

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ſo eſſentially different, and the beauty of each is ſo excluſively its own, that they cannot be put into compariſon.

Dinas Emrys.

On the left of the path, about three quarters of a mile up the vale, the guide pointed out to me a round high rock, with many trees growing from the clefts and ſhelves of its ſides, called Dinas Emrys, *The Fort of Emrys, or Ambroſius*, where

> Prophetic Merlin ſate, when to the Britiſh king
> The changes long to come auſpiciouſly he told.

It was to this place that Vortigern retired to hide his ſhame, and provide for his ſecurity, when he found himſelf under the general odium of his ſubjects, and unable any longer to contend with the treacherous Saxons whom he had introduced into his kingdom. It is probable, that upon this inſular rock he erected a temporary reſidence of timber (for the country at that time abounded with wood), that laſted him till he went to his final retreat in Nant Gwrtheyrn, or *Vortigern's Valley*, not far from Nefyn, in the promontory of Llŷn *.—Many of the ancient Britiſh and monkiſh writers aſſert, that, on his coming to Dinas Emrys, he attempted to erect a place of defence, but that, what was built in the day time always diſappeared during the night. He there-

* Vortigern was king of Britain from the year 449, to 466.

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fore conſulted his magicians, for ſuch all the men of learning in thoſe dark ages were eſteemed, as to the manner in which he ought to act in this dreadful predicament. "They adviſe (ſays the author of the notes on Drayton), that he muſt find out a child which had no father, and with his blood ſprinkle the ſtones and mortar, and then the caſtle would ſtand as on a firm foundation." This was a tolerably ſecure mode of ſolving the difficulty, for they all had learning and philoſophy enough to know that the king might ſearch far and wide for this remedy. They were, however, for once diſappointed! Emiſſaries were ſent in all directions through the kingdom, and one of theſe, as he was going along the ſtreets of the town, ſince called Caermarthen, overheard ſome boys quarelling at play, one of whom reproached his adverſary with the epithet of "unbegotten knave." This was the very boy that he wanted: he ran up to them, took him from among the reſt, and having found out his mother, brought them both to the king. The mother declared that the boy, whoſe name was Merlin Emrys, or Ambroſius, was the child of an incubus*. It is generally believed, however, that his father was a Roman conſul, and that his mother, being a nun, the daughter of one of the kings of Mathraval, invented this ſtory of his being father-

* He was called Ambroſius from the circumſtance of his being patronized after Vortigern's death by Ambroſius, his ſucceſſor to the Britiſh crown.

leſs

leſs to ſave her reputation and her life, for death was the uſual puniſhment inflicted on thoſe who had violated their monaſtic vow. The boy was ordered to be ſacrificed, but he obtained his liberty by confounding all the magicians with his queſtions, and himſelf explaining the cauſe of the failure of the work. "He being hither brought to the king (continues the above writer), ſlighted that pretended ſkill of his magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing ſpirit, undertakes to ſhew the true cauſe of that amazing ruin of the ſtone-work. He tells them, that in the earth there was a great water which could endure the continuance of no heavy ſuperſtructure. The workmen digged to diſcover the truth, and found it ſo. He then beſeeched the king to cauſe further inquiſition to be made, and affirmed, that in the bottom of it were too ſleeping dragons, the one white, and the other red, which proved ſo likewiſe. The white dragon he interpreted for the Saxons whom the king had brought over, and the red one for the oppreſſed Britons; and upon this event in Dinas Emrys, he began thoſe prophecies to Vortigern, which are to this day common in the Britiſh ſtorie*."

The only probable part of this ſtory is, that Myrddin Emrys, for ſo he is called by the Welſh

* Selden's notes on Drayton's Polyolbion. Matthew of Weſtminſter has given us a long account of the latter part of Vortigern's life, and a full detail of all Merlin's prophecies. P. 161.—170.

writers,

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writers, may have been employed by Vortigern to ſearch out for him a ſecure retreat from the juſt vengeance of his injured ſubjects; and that being a ſkilful architect and mechanic, he ſuperintended the building of a fortreſs in this place.—There was another Merlin, frequently miſtaken for this, a native of Caledonia, called *Myrddin ap Morvryn* and Myrddin Wyllt, who, in the year 542, when fighting under the banner of king Arthur, accidentally ſlew his own nephew. In conſequence of this accident, he was ſeized with a madneſs which affected him every alternate hour during the reſt of his life. He retired into Scotland, and in his lucid intervals compoſed ſome of the moſt beautiful pieces of poetry extant. This Merlin afterwards reſided in North Wales, where he died: he was buried in the iſle of Bardſey *.

Vortigern married his own child by his wife Rowena, and had by her one ſon. Some writers aſſert that he was afterwards ſo much affected by this crime, that with his own hands he ſet fire to his houſe, and thus, at the ſame time, deſtroyed both himſelf and his partner in guilt. Others ſay that his palace was deſtroyed by lightning; and others again, that it was deſtroyed by Aurelius Ambroſius and Uter Pendragon, two ſons of Conſtantine, who, on diſcovering the place of his retirement, ſet fire to it, and conſumed along with it

* Evans's Diſſertatio de Bardis, p. 77.

Vortigern

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Vortigern and his family *.—We are not, however, certain that any of these accounts are true; for Vortigern, being considered the author of all the calamities that his country afterwards suffered, he became odious to the people, and the British writers have loaded him with so many crimes, and have represented him as such a monster of iniquity, that it was not fit for him to go out of the world like other mortals. They have therefore invented for him those various kinds of death, that he might appear to depart from the world under the severest marks of divine vengeance.

A little farther in the vale is a pool, in a very charming situation, called

LLYN Y DINAS,

The Pool of the Fort, taking its name from its neighbouring rock of Dinas Emrys. It abounds in large and well-flavoured trout.—Two miles beyond this is *Cwm Llan*, a romantic hollow, extending into the mountains on the left towards Snowdon, the summit of which, above the intervening mountains, is visible from hence. The scene from this station is remarkably fine; there are here many trees about the foreground, and others are distributed among the

* Speed, i. 313. Stowe. According to Nennius, the palace was that in Nant Gwrtheyrn, for he says, when Vortigern went to fortify himself in Caer Gwrtheyrn, he gave to Myrddin the castle he had built in Eryri. C. 44.

rising

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riſing ſteeps, exhibiting the rocks in various places, and thus elegantly varying the otherwiſe dull uniformity of the ſides of the mountains.—Having paſſed the entrance into Cwm Llan, I ſoon afterwards came to another ſmall pool, not even ſo large as that I had left, called *Llyn Gwynant.* Not far from hence, I believe it was, that a ſmall chapel was founded by John Williams, a goldſmith of London, and a native of this vale, called *Capel Gwynant.* He was an antiquary of ſome eminence, and after accumulating a conſiderable fortune in London, retired to the place of his birth, and there ended his days.

Immense Stone.

Near the end of the vale I obſerved two enormous maſſes of rock, that had once, no doubt, been looſened from ſome of the high precipices above by rain or froſt, and had tumbled from thence into their preſent inſulated ſituations. One of them was much larger than the celebrated *Bowdar ſtone* in Barrowdale, near Derwent water. On one ſide it has the appearance of the gavel end of a houſe. It projects ſo far over its baſe, that an immenſe number both of men and horſes might take ſhelter under it.

Waterfall.

I aſcended the rocks on the left of the vale, to a conſiderable height, to ſee the cataract Rhaiadr Cwm

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Cwm Dyli, *The Waterfall of the Vale of Dyli.* There are two diſtinct falls one above the other. The rivulet that runs from the alpine pool, Llyn Llwydaw, in the mountains above, here breaks in foam and ſpray down the rugged fronts of the rocks. At the time I was here there had been a ſucceſſion of dry weather for near a month, and the water was of courſe very inconſiderable in quantity. The rocks, however, had in themſelves ſufficient grandeur to compenſate for my trouble, and there was ſtill water enough to render the ſcenes extremely pictureſque.

The ſoftened beauties of the vale of Gwynant, or *Nant Hwynan*, are particularly pleaſing to a touriſt who has lately viſited the other more rude vales of Caernarvonſhire. The preſent is varied by all the elegant features that meadows, woods, and cornfields can furniſh: it contains two beautiful little pools, and it is bounded by high rocks and mountains. In ſome places the ſpecimens of pictureſque ſcenery were ſo perfect, that all the order and beauty of colouring, ſo well deſcribed by Maſon, were to be traced in them.

> Vivid green,
> Warm brown, and black opake the foreground bears
> Conſpicuous. Sober olive coldly marks
> The ſecond diſtance. Thence the third declines
> In ſofter blue, or leſſening ſtill, is loſt
> In faineſt purple.

During

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During my walk along the vale, I obſerved, in different places, ſeveral men buſily employed in cutting down the trees. It is truly lamentable that the practice of taking away the timber ſhould be ſo general, not only in this country, but, as I ſome years ago had occaſion to obſerve, even throughout all the north of England, and about the lakes. Avarice, or diſſipation, and its inſeparable attendant, poverty, a late writer has juſtly obſerved, have deſpoiled the principality of nearly all its leafy beauties. Depriving ſcenery of wood, is ruinous to pictureſque beauty; and if the owners of land do but go on in the manner they have done, for a few years longer, there will be ſcarcely a tree remaining in all North Wales.

EXCURSION FROM BEDDGELERT TO THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

As I had made a determination, ſoon after I firſt came into Wales, that I would aſcend Snowdon by all the tracks that are uſually pointed out to travellers, I, for the laſt time, undertook the taſk, along with a party of four others, from Beddgelert.

The diſtance from Beddgelert to the ſummit, being reckoned not leſs than ſix miles, and a lady being one of our number, it was thought moſt eligible for her to ride as far as ſhe could without danger, and for the reſt to walk the whole way. In

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this manner, therefore, we ſet out, commencing our *mountain* journey by turning to the right, from the Caernarvon road, at the diſtance of about two miles and a half from the village.—We left the horſe at a cottage, about half way up, from whence taking a bottle of milk to mix with ſome rum that we had brought along with us, we continued our route over a ſeries of pointed and craggy rocks. Stopping at different times to reſt, we enjoyed to the utmoſt, the proſpects that by degrees were opening around us. Caernarvon and the iſle of Angleſea, aided by the brightneſs of the morning, were ſeen to great advantage; and Llyn Cwellyn below us, ſhaded by the vaſt Myndd Mawr, with Caſtell Cidwm at its foot, appeared extremely beautiful. In aſcending, the mountains, which from below appeared of immenſe height, began now to ſeem beneath us; the lakes and vallies were more expoſed, and all the little rills and mountain ſtreams, by degrees became viſible to us, like ſilver lines interſecting the hollows around.

Towards the upper part of the mountain, we paſſed over a tremendous ridge of rock, called Clawdd coch, *the red ridge.* This narrow paſs, not more than ten or twelve feet acroſs, and two or three hundred yards in length, was ſo ſteep, that the eye reached on each ſide, down the whole extent of the mountain. And I am perſuaded, that in ſome parts of it, if a perſon held a large ſtone in each hand, and let them both fall at once, each might

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roll above a quarter of a mile, and thus, when they ſtopped, they might be more than half a mile aſunder. The lady who accompanied us, to my great ſurprize, paſſed this ridge without the leaſt apparent ſigns of fear or trepidation.

There is no danger whatever, in croſſing Clawdd Coch in the day-time, but I muſt confeſs, that I ſhould by no means like to venture along this tract in the night, as many do who have never ſeen it. If the moon ſhone very bright, we might, it is very true, eſcape unhurt; but a dark cloud coming ſuddenly over, would certainly expoſe us to much danger. Many inſtances have occurred of perſons who, having paſſed over it in the night, were ſo terrified at ſeeing it by day-light the next morning, that they have not dared to return the ſame way, but have gone a very circuitous round by Bettws. I was informed that one gentleman had been ſo much alarmed, that he crawled over it back again on his hands and knees.

In the hollow, on the left of the aſcent, are four ſmall pools, called *Llyn Coch*, the red pool; *Llyn y Nadroedd*, the adder's pool; *Llyn Glas*, the blue pool; and *Llyn Ffynnon y Gwas*, the ſervant's pool.

Soon after we had paſſed Clawdd Coch, we became immerſed in light clouds, till we arrived at the ſummit of the mountain, when a ſingle gleam of ſunſhine, which laſted but for a moment, preſented us with the majeſtic ſcenery on the weſt of our ſtation.

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tion. It ſerved, however, only to tantalize our hopes, for a ſmart guſt of wind again obſcured us in clouds. We now ſheltered ourſelves from the cold, under ſome of the projecting rocks near the top, and ate our dinners, watching with anxiety the dark ſhades in the clouds, in hopes that a ſeparation might take place, and that we ſhould be once more delighted with a ſight of the grand objects around us. We did not watch in vain, for the clouds by degrees cleared away, and left us at full liberty to admire the numerous beauties in this vaſt expanſive ſcene. The ſteep rock of *Clogwyn y Garnedd*, whoſe dreadful precipices are, ſome of them, above two hundred yards in perpendicular height, and the whole rock, a ſeries of precipices, was an object which firſt ſtruck one of my companions with terror, and he exclaimed, almoſt involuntarily:

> How, fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles.

We now ſtood on a point which commanded the whole dome of the ſky. The proſpects below, each of which we had before conſidered ſeparately as a grand ſcene, were now only miniature parts in the immenſe landſcape. We had around us ſuch a variety of mountains, vallies, lakes, and ſtreams, each receding behind the other, and bounded only by

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the far distant horizon, that the eye almost strained itself with looking upon them. These majestic prospects were soon shut from our sight by the gathering clouds, which now began to close in much heavier than they had done before, and it was in vain that we waited near an hour for another opening. We were therefore, at length, obliged to descend, in despair of being any more gratified with these sublime prospects.

We again passed Clawdd Coch, and soon afterwards, turning to the left, descended into the mountain vale, called *Cwm Llân*, which I have mentioned in a preceding part of this chapter. We followed the course of a stream, which runs from thence into Llyn y Dinas, in Nant Hwynan. This little rivulet entertained us much in its descent, being, in many places, thrown over low rocks, and forming small, but sometimes elegant, cascades.—After a walk of two hours, we arrived in Nant Hwynan, the vale that I had traversed with so much pleasure a day or two before; and passing Llyn y Dinas, and Dinas Emrys, soon afterwards reached Beddgelert, not a little fatigued with our mountain ramble.

I observed near a cottage in Cwm Llan, that several children were employed in gathering the berries of the mountain ash (Sorbus aucuparia of Linnæus). On enquiring of the guide to what purpose this was done, he informed me that the Welsh people

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ple brew from them a liquor, which they call *Diod griafol*. This, he ſaid, was done by merely cruſhing the berries, and putting water to them, which, after remaining a fortnight, is drawn off for uſe. The flavour, as I underſtood him, was ſomewhat like that of perry.

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CHAP. XX.

Excursion from Caernarvon to the Nantlle Pools.

Nant Lle.—Dreary Mountain Paſs.—Uncommonly elegant Views.—Slate Quarries.—Oxen attacked by the Gadfly; and a ſhort Account of this inſect.

In my viſit to the Nantlle-Pools, I proceeded along the road from Caernarvon to Beddgelert, till I had paſſed Llyn Cwellyn, when taking a route weſtward, between Llyn Cader, and Llyn y Dywarchen, I entered a wild mountainous paſs, that led me along a ſeries of ſheep tracts, into Nant Lle, *the Vale of Lle.* The mountains roſe on each ſide to an immenſe height, thoſe towards the north forming a long range of precipices, ſingularly marked by the innumerable gullies of the mountain ſtorms. The whole ſcene was that of ſavage wildneſs, of nature in her moſt dreary attire. It is a narrow paſs, encompaſſed by mountains, uncultivated, deſtitute altogether of wood, and unſheltered on all ſides from the fury of the tempeſts.—As I proceeded, the ſcene by degrees, began to extend its limits, and the mountains to attain more varied and elegant forms. At length the two Nantlle Pools, called by the Welſh *Llyniau Nantlle*, and the

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the whole range of the vale, with the gradually declining mountains, became viſible nearly to the ſea. The proſpect was exceedingly beautiful; and the number of trees in different parts, and particularly about the foreground, added greatly to the effect.—On turning round, to look towards the road that I had left, now about two miles diſtant, I obſerved that Snowdon cloſed up the end of the paſs, and terminated the view in that direction: its upper parts were, however, ſo enveloped in clouds, as to render them inviſible.—I continued my route along a tolerable good horſe-path, between hedge-rows, among meadows and woodland, on the north ſide of the pools. The trees were chiefly old oaks, that had withſtood the fury of near a hundred winters; the limbs ſhattered, covered with moſs, and bared of leaves. Several of the ſmall farmers' cottages among theſe trees, preſented, with the other objects around, ſcenes peculiarly pictureſque. By an ancient over-ſhot mill, between the pools, I remarked a ſcene that exceeded all the reſt. The mountain grandeur of the vale was broken by the wooded foreground; and the water of one of the lakes, from the rays of the ſun, which ſhot obliquely upon it, glittered through the dark foliage of the trees. The mill, and its rude wooden aqueduct and wheel, with an adjacent cottage or two, overgrown with moſs and lichens, and ſhattered in the walls and roofs, were the other component parts of the landſcape. This

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was, however, by no means, the laſt of the elegancies of the vale; in almoſt every part of my walk, I had ſomething to admire, ſome new object preſented to me, that afforded ſources both of reflection and delight. At ſome diſtance beyond the fartheſt lake, the road, which is here wide enough to admit carriages to the neighbouring ſlate quarries, led me to ſome little height above the vale. I again turned round to look along the vale in the direction I had come, and was ſurpriſed by a view ſo elegantly pictureſque, that even my fancy had ſcarcely ever led me to imagine one equal to it. The denſe clouds that had enveloped all the higher regions of Snowdon, were in a great meaſure driven away, and thoſe that I now ſaw, floated below the pointed ſummit of the mountain, which was viſible above. It bounded the end of the vale, and I never before ſaw this mountain in ſo much grandeur. A duſky hazineſs about it, threw it to appearance very diſtant, and added greatly to its effect in height. A gleam of ſunſhine, paſſing the valley by Llyn Cwellyn, that croſſed by its foot, and ſoftening upwards, formed a fine light in the middle of the ſcene. The ſteep black rocks of Mynydd Mawr, on the left, and the craggy ſummits of the elegant and varied range of the Drws y Coed mountains, on the right of the vale, on whoſe ſide I ſtood, and appearing even ſtill darker than uſual, from the light on the mountain beyond them, formed a truly elegant middle diſtance. The expanſe of the water of the

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the two lakes, interfected by a narrow iſthmus, appeared in the boſom of the vale. The rude trunks, and weather-beaten limbs of the old oaks around, not only added beauty to the foreground, but varied, by their intervention, the otherwiſe too uniform appearance of the meadows of the vale, and of ſome parts of the mountains' ſides. This landſcape is not exceeded in beauty by any in North Wales.

As the *ſlate quarries* were not far from this ſtation, I walked up to them, and found a chaſm formed in the rocks that, from its peculiar appearance, ſurprized me almoſt as much as the excavations in the mountains of Nant Frangon, belonging to lord Penrhyn. This is very narrow, long, and deep, its ſides being nearly all perpendicular; and to a ſtranger, unaccuſtomed to ſights of this nature, it will be found very intereſting. The mountain in which theſe quarries are formed, is called Cilgwyn, *the white retreat:* it is in the pariſh of Llanllyfni.

In the former part of this ramble (in the hollow near Llyn y Dywarchen), I had obſerved the cattle, in apparent agony, chaſing each other round the foot of the mountains, with their tails erect, and head and neck ſtretched out, and uttering ſtrange bellowings. The cauſe of this incident immediately occurred to me, and when they afterwards paſſed within a few yards the place where I was walking, it

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it was fully explained, by my catching at a fly that was near one of them, which I found to be a ſpecies of *gadfly*, the *æſtrus bovis* of Linnæus, that, in ſummer often torments the oxen, till they almoſt run mad with terror. If only a ſingle ox is attacked, it runs off bellowing from among the herd, and where water is near, makes immediately to it; for the fly leaves the animal the moment it paſſes the bank: the reſt generally follow, which accounts for all the animals about the ſame place, uſually appearing agitated at the ſame time. Cattle have been known to plunge from the plough, and in ſpite of every effort, have run through hedges and thickets, to gain the bank of a ſtream or pond. Whatever they may happen to be doing, when attacked by theſe inſects, nothing can reſtrain them from ſeeking ſome mode of ridding themſelves of them;

> Light fly their ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
> Of angry gad-flies faſten on the herd;
> That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
> In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
> They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcour the plain,
> Through all the bright ſeverity of noon;
> While, from their labouring breaſts, a hollow moan
> Proceeding, run low-bellowing round the hills.

The reaſon why theſe flies attack the cattle is, that they may depoſit their eggs in the ſkin. The operation is performed in a few ſeconds, but probably the pain is extremely ſevere. The aperture made by the flies, though very minute, does not afterwards

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wards close up, but enlarges with the swelling. This, when the young grub is produced from the egg, serves both as a breathing place for it, and as a passage, through which the superfluous humour contained in the swelling, discharges itself, which, if confined, would occasion a large abscess, and suffocate the little creature. As soon as the grub has attained its full growth, it works itself out, and dropping to the ground, attains there its chrysalis, and afterwards its perfect, or fly state.—Young and healthy cattle are more liable to the attacks of the gadfly than any others; the first on account of the tenderness of their hides, and the latter, as affording a nidus best suited to nourishing the young insects. Cattle that are found to have a great number of bot-holes in their skins, are always esteemed by dealers to be the best, and when these occur in the hides, the tanners always find that such make strong and good leather. The skin heals on the exit of the grub, but it is not with the same matter as that of the original skin; and by the marks that are left, it is easy to know where these holes have been.—The grubs of this gadfly are called by farmers and others, *bots*, *warbles*, and *wornuls*.

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CHAP. XXI.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON INTO THE PROMONTORY OF LLYN.

The promontory of Llŷn.—Account of Dinas Dinlle, and other ancient Forts dependant on it.—Clynog.—Church.—Beuno's Chapel and Cheſt.—Superſtitions.—Llanbaiarn.—Nevin.—Porthynllyn.—Pwllheli.—Criccieth.—Criccieth Caſtle.—Singular Story of Sir Howell y Fwyall, and his Battle-Ax.—Penmorfa.—Anecdote of Sir John Owen.—Ford, and projected new Road.—Account of various Feuds in Caernarvonſhire during the fifteenth Century.

THE promontory of Llŷn, or that diviſion of Caernarvonſhire that juts out into the Iriſh ſea, was the *Langanum* of Ptolemy and Antoninus. Its Welſh name is derived from an old word, that ſignifies a long ſlip of any thing, and more particularly a ſpear.—In its general character it affords very little intereſting matter for the obſervation of the touriſt. In the more northerly parts a conſiderable quantity of corn is grown; ſo much indeed as to ſupply nearly all the reſt of the county. Much of the land is there flat and capable of cultivation and improvement. The Rev. Mr. Ellis of Llanſlyndwy, near Criccieth, has introduced in that part of the promontory, the culture of cabbages and turnips, for the fattening of cattle, with ſome degree of ſucceſs. This ſtrange attempt has aſtoniſhed the

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the Welſh farmers, who, wedded to old modes, and altogether ignorant of good management, cannot conceive how it ſhould anſwer. The ſame gentleman has alſo made conſiderable advances in the irrigation of meadow land. It will probably be long before ſo good an example will be followed by other farmers; it is hoped, however, that its effect will not be loſt.—The moſt diſtant extremity of Llyn is, in general, a bleak, open, and expoſed country, in which agriculture can make little progreſs towards improvement.

Dinas Dinlle,

An ancient fort, about two miles weſt of Llandwrog, (a village near ſix miles ſouth of Caernarvon,) was the firſt place of any conſequence that I came to. This is ſituated on the ſummit of a green eminence, immediately on the coaſt. In a ſtream called Voryd, that runs not far from the place, there are two fords, which, to this day, retain the names of *Rhyd equeſtre*, and *Rhyd pedeſtre* (Rhyd being the Welſh word for ford), and are underſtood by theſe names, as the horſe and foot fords.—The mount on which the fort was conſtructed, is ſuppoſed to have been artificial. It is ſo near the ſea, that at high tides the water comes entirely up to it: on the ſide towards the water, the bank is very ſteep.—The fort was of a circular form, and about four hundred feet in diameter. On all ſides, except

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cept towards the ſea, it was defended by a deep foſs five or ſix yards wide. The principal entrance was on the eaſt ſide. This ſtation not only commanded the whole of Caernarvon bay, its creeks and harbours, but great part of the county of Caernarvon, and of the iſle of Angleſea, was alſo within ſight of the garriſon.—To this great centre of obſervation and action (ſays the late learned vicar of Llanwnda) correſpond ſeveral other forts, that lie diagonally acroſs the country, ſome towards the north, and others towards the ſouth; which, like the wings of an army, were of infinite ſervice in time of danger, for its ſafety and protection. The moſt conſiderable on the eaſt are Dinorddwig, in the pariſh of Llanddiniolen; and Yr Hên Gaſtell, and Dinas Gorfan, both in the pariſh of Llanwnda, and about three miles diſtant. Towards the ſouth, one of the moſt rocky is Craig y Dinas, on the river Llyfni, about a mile and a half diſtant.—Dinorddwig, or, as it is now called, Pen Dinas, in the pariſh of Llanddiniolen, is ſtill entire and ſtrengthened with a double ditch and ſtrong rampart. The excellence of this fort is its ſtrength and compactneſs, ſtanding, as it were, on tiptoe above all the reſt.—Yr hên Gaſtell, *the old caſtle*, near the brook Carrog, is a ſmall entrenchment with a ſingle rampart, about fifty paces in length. Dinas Gorfan, near Pont Newydd, *the new bridge*, has merely the name remaining. But Craig y Ddinas, *the rocky fort*, is a circular encampment, about a hundred paces in diameter, very ſteep

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ſteep towards the river that paſſes it on the ſouth, as it is alſo on every other ſide except the weſt. The ramparts, with a treble ditch, are of looſe ſtones, exceedingly ſtrong, and not to be taken out even at this day, without great force. The entrance is towards the north ſide, very narrow, and forty paces in length. This fort is about a mile ſouth-weſt of the great road that leads from Caernarvon to Pwllheli, and about a quarter of a mile from Lleiar, the ancient family ſeat of the Twiſletons.—Farther on, towards the extremity of the diagonal line, at the foot of Llanhaiarn mountain, and not far from the place where that pariſh joins upon Llan Gybi, there is a ſmall fort on the top of a high rock called *Caer*. This was a fort of obſervation, to guard not only the paſſes of the mountains, but to overlook Llŷn, the ancient diviſion of Caernarvonſhire, called Evionedd, and St. George's Channel.—There are other ſmaller forts, interſperſed about the country (connected, no doubt, in ſome ſhape or other with Dinas Dinlle). Theſe were either the reſidences of generals, as Gad-lys, in the pariſh of Llanwnda, or places of obſervation for ſome peculiar military uſes, as Dinas y Prif, in the pariſh of Llanwnda, where there is one deep ditch and a weſtern entrance, looking towards the principal fort Dinas Dinlle.—The diſpoſition and economy of theſe head quarters, ſavour of the wiſdom and ſagacity, that ſeem to run through the whole, being ſituated, (if the expreſſion may be uſed,)

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uſed,) at proper intervals in the baſe of a triangle, which the two diagonal lines form, by meeting with the baſe, in a point at Dinas Dinlle *.

On the left of the road, about half a mile beyond the village of Llandwrog, I paſſed the grounds of *Glynllivon*, the ſeat of lord Newborough. The views were over a country in a tolerably good ſtate of cultivation, and were on the whole intereſting. At a little diſtance to the right, was the ſea; and on the oppoſite ſide, a few miles off, were the mountains around Snowdon.

As I approached the *Rival* or *Eiſl* (forked) mountains, they began to aſſume a very grand aſpect. Their conical ſummits, all nearly of equal height, were obſcured by light clouds. They ſeemed to oppoſe an impaſſible barrier, to the ſtill extenſive country beyond them. The mountain next the ſea, preſents a perpendicular precipice to the waves, which ſeemed to me at a diſtance, to beat againſt its foot.

Clynog

Is a ſmall village, which, with its elegant gothic church appearing among the trees, and the mountains in the background, forms a pictureſque ſcene, at the diſtance of about half a mile from the place.

* Letter of the Rev. R. Farringdon, vicar of Llanwnda, near Dinas Dinlle.

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The houſes are half hidden by the foliage, and the tower of the church riſes very beautifully from among them. The ſea, on the right, forms an eſſential part of the view.

The *church*, differing in that reſpect from every other pariſh church in Wales, is a large gothic building, with ſome of the windows of painted glaſs. In different parts of it, I obſerved the tombs of ſeveral perſons of a Yorkſhire family of the name of Twiſleton, who retired into Wales, and lived chiefly in this pariſh. A paſſage called Yr heinous, *the heinous*, (from its having been uſed as a place of confinement for diſorderly perſons), leads from the church to a ſmall gothic building, called Eglwys Beuno, *the chapel of Beuno*, ſuppoſed to have been originally founded about the year 616. This Welſh ſaint was the ſon of one of the kings of Powys, and uncle to Wenefred, the celebrated virgin of Holywell. He is reported to have been interred in the chapel, and an ill worked ſtone figure, now placed in the belfry, headleſs and mutilated, was ſuppoſed to have covered his grave. In conſequence of this opinion, lord Newborough, in the year 1793, ordered the ground to be examined for his remains, but nothing could be diſcovered.—In the ſouth eaſt corner of the church, near the altar table, there is an old wooden cheſt, belted with iron, and faſtened to the floor, called Cyff Beuno, *Beuno's cheſt*. This has a ſlit in the cover, to receive the offerings of money from the

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devotees of the ſaint. If a perſon was affected with any diſorder, he made his offering into this cheſt, uſually a four-penny piece, if ſuch could be obtained, and having ſat down on Bueno's grave, and addreſſed his prayers to the ſaint, he expected immediate relief. This cuſtom is even yet continued by a few ignorant perſons. On Trinity Sunday, bread and cheeſe were uſually offered to Bueno; and the church formerly claimed all the calves and lambs that were caſt with a ſlit in their ear.

The other curioſities about this place are, the *well* dedicated to St. Bueno, incloſed in a ſquare wall on the left of the road, about a quarter of a mile beyond the village; a *cromlech*, which is to be ſeen, a little further on from the road, in a field near the ſea; and a *waterfall* called *Rhaiadr Dibbin Mawr*, in the mountains about two miles diſtant. The latter I had not heard of when I was here.

From Clynog I directed my route towards the Rivals, and in paſſing the foot of a ſmooth and conical mountain called Gyrn Goch, *The Red Point*, obſerved a number of women and children buſily employed in rolling large bundles of heath down the ſides, to ſave themſelves the labour of carrying them.—The road led me, up a tolerably ſteep hill, to *Llanhaiarn*, whoſe white-waſhed church on its elevated ſite, affords a land-mark to the diſtant mariner. I now wound my way along the hollows of

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of the Rival mountains, and for a conſiderable diſtance through a country as deſolate and barren as can be well imagined. Emerging from theſe dreary wilds, I not long afterwards arrived at a ſmall and inſignificant borough town, governed by a bailiff and corporation, called *Nevin*, ſurrounded by mountains, and appearing altogether ſeparated from the world.

I deſcended from hence to the ſhore, at Porthynllyn, *The Harbour in Llyn*, about a mile diſtant. Here are three or four houſes ſituated at the foot of a ſmall ſemicircular range of low mountains, with, in front, a large and extenſive bay. This place is even more ſecluded from the world than Nevin; it cannot be ſeen, except from the edges of the hills that immediately ſurround it. The extent of all the land betwixt the hills and the ſea is ſo ſmall, as ſcarcely to be more than a mile and a half acroſs, and a quarter of a mile deep. The harbour is chiefly frequented by coaſting and Iriſh veſſels.

As I had already ſeen nearly as much of this unintereſting part of Caernarvonſhire as I wiſhed, and as I had previouſly determined, in the courſe of a few days, to ſail in the cutter belonging to the hotel at Caernarvon, from that place entirely round the promontory, I now cut ſhort my journey by croſſing directly over from hence to

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Pwllheli.

This is a ſmall market town ſupported principally by its coaſting trade. Veſſels are here built of a tolerably large ſize; one that I ſaw on the ſtocks, I was told, would be regiſtered as of about ſix hundred tons burthen, but this was the largeſt that had ever been conſtructed here. The harbour is a pretty good one, but at the ebb of the tide it is left nearly dry. Pwllheli is the principal town in the promontory, and has in its neighbourhood the ſeats of ſeveral families of great reſpectability. The ſurrounding country is more cultivated than in moſt other parts of Llyn; and it is in many parts varied with wood. The town itſelf is very unpleaſant, from the extreme irregularity of the houſes and ſtreets.

Criccieth

Is ſituated at the north corner of Cardigan bay, about nine miles from Pwllheli. It is an inſignificant borough town contributory to Caernarvon; and, except in the few remains of its *caſtle*, affords nothing which can claim attention from the traveller. This is ſituated on a riſing ground, at the end of a long neck of land that juts into the ſea. The entrance to it is betwixt two round towers, which are ſquare within: all the other towers are entirely ſquare. There have been two courts, but neither of them was very large, nor indeed has the whole

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whole caſtle been a building of any other than ſmall extent. At preſent it is in a very ruinous condition.—From the eminence on which it ſtands, there is a beautiful view acroſs the bay towards Harlech, where that fine old caſtle is ſeen, backed by the high and diſtant mountains of Merioneth-ſhire.

From the architecture of Criccieth caſtle, it appears undoubtedly to have been of Britiſh origin; and its reputed founder Edward I., ſeems only to have caſed the two towers at the entrance, their exterior workmanſhip being very different from that of the interior. It is conjectured by Rowlands to have been in exiſtence before the ſixth century *.—The conſtable appointed by Edward was allowed a ſalary of a hundred pounds a year, but out of this it was ſtipulated, that he ſhould maintain a garriſon of thirty ſtout men, a chaplain, ſurgeon, carpenter, and maſon †.

Sir Howell y Fwyali,

A native of the adjoining pariſh of Llanſtyndwy, and a deſcendant from Colwyn ap Tangno, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, was conſtable of this caſtle. This valiant officer attended the Black Prince in the battle of Poictiers, where, although on foot, and armed only with a battle-axe, he performed ſeveral acts of the utmoſt bravery and

* Rowlands, 149. † Pennant, ii. 192.

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heroiſm. The principal of his ſervices was the cutting off the head of the French king's horſe, and taking him priſoner. As a recompence for his valour he received the honour of knighthood, and was allowed to bear the arms of France, with a "battle-axe in bend ſiniſter;" and to add to his name y Fwyall, *the battle-axe*. In further commemoration of his ſervices, it was ordered that a meſs of meat ſhould, at the expence of the crown, be every day ſerved up before the axe with which he had performed theſe wonderful feats. This meſs, after it had been brought to the knight, was taken down, and diſtributed among the poor. Even after ſir Howel's death the meſs continued to be ſerved as uſual, and for the ſake of his ſoul, given to the poor till ſo lately as the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth. Eight yeomen attendants, called yeomen of the crown, were appointed to guard it, who received each eightpence a day conſtant wages*. —The preſent pariſh clerk of Criccieth informed a gentleman of my acquaintance, that in digging a grave in the church-yard, about ten years ago, he found a human ſkull of an enormous ſize, holding in the cavity for the brain more than two quarts of water. He uſed it for ſome time, in the place of a more convenient implement, to throw water out of newly opened graves. He ſuppoſed it to have been

* Harleian MSS in the Britiſh Muſeum, No. 2298, fol. 348. Wynne's Gwydir Family, 375. 425. Camb. Reg. i. 148.

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the ſkull of this renowned hero, but probably, however, without any other reaſon, than from its enormous ſize; for the ignorant generally aſſociate the idea of a gigantic figure with the character of a valiant man.

From Criccieth I proceeded about three miles to

PENMORFA,

The Head of the Marſh, a wood-clad village, romantically ſituated on the weſtern bank of Traeth Mawr. The church contains a ſmall monument to the memory of *ſir John Owen*, a valiant commander in the army, and a ſtaunch ſupporter of Charles I. This hero, after the execution of his royal maſter, with ſeveral of the nobility, was condemned by the parliament to loſe his head. During his trial he exhibited a ſpirit of intrepidity worthy ſo brave a man; and, after his condemnation, he bowed to the court, and expreſſed his thanks for the honour they intended him. One of the members aſked what he meant, and he replied loud enough to be heard by moſt of the perſons preſent, "I think it a great honour for a poor gentleman of Wales to loſe his head with ſuch noble lords:—by G—, I was afraid they would have hanged me." By great good fortune, however, and by the intereſt of Ireton, who became his advocate, he was ſet at liberty, and reſtored to his friends, after only a few months impriſonment *,

* Pennant, i. 279.

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There is a ford from Penmorfa, acroſs the two ſands, Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bach, to the roads leading to Tan-y-bwlch and Harlech: this ſaves a very circuitous route to thoſe who wiſh to go from hence by Beddgelert. Paſſing this ford is, however, ſometimes attended with danger, owing to the tide's not leaving the ſame level, but ſometimes waſhing deep holes in the ſand: and it is never proper for a ſtranger to attempt to croſs it without the attendance of a guide.—The gentlemen of Llyn have lately entered into a ſubſcription, for the purpoſe of obtaining an act of parliament, to form a poſt road from this place, acroſs the promontory, to Porthynllyn, where ſome Iriſh packets would then be ſtationed. The advantages ariſing from it would be very great to Iriſh paſſengers, as from Shrewſbury, (inſtead of ſkirting the country by Cheſter, St. Aſaph, and Conwy,) they would paſs directly acroſs North Wales, and having ſaved many miles of land carriage, they would ſtill have at Porthynllyn a ſtation nearly as good as that of Holyhead.

CAERNARVONSHIRE FEUDS.

The whole of this part of the county of Caernarvon was, in the fifteenth century, the ſcene of the moſt direful contentions. Jealouſies betwixt powerful families, whoſe adherents were numerous, produced continual quarrels. Theſe were invariably bloody and revengeful. So high did the contentions run,

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run, ſays ſir John Wynne, that "they would even fight for the firſt good-morrow," where a more oſtenſible cauſe could not be found. The firſt of the quarrels that I ſhall mention, commenced about the year 1468, the ſeventh of Edward IV.—There ſubſiſted in Wales at this period, and it is even not yet entirely done away, a kind of connexion unknown in England, that of *foſter-parent*. When a child was given to another family to be nurtured and educated, which was very commonly done, an attachment took place that was eſteemed equally inviolable with that betwixt the child and its natural parents.

Jevan ap Robert ap Meredith, of Geſailgyfarch, about a mile from Penmorfa, was brought up under John ap Meredith, as his foſter-father. Jevan married the ſiſter of *Howell ap Rhys*, of Bron y Voel, a houſe not far diſtant, but, in conſequence of his attachment to John ap Meredith, his foſter-father, betwixt whoſe family and that of Howell, there had always ſubſiſted feuds and jealouſies, theſe became almoſt entirely transferred to him. Howell's ſecond wife (for his firſt wife was alſo the ſiſter of Jevan,) was afflicted with a moſt quarrelſome and ungovernable diſpoſition, and ſhe became the principal agent in the fomentation of the diſputes betwixt the houſes.—In times when the moſt villainous ſtratagems were adopted to ill-treat, or even to aſſaſſinate an enemy, it was neceſſary, in ſo wild a country

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country as this, that every man ſhould be conſtantly on his guard, and never appear abroad unarmed. Howell made ſeveral attempts to deſtroy Jevan, all of which had proved unſucceſsful. At length he received information that Jevan and ſome friends were going to Llanvihangel, a village about three miles from his houſe, to meet a large party who were to exerciſe in various feats of activity. Howell, in conſequence, hired an aſſaſſin, and formed the following plan to murder him. He collected together a ſtrong party of his adherents, who were to ſurprize them in their journey, and when, in the confuſion of battle, every one's attention was engaged, the man, who was a ſtranger, had directions to go carefully behind the talleſt and moſt handſome man of the whole company, and to knock him down. "You will eaſily diſtinguiſh him (ſays Howell,) by his immenſe ſtature: but he has a foſter-brother, Robin ap Inko, a little fellow who is always near him; be aware of this man, for, however hot the encounter may be, he is generally on the watch for his brother's ſafety."—Jevan ſet out on horſeback with his friends, in the morning. His wife accompanied them, on foot, about a mile of the road, when ſhe returned. In her way back ſhe met her brother Howell, with a company of armed men, riding in the ſame direction, and immediately gueſſing at the intent of the expedition, intreated him to deſiſt and return home. He attempted

tempted to puſh paſt her, when ſhe ſnatched at the horſe's bridle, but not ſucceeding, from his turning ſuddenly round, ſhe caught hold of the tail. By this ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be dragged along, imploring them with tears to ſpare her huſband's life. But being forced to give up her hold, by a blow on the arm from Howell's ſword, ſhe ſprang before him to a narrow place, where there was a wooden bridge over which he muſt paſs. Stepping on this, ſhe tore away the hand-rail, and threw it with ſuch fury, and with ſo ſure an aim at his head, that had he not evaded the blow, it would infallibly have brought him to the ground.

Howell and his party puſhed by the lady, and ſoon overtook their adverſaries, whom they found much inferior to themſelves in number. Certain of ſucceſs, they made the onſet, and Jevan and his friends bore the attack with the utmoſt bravery. The aſſaſſin, attentive to his orders, ſoon diſcovered his man, and approaching behind him, as he thought unobſerved, aimed a blow at his head,—but Robin ap Inko, who was at hand, laid him in a moment breathleſs on the ground. This cloſed the buſineſs of the day, for Howell called out to his men, that it was time to be gone, ſince Robin ap Inko had been ſo ill-watched.

Not long after this contention, the parſon of Llanfrothen took a child of Jevan's to foſter. This was a new ſource of jealouſy to Howell's wife, ſince her huſband poſſeſſed more land in the pariſh than Jevan.

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Jevan. She therefore formed a ſcheme to have him murdered. She ſent to his houſe a woman to intreat, under the appearance of poverty, a night's lodging. This being granted without heſitation, the woman, about midnight, ſhrieked ſo violently, as to induce him to haſten to her relief; when, ruſhing out of the houſe, ſhe threatened revenge, under the plea of his having attempted to raviſh her. In the morning her brothers, three well known villains, watched the parſon as he went to look at his cattle, and murdered him. As in thoſe days none but the men who actually ſtruck the blow, and who, in conſequence, were called Llaw rudds, or *Red Hands*, were conſidered guilty of a murder, only two of theſe men fled from the country.

In *Chirkland* reſided the family of Trevors, friends of Howell, and in *Oſwaldſtreland*, the Kyffins, friends of Jevan, two parties as greatly at enmity as thoſe of whom I am ſpeaking. Theſe had each their friends in different parts of the country, to whom, according to the manners of the times, they ſent ſuch of their followers for protection as had been guilty of murder or manſlaughter; and they, in return, afforded a refuge to others from their friends. Theſe Llaw rudds hid themſelves during the day in the dwelling houſes, but at night they generally ſpent their time in the wine-houſes of the family.

Two of the parſon's murderers fled into Chirkland, and Jevan, to puniſh the villains, came ſecretly into

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into the neighbourhood, and was on the watch for them for ſome time. At length, with the help of ſome friends, he diſcovered and ſeized both the men. As his enemies immediately received information of it, and began to collect in conſiderable numbers, he did not, however, attempt to eſcape with them, but was compelled to execute them on the ſpot.

On his return Jevan, and ſeven of his adherents, were riding, by moonlight, near Traeth Mawr, when an arrow, evidently directed from an adjacent hill ſide covered with wood, glanced paſt them. They ſtopped, and liſtening for a moment, ſhot all at once towards the place from whence they ſuppoſed it to proceed; and one of theſe random arrows fatally puniſhed their enemy, whom they found to be the other man concerned in the murder at Llanfrothen.

It has been remarked that the *Llaw rudds*, or murderers, were always taken great care of by the friends of the family from whence they were ſent. Howell, therefore, having received information that Jevan, and his principal adherents, were about to go to the aſſizes at Caernarvon, ſent for ſome of his moſt truſty friends, and, among the reſt, for David ap Jenkin, a relation, an outlaw, and a man of great valour, to ſtorm Jevan's houſe in his abſence, ſeize all the Llaw rudds, and convey them to be hanged. They commenced the attack early in the morning, and the men who were ſleeping in the hall, being rouſed by the noiſe, called for aſſiſtance

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ance to all the outlaws, who were hidden in different places around. Jevan's wife, like the good houſe-wives of thoſe days, had riſen ſome time before it was light, to ſuperintend the making of the metheglyn. The wort was boiling, but no ſooner did ſhe and her maid underſtand what was going on, than they laded out the ſcalding liquor, and beſtowed it liberally on the heads of the aſſailants. This ended, they further aſſiſted the men to defend the houſe, which was now attacked on all ſides. Several breaches were effected in the walls, but ſo brave was the defence that no one dared to lead a party through.—The whole country in a few hours was in a ſtate of alarm, and the tenants and friends of Jevan aſſembled in great numbers, under the command of the valiant Robin ap Inko. A fight was commenced, which laſted all that day, and till the next morning, when coming to a truce, Robin threatened, that if they fooliſhly perſevered till the arrival of a party of friends which he hourly expected, every man ſhould be put to the ſword. Prudence therefore dictated a retreat, and when they arrived at Howell's houſe, David ap Jenkin ſeriouſly adviſed his friend to live on good terms with his brother-in-law and neighbour, "for be aſſured (ſaid he) that I have met too warm a reſiſtance in his abſence ever to make one with you in attacking his houſe when he is preſent."

After this exploit, Howell at different times entered into ſeveral obligations to keep the peace, and many

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many awards were made by intermediate friends, on the ſubject of their contentions, but all to no purpoſe. Theſe did not end till the death of Jevan, who it is ſaid, was ſeized with the plague at his houſe at Geſailgyfarch and died, at the early age of thirty-one.

The impetuous temper of Howell, even after the death of his rival, ſtill continued to involve him in broils with his neighbours. Griffith ap John ap Gronw, who had ſerved many years in the French wars, returned to end his days in his native country. One of his ſervants was returning from a pool near Criccieth, called Stymllyn, with ſome fiſh that he had caught, when one of Howell's men, according to his orders, took from the man his fiſh, and beſtowed on him a ſevere drubbing. Griffith was ſo highly provoked at this inſtance of outrage and inſult, that he immediately challenged Howell to the field. But, on Howell's refuſing to fight him, he aſſembled the ſons of his couſin-german, John ap Meredith, and their friends, and attacked him in his houſe. They ſet fire to the barns and all the out-houſes, and while Griffith was actively engaged in ſtorming the hall, an arrow from a crevice pierced the ſight of his beaver, and killed him on the ſpot. His friends, roufed only to madneſs by his death, redoubled their vehemence. They heaped enormous quantities of ſtraw and other combuſtibles againſt the doors, and ſet fire to them. The ſmoke from theſe ſo annoyed thoſe within, that to avoid

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it they crept under boards and benches on the floor of the hall. During this ſcene of confuſion, the old man Howell was the only one whoſe courage did not flag. Standing in the midſt of the ſuffocating fumes, with the ſword in his hand, he addreſſed them, "Shame, ſhame! often has the ſmoke in this hall been greater on a Chriſtmas eve than at preſent; ariſe like men, and let us face our enemies!" This had ſome effect, but the aſſailants were too powerful to be withſtood; Howell therefore propoſed to ſurrender, on condition that Morris the ſon of John ap Meredith, ſhould ſwear to convey him in ſafety to Caernarvon caſtle, to be tried by the law of the land for the murder of Griffith. He was therefore taken to Caernarvon; but on the trial it was found, that as Griffith had commenced the attack on Howell's houſe, the latter had been actuated only by the neceſſary principles of ſelf-defence, on which he was acquitted; and thirty-five of his adverſaries, with Morris ap John ap Meredith at their head, were detained in cuſtody to be indicted for felony.

In conſequence of this affair, Howell's enemies became ſo numerous and ſo powerful, that he did not dare any more to return to his houſe, but retired to reſide with his mother's relations, at Penmachno, near Llanrwſt, where he died.—From this time we are told the family began to decay, and it never afterwards proſpered.

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In my walk from Penmorfa to Beddgelert, on my route to Caernarvon, I paſſed by the houſe of *Geſailgyfarch*, formerly the habitation of Jevan ap Robert. The country on the whole was mountainous and unpleaſant.

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CHAP. XXII.

VOYAGE FROM CAERNARVON TO THE ISLE OF BARDSEY, AND THENCE TO PWLLHELI.

Llanddwyn Rocks.—Account of some Species of Shell-fish.—View of the Caernarvonshire Mountains from the Sea.—Evening and Night in a dead Calm.—Violent gale of Wind.—Island of Bardsey.—Gatherers of the Eggs of Sea-fowl.—Account of the Inhabitants and Productions of the Island.—Mode of catching Lobsters and Crabs.—Oysters.—Cockles.—Account of the Visit of Lord Newborough, and a large Party, about eight Years ago.—History of Bardsey.—Singular Legend of a Covenant betwixt the Abbot and the Almighty.—The dangerous Bay of Hell's Mouth.—Description of this Part of the Welsh Coast.—Studwal's Islands.—Arrival at Pwllheli.

HAVING victualled the Flora cutter, belonging to the Hotel at Caernarvon, with provisions for a week's voyage, I went on board one morning in August, on the first of flood, with the intention of sailing to the island of Bardsey, (distant about twelve leagues,) and round the promontory of Llyn, to Pwllheli.

In the first tide, from want of wind, we only just cleared what is called the bar, a range of sand banks a little beyond the gap of Abermenai. At low

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low water, we were, therefore, under the neceſſity of coming to anchor off the

LLANDDWYN ROCKS:

And in order to amuſe ourſelves for a few hours we landed on this point of the iſland of Angleſea.—As I had examined the place before, I now paſſed my time in ſearching for plants and ſhells. The *purple whelk*, Buccinum lapillus of Linnæus, was that which firſt attracted my attention. This was formerly uſed for dying linen cloth purple. I bruiſed one of them with a ſtone, and ſtained my handkerchief with it. The mark was at firſt of a yelloviſh hue, it then became dark green, and after ſome time aſſumed its proper colour. The ſhell is not large, but it is very thick and hard. The colouring matter is contained in a veſicle that lies in a ſmall furrow by the head. The natives of South America, on whoſe coaſt this ſhell is very common, uſe the juice in dying, and extract it in two ways. They ſometimes break the ſhell, and taking out the animal, lay it on the back of one of their hands, and with a knife preſs the juice from the head towards the tail, then ſeparating that part of the body into which it is collected, throw the reſt away. The uſual way, however, is, not to break the ſhell, but only to ſqueeze the animal till it throws up the juice; they then return it to the rocks, where it ſoon recovers from its bruiſes. After this operation has been repeated about four times, its

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vigour becomes entirely exhauſted. Before the introduction of cochineal from America, this animal was much in requeſt by the dyers not only of our country, but of Europe in general: at preſent, however, it is merely conſidered as an object of curioſity. Bede, who flouriſhed about the latter part of the ſeventh century, ſays, "There are ſnails in very great abundance, from which a ſcarlet or crimſon dye is made, whoſe elegant redneſs never fades either by the heat of the ſun, or the injuries of rain, but the older it is, it is the more elegant."

Amongſt the rocks, I picked up two or three ſpecimens of the *common five-fingered ſea-ſtar*, or Star-fiſh, Aſterias glacialis of Linnæus. In their conſtruction and economy, theſe animals differ very greatly from all others. On an examination, the upper parts of their body are found to be compoſed of grains of a hard calcareous matter various in figure and ſize. This covering, when they are fixed cloſe to the rocks or ſtones, by means of their hundreds of tentacula below, defends them from the attacks of their enemies. The tentacula are ſhort, ſoft, and fleſhy tubes, which may be obſerved to be puſhed out and withdrawn in the ſame manner as the horns of ſnails. They are arranged in files from the mouth, which is in the centre of the under part of the body, through the whole length of the branches. Notwithſtanding the exterior calcareous covering of theſe animals, they are able, by the undulation of their rays or branches, both to move on

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the rocks, and to ſwim, but their motion is, at all times, exceedingly ſlow. Their mouth is furniſhed with five bony teeth, by which they are enabled to break the ſhells of the animals on which they feed. All the ſpecies of ſtar-fiſh are eaſily dried, after having been drowned in ſpirits of any kind, and had their ſtomach and inteſtines extracted by a pair of forceps; for they will then come out entire through the mouth *.

The rocks were in many places ſtudded over with the ſhells of the *common limpit*, Patella vulgata of Linnæus. This is a conical ſhell known to every one. On a mere inſpection, either as fixed on its rock, or when removed from thence by a knife or any other ſharp inſtrument, no one could ſuppoſe this animal capable of exerting any locomotive powers. I however obſerved two or three of them near the edge of the water, left by the tide in the receſſes of the rocks, in the act of moving forward, but this was very ſlowly. When carefully examined, they are found to be furniſhed for this purpoſe, with a fleſhy maſs of fibres, croſſing each other in various directions, called a foot or tongue. In this inſtrument, the ſuperior muſcle is compoſed of two rows of fibres, that meet and form an acute angle upon a middle line, which correſponds to the long diameter of the tongue. The inferior muſcle is uſed in contracting the ellipſis of the tongue, and

* See Bingley's Animal Biography, iii. 520.

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at the ſame time in leſſening it in breadth; whilſt the ſuperior one diminiſhes the length, but increaſes the breadth. By means of this ſingular mechaniſm it is, that theſe animals are endowed with progreſſive powers. They adhere to the rocks by creating a vacuum, from contracting the middle of their bodies into a ſmaller compaſs than when they are in motion. Such are the wonderful operations of the parent of the univerſe, in theſe, apparently, the moſt inſignificant parts of the creation. They are, however, by no means leſs aſtoniſhing than what we obſerve in the greater animals, and can only be overlooked in the want of due reflection on the works of God. It is a pleaſing thought, and has often recurred to me, that were we for once actually to obſerve a fly, of the ſame bulk and ſize as an elephant, we ſhould be ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at a production ſo wonderful. But ſurely all the parts of a fly, or all the parts of the animals of which we are now ſpeaking, are not to be eſteemed the leſs ſurprizing, becauſe they are ſo minute as in a great meaſure to eſcape the cognizance of our ſenſes. If the larger animals ſurprize us in their conformation, that of the minute parts of the creation, inſtead of calling for leſs attention, ought ſurely to excite a ſtill greater degree of admiration and wonder.

But to return from theſe digreſſions to the main object of my landing, that of collecting plants and ſhells; I have to remark, that of the former I took away

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away with me ſeveral ſpecimens of *Euphorbia Portlandica*, and the bulbs of *Scilla verna*. Of the ſhells beſides thoſe already mentioned, I found only the periwinkle, or *Turbo littoreus*, and *Nerita littoralis*, adhering to the rocks; and *Buccinum reticulatum*, *Cypræa pediculus* (gowries), *Turba terebra*, and *Solen ſiliqua* (common razor-ſhell), and *Nerita glaucina*, amongſt the rubbiſh thrown up by the tides.

When I had ſufficiently fatigued myſelf in clambering among the clefts of theſe rocks, I propoſed that we ſhould re-embark.—The moment the tide became again in our favour, we weighed anchor, and to catch the faint breeze over the iſland, crowded every inch of our canvaſs.—In a ſhort time we came into a ſituation that afforded me a moſt beautiful and extenſive view of the whole range of the Caernarvonſhire mountains, from Penmaen Mawr towards the north, to an extreme point of the promontory of Llyn. In this range, which in a direct line occupies upwards of fifty miles, all the primary mountains were viſible, namely Snowdon, Glyder, Llyder, Garn, Carnedd Ddafydd, Carnedd Llewelyn, Carnedd Elain, and Penmaen Mawr northwards; and on the ſouth of Snowdon, Mynydd Mawr, Drws y Coed, Barra dû, the Rivals, Carn Madryn, and Cefn Amwlch. We were proceeding ſufficiently ſlow and ſteady to allow me to make a tolerably good ſketch of their appearance from the ſea.—It is perhaps the fineſt range of mountain ſcenery that this kingdom affords.

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Towards ſun-ſet we found ourſelves off Clynog, about ſix miles from the coaſt, and as the wind had now entirely failed us, we thought it beſt to come again to an anchor. This afforded me at leaſt one pleaſure, that of watching the departing ſun, and the approach of the evening. As the orb became immerſed, the horizontal rays of light gleamed along the water, and tinged it with colours uncommonly brilliant. A veſſel of ſome burthen paſſed, almoſt along the line of the horizon, before the ſun at this moment. Its diſtance was very conſiderable, but its ſituation rendered the whole of its rigging perfectly viſible to us: Almoſt every rope became black and diſtinct. When it was nearly dark, I ordered a fire to be lighted in the cabin, and retired to reſt. This was only interrupted by the ſound of "What cheer?" ſung by the man on watch, to a veſſel coming in with the tide, and the anſwer of "All's well." All again became ſtill, and I ſlept till near five o'clock in the morning, when, as we had ſtill a dead calm, I got up and determined to amuſe myſelf with fiſhing. It was not long after putting out my line, that I caught an immenſe ſkait, and after that a dog-fiſh, ſqualus catulus of Linnæus. I was interrupted in this employment, by a breeze ſpringing up, juſt at the turn of the tide, and was not diſpleaſed at laying aſide my line, to aſſiſt in weighing anchor.

We paſſed the harbour of Porthynllyn, and in return for the late calm, the weather now became

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ſo boiſterous, that it was neceſſary, for our ſafety, to hold out to ſea. We ſoon approached the iſland of Bardſey, on which I was deſirous to land; but till the wind abated, this was altogether impracticable.

The ſudden change in the weather, which at firſt augured in every reſpect favourably for us, was now become worſe to us than the preceding calm. We ſuffered ourſelves to be driven about during the reſt of the day, and all the next night, by the fury of the elements; but in the morning we determined, at all hazards, to enter the ſtrait between the iſland and the main-land, and if poſſible, get into ſhelter under the ſouth-eaſt ſide of the iſland. In the ſound we had, in addition to our heavy gale of wind, to encounter the fury of a violent tide. Here our little bark roſe over the tops of the high waves, and was driven into their deep boſoms. The boltſprit ſeveral times dipping into the tide, threw the whole ſpray of the divided wave upon us. A large brig at a little diſtance was often entirely hidden from our ſight by the intervening waves, which ſeemed about to overwhelm us. But the moſt unpleaſant ſenſation I experienced, aroſe from the violent rolling of the veſſel from ſide to ſide, in which it was with the utmoſt difficulty I could keep my feet, and then its often pitching ſuddenly forward, ſo as ſometimes to give me the moſt violent ſhocks imaginable. I was completely wet through two great coats, and the cabin floor at one time was two or three inches deep

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deep in water. We made ſeveral tacks to accompliſh the object of our voyage, but, after beating about near twelve hours, we were at length compelled to abandon all further thoughts of it, and to make the beſt of our way into harbour at Pwllheli.—The reader will, however, experience no diſappointment in my not having been able to effect a landing, ſince the letters of Mr. Jones, the worthy vicar of Aberdaron, to whoſe pariſh it belongs, have given me a better account of the

Island of Bardsey

Than my own obſervations could poſſibly have furniſhed.

This iſland, which is the property of lord Newborough, is ſomewhat more than two miles long, and one in breadth; and contains about three hundred and ſeventy acres of land, of which near a third is occupied by a high mountain, that affords feed only for a few ſheep and rabbits. Its diſtance from the main land is about a league. Towards the ſouth-eaſt and ſouth-weſt it lies entirely open, but, on the north and north-eaſt, it is ſheltered by its mountain, which to the ſea preſents a face of perpendicular, and in ſome parts even of overhanging rocks. Among theſe precipices the intrepid inhabitants, in the ſpring of the year, employ themſelves in collecting the eggs of the various ſpecies of ſea-fowl that frequent them. This is uſually done barefooted, to prevent them from ſlipping from

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from heights whence they muſt be daſhed to pieces; and their concern for their own ſafety, while ſeizing theſe eggs, is infinitely leſs than that of the beholder, ſitting ſecurely in the boat below:

> Nor untrembling canſt thou ſee
> How from a ſcraggy rock, whoſe prominence
> Half o'erſhades the ocean, hardy men,
> Fearleſs of daſhing waves, do gather them.

Theſe poor fellows do not often meet with accidents, except by the giving way of pieces of the rock, which, however, ſometimes, though very rarely, happens. In this caſe they are irrecoverably loſt. The men who venture without ropes are accounted by the natives the moſt bold climbers: thoſe who are more cautious fix a rope about their middle, which is held by ſome perſons on the top of the rock. By this they ſlip down to the place where they think the moſt eggs are to be found. Here, untying it from their body, they faſten it to the baſket that is to contain the eggs, which they carry in their hand. When this is filled, they make a ſignal to their companions to draw them up. In this manner they proceed from rock to rock, aſcending or deſcending as they find it neceſſary. They adopt the ſame modes in collecting the ſamphire, with which the rocks alſo abound.

On the ſouth-eaſt ſide of the iſland, the only ſide on which it is acceſſible to the mariner, there is a ſmall, but well ſheltered harbour, capable of admitting veſſels of thirty or forty tons burthen.

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In this the inhabitants ſecure their own fiſhing-boats.

The ſoil is principally clayey, and produces excellent barley and wheat: vetches, peas, and beans, are ſaid to ſucceed ſufficiently well, but to oats it is not ſo favourable. Trees will not grow here, the keen weſterly winds immediately deſtroying the young plants. Indeed, except a ſmall quantity of fine meadow land, all the lower ground of the iſland is of little value.—No reptile is ever ſeen in this iſland, except the common water lizard. None of the inhabitants ever ſaw in it a frog, toad, or ſnake of any kind.—Till about four years ago, no ſparrows had been known to breed here: three neſts were, however, built during the ſame ſpring, and the produce have ſince completely colonized the place.

There are here but eight houſes, although the number of inhabitants is upwards of ſeventy. Two or three of the principal of theſe rent the iſland of lord Newborough. They pay for it a hundred guineas a year, and have their land tythe free, and are alſo freed from taxes and rates of every deſcription. They keep about twenty horſes, and near thirty cows. All the former, though greatly overſtocking ſo ſmall a place, are abſolutely neceſſary, on account of the great labour required in carrying up the ſea-weeds from the coaſt for manure.

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The ſheep are ſmall, and, on the approach of a ſtranger, as Mr. Jones informs me, they ſquall not much unlike hares. Their activity is very remarkable. In the year 1801, Mr. Jones had one of them on his farm at Aberdaron, that had twice ventured through the ſea, though the channel is three miles acroſs, and regained the iſland. The inhabitants train their dogs to catch them, but if the ſheep once gain the rocks, they bid defiance to every attempt for the time, as, rather than ſuffer themſelves to be ſeized, they will plunge from thence into the ſea. At the time of the year when the females uſually drop their young, the inhabitants watch them every day, and before theſe are able to follow their dams, they mark them in the ears: they then ſuffer them to range at liberty. Without this attention, from the extreme wildneſs of the animals, the owners would never be able to diſtinguiſh their reſpective property. Some few of the ſheep of the iſland, from having been rendered tame when young, are more eaſily managed. Theſe alone ſubmit to be folded in the evenings.

Very few of the preſent inhabitants are natives of the iſland. Thoſe, however, that are, differ from the new-comers conſiderably in their tone of voice, which has a diſtant reſemblance to the Iriſh brogue. Their complexions are in general brown, and their manners, and habits of life, beſpeak the little intercourſe they have with the world. Their chief employment, beyond managing their land, is fiſhing.

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The principal mart for the produce of their labour is Liverpool; to which place they ſail in little open boats, and ſometimes even in the moſt boiſterous weather.

During the herring ſeaſon they generally have full employment; but the collecting of *lobſters* and *crabs* it is that occupies the moſt conſiderable portion of their time. Theſe they principally take by means of traps made of willows, exactly in the ſhape of a wire mouſe-trap, with the cone inverted. They have weights tied to them, and are let down into the water by means of ropes, a buoy marking their place. The baits of fiſh, or garbage, are ſuſpended by ſtrings from the ſides ſo near the centre, as to prevent the animals reaching them from without. Tempted by theſe, they tumble into the traps, or *pots* as they are called, from whence they cannot be releaſed but by the fiſhermen, who transfer them to other pots, much larger, but conſtructed exactly in the ſame manner, where they are kept till a quantity is collected ſufficient to be worth the carriage to Liverpool. When the lobſters or crabs are taken, a peg is driven into the moveable joints of each of the large claws, to prevent them from tearing and devouring each other when in confinement. On the Engliſh coaſts the fiſhermen uſually tie the claws with pieces of hemp. In the preſerving pots they are kept without any food, and conſequently are better or worſe in quality, according to the time they have been immured.—The *ſea craw-fiſh*, cancer homarus

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homarus of Linnæus, are frequently found on the coaſt of Bardſey, and are caught in the ſame manner as the lobſters. They grow to a larger ſize than the lobſter, and are uſually ſold at the ſame rate.

The *oyſter-beds* on the Welſh coaſt lie in eight or more fathoms of water. In the ſtraits of Menai, previous to 1700, it is ſaid no oyſters were to be found, but in that year ſome perſon threw in about a hundred, which have ſince ſo far extended themſelves, as perfectly to ſtock the whole of theſe coaſts. The oyſters are, as in England, taken by means of a *dredge*, an inſtrument about two yards wide, and compoſed of a net, diſtended by means of iron rings. The opening in front is of a triangular ſhape, and the baſe is a flat piece of iron, which ſcrapes the oyſters from their beds. This dredge, which is of conſiderable weight, is lowered from the boat by means of a rope attached to the upper angle of the triangle. The boat is then rowed along, and the oyſters, as they are ſcraped off, fall back into the bag of the net. In this operation ſome care is neceſſary to bring the boat from deeper into ſhallower water, as otherwiſe the net would throw out its contents, and all the labour would be loſt.

The modes of taking *cockles* I ſhall relate nearly in the words of Mr. Jones. The places of theſe ſhell-fiſh are marked in the ſands uncovered with water by the depreſſed ſpots that they make in opening their ſhells; but when the fiſhermen ſearch for them in the ſhallows, where they lie on the ſurface

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ſurface of the ſand, the eye is directed to the object by a ſhining line about this ſize ——, refracted through the water. The ſubſtance that forms this is perfectly clear and very tough, ſo as not, indeed, to yield to any preſſure made by the finger. It is eaſily removed from the animal by the finger and thumb. The reflection that proceeds from this body is called in Welſh *arlwydd*, the ſign or ſignal: it is not to be ſeen but during the ſunſhine; and if a perſon ſtands betwixt it and the ſun, it is then nearly impoſſible to diſcern even the ſhell of the cockle. The cockles are picked up with the fingers, then put into a baſket, and ſouſed in the water till all the ſand is completely waſhed from them. Where they are in tolerable plenty, inſtead of the men groping for them in the ſand, with the fingers, they are dug up, and, along with the ſand, put into a baſket, and immerſed as before.

Curioſity induces many perſons to viſit this iſland almoſt every ſummer; but the grandeſt ſight the preſent inhabitants ever witneſſed, was at a viſit of the proprietor, lord Newborough, about eight years ago, acompanied by lady Newborough, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, in the whole to the number of about forty. This company embarked in fiſhing ſmacks from Porthor, near Carreg Hall, in the pariſh of Aberdaron. On their arrival in the iſland, marquees were immediately pitched. The whole company dined in the open air; and, at the concluſion of their repaſt, all the inhabitants were aſſembled.

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aſſembled. The enſuing ſcene reminded a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was preſent, of what he had read reſpecting the inhabitants of ſome of the South-Sea iſlands. They were drawn up into a circle, and lady Newborough adorned the heads of the females with caps and ribbons, whilſt lord Newborough diſtributed hats among the men. The nominal king and queen of the iſland were diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by an additional ribbon. Part of the day was occupied in ſtrolling over the iſland, examining the creeks, and picking up ſhells; and the reſt was ſpent in mirth and pleaſantry. On the embarkation it was intended, being in the heat of ſummer, that the whole party ſhould continue in the iſland till the next day. The ladies, however, in the evening ſuddenly changed their reſolution, and judiciouſly ordered the boats to be got ready. The reſt of the company followed ſo good an example, and the night was ſpent, under the hoſpitable roof of Mr. Thomas of Carreg, much more agreeably than could have been done in the iſland.

History of Bardsey.

The Welſh name of this place is *Ynys Enlli*. During the violent ſtruggles between the Welſh and Engliſh, it was ſtiled by the poets the Sanctuary, or Aſylum of the Saints, and it was ſometimes denominated the Iſle of Refuge. Some of theſe poets aſſert that it was the cemetery of *twenty*

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thouſand ſaints! The reputed ſanctity of this iſland induced the religious to reſort to it from many very diſtant parts of the country.

It has been aſſerted by ſeveral writers that Roderic Moelwynog, prince of North Wales, firſt founded here a monaſtery ſome time in the eighth century. He might perhaps rebuild or enlarge it, but there are good grounds, from Welſh manuſcripts, for ſuppoſing that there was a religious houſe in this iſland of a much more early date. St. Dubricius, (in Welſh Dyfrûg,) the archbiſhop of Caerleon on Uſh, having reſigned his ſee to St. David, is ſtated to have retired to Bardſey, with many of his clergy, from the ſynod of Brevi, which was holden in 522, in order to condemn the Pelagian hereſy. Laudatus (Lleuddaf or Lleudad) was then abbot, who did not chooſe to appear at the above ſynod, and altogether neglected the ſummons. This retirement of Dubricius and his followers is mentioned principally by Aneurin, the monarch of the Britiſh bards, who himſelf was living at the ſame time.

There is an old legend yet extant, written in monkiſh Latin, which aſſures us that the Almighty had entered into a particular covenant with Laudatus, in return for the piety of his monks. This granted to all the religious of the monaſtery of Bardſey, the peculiar privilege of dying according to ſeniority, the oldeſt always going off firſt. By this privilege it is ſtated, that every one knew very nearly the time of his own departure. The following is a

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tranſlation of it:—"At the original foundation of the monaſtery of this iſland, the Lord God, who attendeth to the petitions of the juſt, at the earneſt requeſt of holy Laudatus, the firſt abbot, entered into a covenant with that holy man, and miraculouſly confirmed his promiſe, unto him and his ſucceſſors, the abbots and monks, for ever, while they ſhould continue to lead holy and religious lives, that they ſhould die by ſucceſſion, that is, that the oldeſt ſhould go firſt, like a ſhock of corn ripe for the ſickle. Being thus warned of the approach of death, each of them, therefore, ſhould watch, as not knowing at what exact hour the thief might come; and, being thus always prepared, each of them by turns ſhould lay aſide his earthly form. God, who is ever faithful, kept this covenant, as he formerly did with the Iſraelites, inviolable, until the monks no longer led a religious life, but began to profane and defile God's ſanctuary by their fornications and abominable crimes. Wherefore, after this, they were permitted to die like other men, ſometimes the older, ſometimes the younger, and ſometimes the middle-aged firſt: and being thus uncertain of the approach of death, they were compelled to ſubmit to the general laws of mortality. Thus, when they ceaſed to lead a holy and religious life, God's miraculous covenant alſo ceaſed: and do thou therefore, O God, have mercy upon us."

The ancient building is now entirely deſtroyed; but, about the ground where the monaſtery ſtood,

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a great number of graves have even very lately been discovered, lined with white stone or tile, and distant about two feet from each other.

All the religious duties of the inhabitants are now performed in the parish church of Aberdaron. Sometimes, however, in stormy weather, they are under the necessity of interring their own dead in the island.

John Wynne ap Hugh, of the family of Bodvil, standard bearer at the battle of Norwich, in the time of Edward VI., had, for that service, the isle of Bardsey, and a mansion in the parish of Aberdaron, called Court. He was sheriff of Caernarvonshire in the year 1551.

After these observations on the island of Bardsey, I resume the narrative of my voyage to Pwllheli. The wind, as I have already observed, continued still boisterous; it was therefore necessary for us to be very cautious in the management of our little bark. We therefore held off from the Welsh coast, for some distance, towards the south, that we might weather the eastern point of the extensive, but dreadful bay, called

HELL'S MOUTH.

I never saw a place which presented so favourable an appearance, and that was at the same time so much dreaded by the mariners, as the present. It is at the very extremity of the promontory, and from point to point is supposed to measure about eight miles:

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miles: it is alſo nearly ſemicircular. None but ſtrange veſſels, even in the moſt boiſterous weather, ever ſeek for ſhelter here, and when theſe are ſo unfortunate, they are ſoon ſtranded, and never again return. "We remember (ſays Mr. Jones, in one of his letters) more misfortunes to have happened in this bay, and more inhumanity ſhewn to the ſufferers, than we have ever heard of any where elſe on the Welſh coaſt." My pilot, who had been long acquainted with every part of theſe coaſts, informed me, that, from whatever point of the compaſs the wind blew, out at ſea, on account of the ſurrounding high rocks, it always came into the mouth of this bay; and from whatever quarter the tide flowed, the upper current here always ſets inwards! From theſe circumſtances the common tradition is, that the place obtained the appellation of *Hell's Mouth*.

The whole coaſt, from the Rivals round the end of the land, nearly to Pwllheli, is terminated only by high and ſteep rocks, inhabited in the ſummer by a variety of ſea-fowl. In one part I could obſerve ſome hundreds of martins flitting along the black cliffs and caverns in purſuit of flies and other inſects for their young.

Paſſing the eaſtern point of Hell's Mouth, we kept as cloſe to the wind as we could, and ſoon afterwards came in ſight of St. Tudwal's, or, as they are uſually called, *Studwal's Iſlands*, of which a conſiderable ſum of money is annually made, as

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puffin warrens. After a difficult navigation of ſeveral hours from hence, on account of the wind blowing almoſt directly from the weſt, we at length ſailed round the rock of Carreg, at the mouth of the harbour of Pwllheli, and came to anchor in the river juſt oppoſite to the town. This was about eight o'clock in the evening of our third day.

From Pwllheli I choſe the next morning to make a ſhort paſſage back, by croſſing over the land to Clynog, and walking from thence to Caernarvon. This journey I performed in about five hours. The cutter did not arrive till two days afterwards.

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CHAP. XXIII.

EXCURSION FROM CAERNARVON, BY CAPEL CURIG, TO LLANRWST; AND FROM THENCE, BY THE VALE OF FFESTINIOG, AND TAN-Y-BWLCH AGAIN TO CAERNARVON.

Vale of Capel Curig.—New Inn there.—St. Curig.—Dolwyddelan Caſtle.—Hiſtory of Dolwyddelan.—Feuds during the Reign of Henry VII.—Village of Dolwyddelan.—Picturesque Scene at Pont y Pair.—Waterfall of the River Llugwy.—Bettws y Coed.—Vale of Llanrwſt.—Gwydir.—Llanrwſt Bridge.—Town of Llanrwſt.—Church and Chapel.—Singular Inſcription.—Inn.—Waterfalls of the River Conwy.—Gray's Bard.—Penmachno.—Yſpytty Evan, and Houſe of Knights of St. John of Jeruſalem.—Ffeſtiniog.—Inn.—Falls of the Cynfael.—Pulpit Hugh Lloyd Cynfael.—Anecdote of Hugh Lloyd.—Vale of Ffeſtiniog.—Inſtances of great Age and Fecundity.—Tanybwlch.

ACCOMPANIED by my worthy friend the rector of Llanrûg, I went from Caernarvon, by way of Nant Frangon and Capel Curig, to Llanrwſt.

THE VALE OF CAPEL CURIG

(For I have deſcribed all the former part of our route in a previous chapter) is bounded by the Britiſh Alps, Snowdon and his adjacent mountains,

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and affords ſome of the moſt picturesque landſcapes of the whole country.

> Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain;
> Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again:
> Not chaos-like, together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
> But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd.

In this vale there is that variety both of wood and water, which moſt of the other Welſh vales ſo much want to add to their picturesque effect. Here are two tolerably large pools. Near one of theſe lord Penrhyn has erected, from a deſign of Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, a ſmall, but very comfortable

INN.

Thoſe touriſts who, like myſelf, have viſited this vale a few years ago, when the only place of public accommodation was a mean pot-houſe, conſiderably allied to thoſe at Llanberis, and who ſhall now viſit it with the preſent accommodations, (with which for a mountain country, I was greatly ſurprized,) will be able with ſome juſtice to appreciate the ſpirited conduct, and truly patriotic exertions of the noble proprietor, who has not only conſtructed for them an inn, but who was the firſt to make this part of the country paſſable in carriages.—In the inn a book is kept, in which ſuch perſons as expreſs themſelves ſatisfied with the treatment inſert their names. Among other curious entries, I found the following, with the date of Auguſt 3, 1801:

Heath-

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Heathcote, Impey, and Drake,
For formality's ſake,
All due commendation beſtowing
On the drinking and eating,
They had at this neat inn,
Subſcribe to the praiſes foregoing.

The name of the vale is derived from its chapel, dedicated to a Welſh ſaint called Curig. He is mentioned in an old Welſh poem, which, however, only intimates his order; and nothing more is at preſent known of him.

"A certain friar to increaſe his ſtore,
Beneath his cloak, *grey Curig*'s image bore;
And to protect good folks from nightly harm,
Another ſells St. Seiriol as a charm."

When we left Capel Curig, we proceeded about two miles on the road to Llanrwſt, and then leaving it, went about three miles ſouthward to ſee

Dolwyddelan Castle,

A fortreſs, ſome centuries ago, of conſiderable importance to the Welſh princes. Its mountainous ſituation rendered it difficult to find, and it was not till after numerous inquiries that we could get into the track that led us immediately up to it.

This caſtle ſtands on a rocky ſteep, nearly perpendicular on one ſide, and in a vale entirely cloſed round by mountains. The original import of the name ſeems to have been the caſtle in *the meadow of Helen's wood;*

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*wood**; for the ancient military road called Sarn Helen, or *Helen's Road*, from Helen, the daughter of Octavius, duke of Cornwall, paſſed through the country not far from hence, to the ſea-coaſt of Merionethſhire†.—It has never been a large building, but it occupied the entire ſummit of its mount. It formerly conſiſted of two ſquare towers, each three ſtories high, having but one room on a floor, and a court-yard, which was betwixt them. The largeſt of theſe towers meaſures within no more than twenty-ſeven feet in length, and eighteen in width, and the walls are about ſix feet thick. The walls of the court are entirely deſtroyed, and very little is now left of the other parts of the building.

History of Dolwyddelan Castle.

Who the founder of this fortreſs was, or what purpoſe it was originally intended to anſwer, we have not at this time any documents left to inform us. Moſt probably, when the feudal ſyſtem prevailed in Wales, and petty chieftains were engaged in perpetual wars with each other, Dolwyddelan

* Dôl Gwydd Elen:—or the name may have been Dôl Gwydd Elain, *The Meadow of the Wood of the Doe.*

† This Helen is ſuppoſed by Camden to have been the mother of the emperor Conſtantine the Great. She was ſometimes called by the Britons Elen Luyddawc, or *Elen with the great Army*; which ſhe led out of Britain on an expedition to Jeruſalem, where ſhe is ſaid to have found the holy croſs on which Chriſt ſuffered. She lived in the latter end of the third, and the beginning of the fourth centuries.

caſtle,

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caſtle, and others ſimilar to it, may have been erected by ſome of them as places of retreat and refuge, where they could reſide in ſecurity, attended by their vaſſals and adherents, in caſe they ſhould be compelled by ſuperior force to relinquiſh the plains and more cultivated parts of the country. Theſe caſtles alſo anſwered the double purpoſe of guarding the paſſes and defiles of the mountains.

It is a conjecture of Rowlands, that this caſtle was erected prior to the ſixth century. What his grounds for this ſuppoſition are, he does not ſtate *.

This place was, for many years, the reſidence of the eldeſt ſon of Owen Gwynedd, Iorwerth Drwndwn, or *Edward with the broken noſe*. On the death of his father, Iorwerth claimed the crown of Wales as his hereditary right, but was unanimouſly rejected, and merely from the blemiſh in his face: ſo whimſical and indeciſive, was, at that time, the mode of ſucceſſion to the Welſh throne. He had, aſſigned to him, as part of his parental inheritance, the hundreds of Nan Conwy and Ardudwy, and he retired to this ſequeſtered ſpot to ſpend the reſt of his life. It was in Dolwyddelan caſtle that his ſon was born, who afterwards, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, reigned in Wales under the title of Llewelyn the great †.

Meredith, the ſon of Jevan ap Robert, who has already been mentioned at conſiderable length, in

* Rowlands, 149. † Wynne, 359. Warrington.

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the account of the promontory of Llŷn *, purchaſed the leaſe of this caſtle, and of the incloſures belonging to it, in the reign of Henry VII. It was at that time the property of the executors of ſir Ralph Berkenet, late chamberlain of North Wales, having been excepted among thoſe places that had been granted by Richard III. and reſumed by his ſucceſſor.

About this period the whole of the ſurrounding country, was one entire foreſt overrun with thieves and outlaws. The caſtle had itſelf been previouſly poſſeſſed by Howell, ap Evan, ap Rhys Gethin, one of the moſt noted of theſe, againſt whom David ap Jenkin, whom I have alſo had occaſion to mention before, roſe in arms †. David, who was likewiſe an outlaw, contended with him long for the ſovereignty of the mountains, and at length, by ſtratagem, took him in bed, but ſpared his life, on condition that he ſhould immediately ſeek refuge in Ireland. In that country he ſcarcely remained a year, but returned in the enſuing ſummer with ſome ſelect adherents. He clothed himſelf and his followers entirely in green, that they might be the leſs diſtinguiſhable among the foreſts, and in this diſguiſe, appearing abroad only in the nights, they committed the moſt dreadful depredations ‡.

The friends of Meredith ap Jevan, were greatly ſurpriſed that he ſhould think of changing his habi-

* See p. 396. † See p. 413. ‡ Wynne, 419.

tation

tation near Penmorfa, for this caſtle thus ſurrounded by multitudes of freebooters. He gave, as a deciſive reaſon, that he choſe rather to fight with outlaws and thieves, than with his own immediate relatives. "If (ſays he) I live in my own houſe in Evionedd, I muſt either kill my own kinſmen, or ſubmit to be murdered by them."—He had not been here long before he built the houſe at Penanmen, and removed the church from the thicket in which it formerly ſtood, to its preſent more open ſituation: the church, his houſe and the caſtle, thus forming the points of a triangle, each a mile diſtant from the other. Whenever he went to the church, he took with him, as a guard, twenty ſtout archers; and he had a centinel placed on a neighbouring rock called Carreg y Big (from whence the church, the houſe, and the caſtle), could be ſeen, who had orders to give immediate notice of the approach of banditti. He never mentioned before-hand when he intended to go out, and always went and returned by different routes through unſuſpected parts of the woods. He found it neceſſary, to his perfect ſecurity, to increaſe the number of his adherents; he therefore eſtabliſhed colonies of the moſt tall and able men he could procure, occupying every tenement, as it became empty, with ſuch tenants only as were able to bear arms. His force, when complete, conſiſted of a hundred and forty archers, ready to aſſemble, whenever the ſound of the bugle from the caſtle, echoed through the woods, to call for

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for their aſſiſtance. Theſe, ſays ſir John Wynne, were each arranged in a "jacket, or armolet coate, a good ſteele cap, a ſhort ſword and dagger, together with a bow and arrows. Many of them had alſo horſes and chaſing ſlaves, which were ready to anſwer the crie on all occaſions, whereby he grew ſoe ſtrong that he began to put back, and to curb the ſanctuary of thieves and robbers, which, at times, were wont to be above a hundred, well horſed and well appointed *."—Such was the ſtate of Wales in theſe unhappy times, when every one claimed by a kind of preſcriptive right, whatever he had power to ſeize; and when lives or property were conſidered of no other value than intereſt or ambition choſe to dictate. Meredith ap Jevan, to enjoy a quiet life, threw himſelf into the boſom of a country infeſted with outlaws and murderers, and, comparatively with the ſtate of ſociety about his former reſidence near Penmorfa, attained his end. He cloſed his uſeful life in the year 1525, leaving to ſurvive him twenty-three legitimate, and three natural children.

DOLWYDDELAN.

The village of Dolwyddelan is about a mile from the caſtle, and, from its mountainous ſituation, it is altogether ſecluded from the world. Its inhabi-

* Wynne, 429. The ſanctuary here alluded to, was the hoſpital which will be hereafter mentioned, at y Spytty Evan, of the knights of St. John of Jeruſalem.

tants

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tants ſeemed extremely ſimple, and in their manners, they exhibited ſigns of great ſhyneſs and timidity, probably, however, ariſing from the unaccuſtomed appearance of ſtrangers among them. None of them are acquainted with any other language than that of their country: and hemmed in as they are with mountain barriers, it is very probable that three fourths of them never in their lives wandered half a dozen miles from their dwellings.—The village itſelf is compoſed of little elſe than ſmall cottages; for I could only obſerve one houſe of any tolerable ſize in the place.

Pont y Pair.

We left Dolwyddelan, and came into our former road near Pont y Pair, *the Bridge of the Cauldron*, a ſingular ſtructure of five arches, not far from the village of Bettws y Coed, *the Station in the Wood*. This bridge, whoſe arches are irregular and very lofty, is built over the river Llugwy, and has, with the adjoining ſcenery, a very ſingular effect. Both above and below it, the bed of the river is covered with ſuch ſtrange maſſes of rock, as, when the quantity of water is conſiderable, to exhibit a moſt pleaſing and pictureſque ſcene *.

From Pont y Pair, we returned for about a mile, along the road leading towards Capel Curig. Then leaving it three or four hundred yards to the left,

* See the frontiſpiece to this volume.

and

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and paſſing over ſome meadows, we came to the celebrated

WATERFALL OF THE RIVER LLUGWY *,

called Rhaiadr y Wenol, *the Cataract of the Swallow.* This fall and the ſcenery around it, are altogether grand. The water is thrown in a ſheet from above, down a rock nearly perpendicular; but below, its courſe is changed, by its direction over a ſmooth and ſlanting bed. The high and wooded banks were enlivened by the various tints of the oaks, birch and hazels, which hung from the rocks. Had there been more water in the river, we ſhould have ſeen this cataract to greater advantage than we now did, but the dry weather had diminiſhed all the mountain ſtreams to mere rills. The ſtation on the ſide of the ſtream oppoſite to that on which we ſtood, appeared as if it would take in more of the fall: I made ſeveral attempts to get acroſs, but from the rapidity of the current I found it impoſſible. When the river, after a heavy fall of rain, aſſumes a more impetuous form than at this time, the cataract muſt certainly be very grand, as the bed of the ſtream is at leaſt twenty yards wide; and the innumerable maſſes of rock, which have at different times been carried along with it, and lodged here, oppoſing its fury, muſt throw it foaming into all directions.

* This cataract is about five miles from Llanrwſt.

At

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At a little diſtance below the bridge Pont y Pair, the rivers Llugwy and Conwy unite. The latter riſes from *Llyn Conwy*, a large pool about three miles beyond the village of Penmachno. Both theſe ſtreams before their junction, are furious and broken torrents, they are each a truly "foaming flood," but from hence they aſſume a placid form, and glide, in one tranquil current, ſilently through the vale.

We ſtopped a while at Bettws y Coed, to ſee an ancient monument in the church, in memory of Griffith the ſon of David Goch, who was a natural ſon of David, brother to Llewelyn, the laſt prince of Wales. He died in the fourteenth century, and is here repreſented by a large armed recumbent figure in a receſs in the north wall. On one ſide of the figure, there is yet left this inſcription: "*Hic jacet Gruffydd ap Davyd Goch, agnus Dei miſere me.*"

Vale of Llanrwst.

The road now led us into the luxuriant vale of Llanrwſt, where the gay tints of cultivation once more beautified the landſcape, for the fields were coloured with the rich hues of ripened corn and green meadows. Many gentlemen's ſeats interſperſed around, gave an air of civilization to this valley. We had not enjoyed the beauties of this proſpect long, before we entered the gloomy woods of *Gwydir*, which afforded a fine contraſt to the luxuriance of

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the vale. The Conwy runs at a little diſtance from the road, and the ſilvery reflection of its water through the dark foliage of the trees, gave an additional intereſt to the ſcene. On emerging from hence, we had again the ſame open vale, in which the town of Llanrwſt, now before us, formed a conſpicuous feature; and the extenſive landſcape, thus completed, heightened by the dreary rocks, bounding it on each ſide, has been juſtly admired by all the lovers of nature, as one of the fineſt ſcenes her pencil ever traced.

GWYDIR.

About a quarter of a mile from Llanrwſt, we paſſed by Gwydir, the old family reſidence of the Wynnes. This manſion was erected about the year 1558, by John Wynne ap Meredith, as appears by the date and initials over the gateway. It is an extenſive but irregular building. The name is ſuppoſed to be derived from the Welſh words Gwy, *water*, and Tir, *land*; part of the grounds being ſubject to the overflowings of the river.

At a little diſtance, among the woods above this manſion, was *Upper Gwydir*, a houſe erected by ſir John Wynne, in 1604, apparently for the purpoſe of enjoying from thence the numerous beauties of the vale, which is here ſeen in a broad and elegant expanſe, nearly as far as Conwy. The houſe was taken down ſome time ago, but the family chapel is ſtill left. This is a ſmall building in the gothic

ſtile,

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ſtile, ſufficiently neat on the outſide, but the roof and various other parts within, are decorated with paintings of ſcriptural figures, moſt miſerably executed.

Both theſe places are at preſent the property of lord Gwydir, in right of his lady Priſcilla, baroneſs Willoughby, the eldeſt ſiſter of Robert late duke of Ancaſter. They paſſed into this family in the year 1678, by the marriage of Mary, daughter and heireſs of ſir Richard Wynne, with Robert, marquis of Lindſey.

LLANRWST BRIDGE.

Betwixt Gwydir and Llanrwſt, is the celebrated bridge over the river Conwy, conſtructed by Inigo Jones. This bridge was directed to be built by an order from the privy council, in the ninth year of the reign of Charles I. The expences, which were eſtimated at a thouſand pounds, were paid by the two counties of Denbigh and Caernarvon *. It conſiſts of three arches, the middle one of which is near ſixty feet wide. One of the other two has been rebuilt ſince Jones's time, and the inferiority of the workmanſhip is very viſible. The inhabitants of Llanrwſt *boaſt*, that their bridge is formed on ſuch nice principles, that if a perſon thruſts againſt the large ſtone, over the centre of the middle arch, the whole fabric may plainly be felt to vibrate: though

* Wynne, 353.

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one cannot from conviction be inclined to concur with them in this aſſertion, yet allowing it true, would not the bridge have been better built, if it was entirely firm? So many perſons have tried the experiment, that the ſtone is now become quite looſe. We attempted it, but except that ſtone, found the whole bridge as firm as a rock.

THE TOWN OF LLANRWST

Is finely ſituated on the eaſtern bank of the Conwy. In itſelf, it has nothing to recommend it to notice: the ſtreets are narrow, and the houſes very irregular.

THE CHURCH

Is a plain, ill-looking ſtructure; but adjoining to it is a *chapel*, built in 1633, by ſir Richard Wynne, from a deſign of Inigo Jones, which has a conſiderable degree of elegance.

Againſt the wall of the chapel, there are five braſſes, four of them engraved by Sylvanus Crew, and one by William Vaughan, that are remarkable for the excellence of their execution. Each of theſe, beſides an inſcription, contains a portrait of the perſon to whoſe memory it was finiſhed. They are the work of the ſeventeenth century. That on Sarah Wynne, by Vaughan, is much ſuperior to the reſt.

The

The carved work of the roof of the chapel is ſaid to have been brought from the neighbouring *Abbey of Mænan* *.—Into this chapel has lately been removed, an ancient monument of Hoel Coytmor, which lay before among the rubbiſh, under the ſtairs leading into the gallery of the church. It is an armed recumbent figure, with the feet reſting on a lion. The inſcription upon it is: "*Hic jacet Hoel Coytmor ap Gruff. Vychan ap Gruff. Amn.*" Hoel Coytmor poſſeſſed the eſtates of Gwydir, which were ſold by his ſon David, to Meredith ap Jevan, Welſh nephew, or firſt couſin once removed to the renowned John ap Meredith, and anceſtor to the Wynnes of Gwydir. Hoel was the grandſon of David Goch of Penmachno, whoſe monument we had juſt ſeen in the church of Bettws †.

Near this monument is placed a large ſtone coffin, ſuppoſed to have been that of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, denominated from his valiant actions, Llewelyn the great. He was interred in the abbey of Conwy, in the year 1240, but after the diſſolution of abbies in the reign of Henry VIII. as appears from a braſs plate affixed to it, this coffin was removed thence to this place, where it has ever ſince remained.

* This abbey ſtood about three miles north of Llanrwſt. On its ſcite was erected a houſe, at preſent the property of lord Newborough. It was founded by Edward I. after he had fortified the town of Conwy, for the purpoſe of removing into it the religious of the Ciſtertian abbey there.

† Yorke, 24.

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Beſides theſe, there are no other monuments in this chapel worth notice, except one, which bears the following ſingularly long and curious inſcription, containing a pedigree of the Wynne family from Owen Gwynedd, prince of Wales, to ſir Richard Wynne, who died about the middle of the ſeventeenth century.

"This chapel was erected anno Domini 1633, by ſir Richard Wynne of Gwydir, in the county of Caernarvon, knight and baronet, treaſurer to the high and mighty princeſs Henrietta Maria queen of England, daughter to king Henry the Fourth, king of France, and wife to our ſovereign Charles. Where lieth buried, his father ſir John Wynne of Gwydir, in the county of Caernarvon, knight and baronet, ſon and heyre to Maurice Wynne, ſon and heyre to John Wynne, ſon and heyre to Meredith; which there lie buried in the church of Dolwyddelan with tombs over them. This Meredith was ſon and heyre to Evan, ſon and heyre to Robert, ſon and heyre to Griffith, ſon and heyre to Caradoc, ſon and heyre to Thomas, ſon and heyre to Roderic, lord of Angleſey, ſon to Owen Gwynedd, prince of Wales, and younger brother to David prince of Wales; who married Eme Plantagenet, ſiſter to king Henry the II. There ſucceeded this David, three princes; his nephew Leolinus Magnus, who married Jone, daughter to king John; David his ſon, nephew to king Henry the III.; and Leoline, the laſt prince of Wales of that houſe and line, who lived in king Edward I.'s time. Sir John Wynne, married Sydney, who lieth buried here, the daughter of ſir William Gerrard, knight, lord chancellour of Ireland; by whom he had iſſue ſir John Wynne, who died at Lucca in Italy; ſir Richard Wynne, now living; Robert Wynne, who lieth here; Roger Wynne, who lieth here; William Wynne, now living; Maurice Wynne, now living; Ellis Wynne, who lieth buried at Whitford in the county of Flint; Henry

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Henry Wynne, now living; Roger Wynne, who lieth here, and two daughters; Mary, now living, married to ſir Roger Moſtyn, in the county of Flint, knight; and Elizabeth, now living, married to ſir John Bodvil, in the county of Caernarvon, knight."

The river Conwy runs cloſe paſt the church-yard of Llanrwſt, from whence there is a fine proſpect of the bridge, and the high woods or Gwydir behind it. In this river ſalmon are frequently taken, and in the months of February and March, great numbers of ſmelts. The tide reaches no farther than to the village of *Trefriew*, about a mile and a half from Llanrwſt, to which place only the river is navigable.

In the fifteen years of civil diſcord during the inſurrection of Owen Glyndwr, ſuch were the ravages committed in theſe parts of Wales, that this place was ſo entirely forſaken by its inhabitants, that graſs grew in the market place, and the deer from the mountains fled for refuge into the church-yard *.

Inn.

The Eagles inn at Llanrwſt, the only one where poſt horſes are kept, is in general found a very comfortable houſe; but during the ſummer ſeaſon it is often ſo much crowded by company, as to ren-

* Wynne, 420.

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der it very unpleaſant to the wearied touriſt. From this houſe guides may be had to accompany the traveller to any of the curioſities of the neighbourhood.

About five miles from Llanwrſt, leaving the road to Penmachno on the right, we paſſed over ſome fields, to ſee a ſmall *waterfall on the river Conwy*. Its height is not very conſiderable, being only twelve or fourteen yards. The ſcene was clad with wood, and the bed of the river exceſſively rugged.

Somewhat more than half a mile beyond this, we ſtopped at a fulling mill, near a bridge called Pont y Pandy, *the bridge of the fulling mill*. Here is a

CATARACT

Called *Rhaiadr y Craig Llwyd*, truly romantic and pictureſque. It is not very lofty, and the river, from want of water when we were here, flowed in two ſtreams, but the black and rugged rock that ſeparated them, rendered the ſcene, though not perhaps quite ſo tremendous, yet much more beautiful than if the whole had been concealed by the water. The high banks on each ſide are ornamented with pendent ſhrubs, and a mill, and rude wooden aqueduct (which conveys water to an old overſhot wheel), overgrown with moſſes and graſs, completed this elegant landſcape. The deſcent to the bottom was ſteep and difficult, but my trouble in ſcrambling down was well repaid in ſeeing the fall

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fall to much greater advantage than from above. From hence it ſeemed increaſed in height, and many of the prominent and pointed rocks, before hidden, came, from this ſituation, into the view.

The river accompanies the road to ſome diſtance beyond this waterfall. Where they parted we left the road, and wandered along the banks of the ſtream for ſome time, till we came to a moſt wild ſcene of wooded and projecting rocks, overhanging the black and diſmal torrent. A graſſy ledge on the oppoſite ſide, at ſome height above the water, reminded me very forcibly of the ſcene where Gray has placed his bard; and all the accompanying features were well ſuited to ſuch a ſcene.

> High on a rock, whoſe haughty brow
> Frowns o'er old Conwy's foaming flood,
> Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
> With haggard eyes, the poet ſtood
> (Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
> Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air),
> And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
> Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.

From hence we returned to the road, and proceeded onwards over a mountainous, though not either very romantic or intereſting country, till we reached Penmachno, *The Head of the Machno*, a village ſingular in its appearance, the houſes being built almoſt in a circle round the church.

At

At the distance of about four miles from Penmachno, in the road leading from thence to Corwen, is *Yspytty Evan*, now a small village, but so called, it has been conjectured, from its having formerly contained a house belonging to the knights hospitallers, or knights of St. John of Jerusalem *. This had the privilege of a sanctuary, and the place of course became a receptacle for thieves and murderers. It was, says sir John Wynne, "a wasp's nest, which troubled the whole country,—a sanctuary of robbers, which at times were wont to be above a hundred, well horsed and well appointed †." Being here beyond the reach of invaders, the place was always fully peopled; and extending their plundering excursions on all sides to the distance of twenty or thirty miles, they rendered themselves the terror of the adjacent country. Such were indeed the ravages they committed, that nearly all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood were driven to seek for refuge and security beyond their reach.

From Penmachno, for we did not think it worth our while to visit Yspytty Evan, we continued our journey, over a still mountainous but dreary country, till we came to the village of

Festiniog,

The Place of Hastening. This little place, and the vale near it, have been justly celebrated by the

* The word *spytty* being probably derived from *hospitium*.

† Wynne, 420. 429.

elegant

elegant pen of lord Lyttleton, who made a tour through Wales in the year 1756.

It happened to be during a fair when we were here, and as we chose to suffer any inconvenience rather than be pestered with the vociferous curiosity of a set of drunken fellows, we were taken from the inn into an adjoining building, and shewn up stairs into a bed-room, even worse than that I had slept in at Beddgelert. After we had satiated our thirst as well as we could with what was called brandy and water, but which might indeed have been as easily mistaken for burgundy as brandy, we went by a foot-path which passes through the field, opposite to the end of the house, to see the

Falls of the Cynfael.

These are situated, the one about three hundred yards above, and the other three hundred yards below a rustic stone bridge over the river, to which the path led us.—The upper cataract consists of three steeps, over which the water foams into a deep black bason, shadowed by the adjoining rocks.—The other, which I think nearly as beautiful as this, is formed by a broad sheet of water, precipitated down a slightly shelving rock, about forty feet high, and darkened by the foliage around it, which closes in almost to the edge of the stream. After the water has reached the bottom of the deep concavity, it rushes along a narrow rocky chasm; then

Raging

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Raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
Aſlant the hollow channel rapid darts,
And falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe and leſſen'd roar,
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Betwixt this cataract and the bridge there is a tall columnar rock, which ſtands in the bed of the river, called *Pulpit Hugh Lloyd Cynfael*, or Hugh Lloyd's pulpit, the place from whence, the peaſantry ſay, a magician of that name uſed to deliver his nightly incantations.

Anecdote of Hugh Lloyd.

Of this bard, magician, and warrior, for he claimed all theſe titles, the following anecdote is recorded. When he was a young man, he made a ſtone ſeat to put at the door of his houſe, which was not far from hence; and his wife's ſiſter was the firſt that ſat upon it. "Molly, (he ſaid,) you have ſat firſt upon this bench, and you muſt pay me three kiſſes for it." The demand was ſatisfied. Some time afterwards his wife died, and he went to London; leaving his ſiſter in law, then married, and her huſband. He enliſted into the parliament's forces, where he ſoon obtained a commiſſion; and he was in the army of general Monk at the reſtoration of Charles II. After having heen from home many years, and at length growing old, he returned

to

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to his native country. Arriving at his own houſe one fine ſummer's evening, he ſaw his ſiſter-in-law, her huſband, and children (all now grown up), ſitting on the ſame ſtone bench, eating ſlummery and milk. He aſked them in Engliſh if they would give him a night's lodging? but none of them knew a word of this language. They, however, conjectured what he wanted, and ſhewed him a bed, the beſt in the cottage, but aſked him to partake of their fare before he retired to reſt. This he did, and being ſatisfied with his hoſpitable reception, addreſſed them in Welſh in the following extempore ſtanza:

Yn Ffraine y mae gwin yn ffraeth: yn Llundain
Mae llawnder cynlliaeth;
Yn Holand 'menyn helaeth;
Y 'Nghymru, llymry a llaeth.

For wines delicious mighty France is prais'd,
And various dainties are for London rais'd;
With butter, Holland half the world ſupplies,
But milk and ſlummery more than all I prize.

"What, you are a Welſhman, my good friend?" exclaimed his ſiſter. "Yes, (ſaid he,) I am: it is many years ſince I had three kiſſes from the female who ſat firſt on this bench!" He was immediately recognized with the utmoſt joy. He then took out of his pocket a large purſe filled with gold, and throwing it into her lap, "Here, (ſaid he,) take this as a reward for your hoſpitality to the old Engliſh ſtranger, who is now more than fourſcore

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years of age: he requires for it nothing more than a bed every night, and flummery and milk every day while he lives." From this time it is said that he reſided with them till his death, which did not happen till ſome years afterwards.

THE VALE OF FFESTINIOG.

From the village of Ffeſtiniog we deſcended into Cwm Maentwrog, *The Vale of Maentwrog*, (improperly called by touriſts the vale of Ffeſtiniog,) and wandered leiſurely along, enjoying all the way the moſt ſublime pleaſure in contemplating the beauties of the ſcene before us. There are few vales in this country that afford ſuch lovely proſpects as this. Many of the high mountains bounding its ſides are ſhaded with lofty oaks; and the ſilver Dwyryd, *Two Fords*, ſerpentizes placidly and ſilently along the bottom, amidſt the richeſt cultivation. The ſea, at a diſtance, cloſes the view; and Traeth Bach, a wide arm of it, is ſeen to receive the Dwyryd, a little below Tanybwlch hall, which is ſituated on a riſing ground, and embowered in woods, at the north-weſt extremity of the vale. The little village of Maentwrog, from whence it takes its name, is ſeated nearly in the middle. The character of the vale of Ffeſtiniog is very different from that either of Llanberis or Nant Hwynan: the former is majeſtic, grand, and ſublime; Nant Hwynan bears a middle character, its bottom is varied by inſulated rocks,

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rocks, and clad with trees; this is ſimply elegant, and principally affords charms to the admirer of nature in her moſt chaſte and delicate attire. The bottom is open, and cultivated from end to end, with trees ſcattered along the walls and hedge-rows. The thick woods on the mountains on the north-ſide ſoften very beautifully what would be otherwiſe a bleak and dreary feature in the ſcene. "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good ſtudy of books, (ſays lord Lyttleton to his friend Mr. Bower,) one might paſs an age in this vale, and think it a day. If you have a mind to live long, and renew your youth, come with Mrs. Bower, and ſettle at Ffeſtiniog. Not long ago there died in that neighbourhood an honeſt Welſh farmer, who was 105 years of age. By his firſt wife he had *thirty* children, *ten* by his ſecond, *four* by his third, and *ſeven* by two concubines: his youngeſt ſon was *eighty-one* years younger than his eldeſt; and 800 perſons, deſcended from his body, attended his funeral."—I can add another inſtance of age and fecundity in this vale, which, though far ſhort of this in point of numbers, is ſtill ſufficiently great to prove the healthineſs of the place. Jane Price, who died in the year 1694, had at the time of her death *twelve* children, *forty-ſeven* grand-children, and *thirteen* great grand-children.

We aſcended, along with the road, the mountains forming the northern boundary of the vale, on the heights

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heights of which ſtand Tanybwlch inn. Here we dined, and from hence we went the ſame evening, through Beddgelert, again to Caernarvon *.

* Tanybwlch will be deſcribed in the firſt chapter of the enſuing volume.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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